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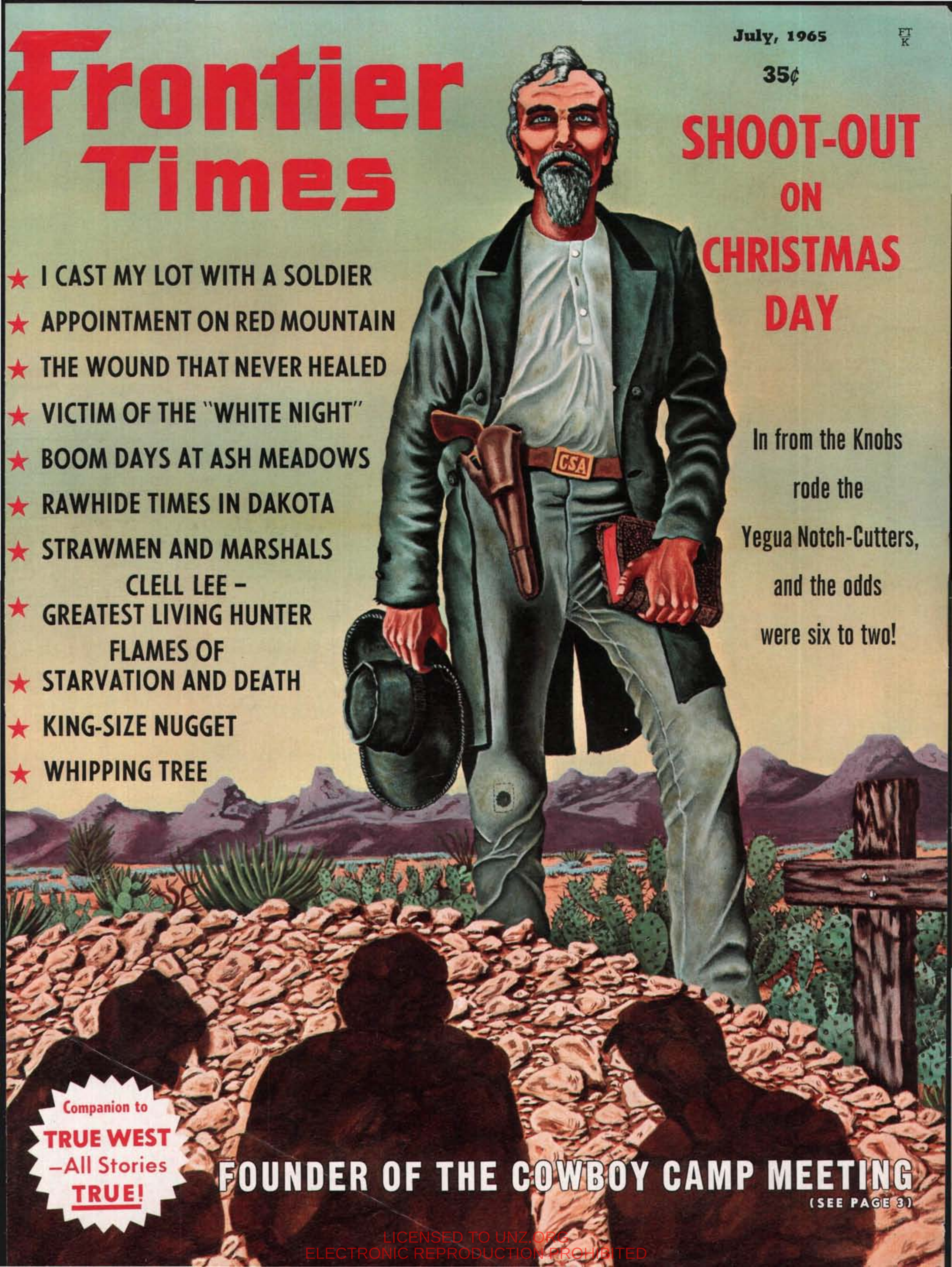
Frontier Times



SHOOT-OUT ON CHRISTMAS DAY

In from the Knobs rode the Yegua Notch-Cutters, and the odds were six to two!

- ★ I CAST MY LOT WITH A SOLDIER
- ★ APPOINTMENT ON RED MOUNTAIN
- ★ THE WOUND THAT NEVER HEALED
- ★ VICTIM OF THE "WHITE NIGHT"
- ★ BOOM DAYS AT ASH MEADOWS
- ★ RAWHIDE TIMES IN DAKOTA
- ★ STRAWMEN AND MARSHALS
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FOUNDER OF THE COWBOY CAMP MEETING

(SEE PAGE 3)

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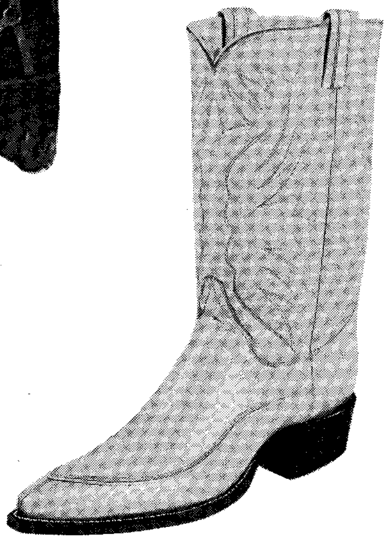
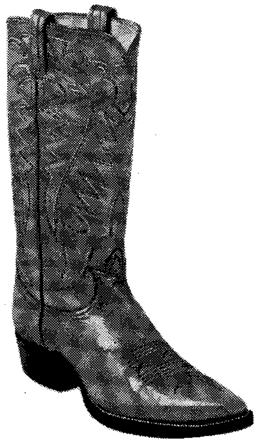
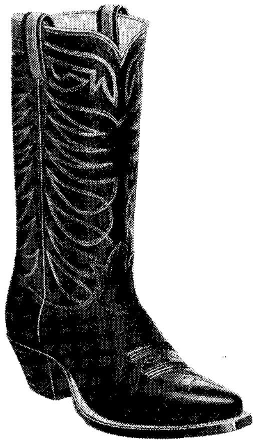


30-X-3 Ladies' style in Pearlized Alabastor Kangaroo with rolled edge moccasin.



58-X-3 The Stockman in Benedictine Kangaroo



17-K-5 The Mescalero in Black Kangaroo

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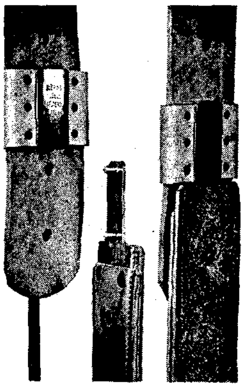

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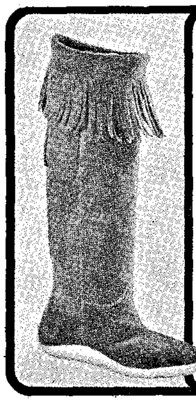

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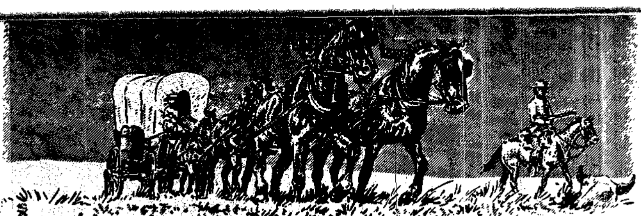

June-July, 1965
Vol. 39, No. 4
New Series No. 36

FRONTIER TIMES

PAT WAGNER
Editor

JOE AUSTELL SMALL
Publisher

ROBERT SMALI
Advertising

LIZ LAWLER
Production

CATHIE WILSON
Secretary

MARILYN SCHOLT
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> *"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."*—Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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Cover: Richard M. Moore

A "SMALL" PUBLICATION

FRONTIER TIMES is published bi-monthly by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC., P.O. Box 3668, 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Texas 78704. 35c per copy, $4.00 for 12 issues in the United States and Possessions and Canada. $5.00 for 12 issues in all other countries. Second-class postage paid at Austin, Texas. Copyright 1965 by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC.

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Unsolicited manuscripts and photographs will be treated with care, but their safety while in our hands is not guaranteed. Enclose stamped envelope with all submissions. Please inquire before sending in original art.

Editor's Note: The preacher on our cover is not a real likeness of any individual person—he represents all of his brothers who tried so hard to see that religion wasn't left behind at the 98th meridian when the wagons started rolling west. The following tribute taken from Vol. 1, No. 6, March '24 FRONTIER TIMES portrays the impact that these men had on the lives of people who were far removed from the "gentler" aspects of life, and how they are remembered to this day. Our good friend and able historian, Barry Scobee of Fort Davis, Texas, says the camp meetings at Skillman Grove have been held annually without a break since 1890 in honor of the "Little Minister."

By MAX BENTLEY

Photo Courtesy Barry Scobee

The Bloys family at Fort Davis about 1909. From left: Roy, Herbert, Mabel, Arthur, Estelle, Mrs. Bloys, Warren, Brother Bloys.

Founder of the Cowboy Camp Meeting

THIRTY-SIX YEARS ago (1888), a slender little man with blue-gray eyes drove across the Pecos River in a buckboard to organize a Presbyterian congregation in the mountain village of Fort Davis, Texas. That was a time when the western frontier was earning a reputation for wildness and woolliness, and that part of Texas belonged to the frontier.

The newcomer lost no time in delivering his message of his Master. He delivered it so earnestly, so eloquently, and so proudly that the cowmen came to hold him in love and veneration such as no other man has enjoyed that ever lived out there. They came to call him everybody's friend, Little Minister of the Hills, and, finally, just plain Brother Bloys.

Slight in body, mighty in deed! William B. Bloys, man of God, died at Fort Davis, March 22, 1917, but the memory of him lives. It lives wherever there is a habitation in the mountainous interior of West Texas. It poignantly lives in a certain mile-high bit of mountain and sky and meadow hidden twenty miles from a railroad in the heart of the Davis Range, known as Skillman Grove.

The outward manifestation of it is the monument erected to him by the Bloys Camp Meeting Association in 1918. It is a slender, four-faced shaft of blue-gray granite—the color of his eyes. They placed it near the meeting-house which he had built with his own hands. The inscription reads: "In memory of our beloved brother, Dr. W. B. Bloys, founder and for twenty-seven years the faithful leader of this camp meeting."

There are several ways to climb to fame. One is to do unusual things in a spectacular manner. Brother Bloys never worked that way, but Roy Bean did. These two names—Bloys and Bean—stand out over all others in the annals of the ranch country of Texas west of the Pecos.

Bean was a double-fisted rough-and-tumble adventurer. His career was stirring and picturesque. Judge Roy Bean he was, justice of the peace at Langtry, Texas. He ran a saloon and commissary, and from the strange seat of justice ruled over a territory larger than most states. If Roy Bean was the "law west of the Pecos," the Rev. William B. Bloys was the "gospel west of the Pecos."

I have recently attended a unique religious gathering. I was on hand when the ranch people of the West, for the thirty-fourth time since 1889, came together in Skillman Grove to renew their pledges to the Lord. The Cowboy Camp Meeting held forth for a week.

What is the secret of the long life of the Bloys cowboy meeting? The second and third generations are carrying on. The old-timers—men like G. Wesley Evans and John Means, "Bill" Jones and "Ote" Finley, "Bill" Kingston and Cap'n Gillett—are gradually dropping upon young shoulders the responsibility of carrying on the meeting while they, the old boys, uphold the traditions of the eating camps.

The meeting is held each year in a grove of live oaks, and its influence is the dominant element in the life of a people scattered thinly over a territory greater in area than most states. The first-time visitor finds himself wonderingly asking, "How has it come about that the ranch people of western Texas are so filled with religion?"

MR. BLOYS was seventy when he died. He was a Tennessean come to a wild land for his health. Soon after his arrival at Fort Davis, he began to spread out. He crossed the ranges to isolated ranches to which the Word had not been brought from outside for generations. It was his wont to drop in any hour of the day or night, hold a religious service, baptize the children in whatever faith the parents designated, and inquire the way to the next ranch. He moved slowly and with effort until Bill Jones presented him with a spanking team of horses, but he covered the country. He covered it because he kept everlastingly at it—and almost the first job he undertook was the organization of the camp meeting which bears his name.

While his regular charge was the Presbyterian congregation at Fort Davis, he belonged to every denomination. He was a Joseph's coat of many colors, a real mantle of Christianity which was wrapped freely around the heart of every man, woman and child who came under his influence. He taught the simple creed that God is the universal Father, that Christ died to save sinners, and that the way to heaven is the path of rectitude. Denominational interpretations of Scripture meant nothing to him—he cleaved straight through to the heart of the Book, and taught the fundamental and thrilling old truths in a way which all could understand.

A denominational sermon has never, in thirty-four years, been preached in the open-air meeting house under the trees, and never will be. In a third of a century the camp meeting has made only two rules. One is that denominational lines are erased, and the other is that on the grounds there shall be nothing to buy. Everything is free—tents, bedding, meals, water, lights, food and religion.

You can enter Skillman Grove with bare hands and empty pockets; like Christ entering Jerusalem you can go in afoot—if you depart hungry and heartsore it is because you refused in your own willingness to eat, drink and yes, be merry. No collection is ever taken at the services. The entire expense is borne by the members, chiefly the cowmen whose names have been most prominently identified with it from the beginning. On the last day they hold a business meeting, figure the expense, and raise it right there—after the visitors have departed.

The thirty-fourth annual meeting was a record-breaker in point of attendance. At the elevation of the meeting house, 6,000 feet, one can sleep out-of-doors, without fear of dew, snakes or bugs. On next to the last day I climbed to the top of Mount Bloys, standing guard over the grove on the east, and looked out over the traditional "sea of tents." At the morning service 1,500 persons wedged themselves in and around the meeting house. At the five eating camps, dinner

(Continued on page 56)

FRONTIER POST

Vice-President Curtis

Dear Joe,

I read with great interest your article on Charles Curtis and the Kaws. I have the peace pipe and a buffalo war drum from Curtis' Collection. Your readers may be interested in the letter which was written prior to the drum's presentation.

J. L. Miller
Attorney and Counselor
The Philtower
Tulsa, Okla.
September 28, 1928

Hon. Chas. Curtis,
In care of Republican Headquarters,
Ponca City, Oklahoma

My dear Senator:

It was with special pleasure that I responded to the invitation to assist in the presentation of the Buffalo War Drum to you; but as you were so rushed for time I want to take this way of telling you a little more about the matter. The drum was presented by the Indians, through the courtesy of Mr. Bright Roddy and some of the Republican leaders of Tulsa. Mr. Roddy was formerly located at Pawhuska, but now lives here in Tulsa, is a dealer in Indian antiques, and is probably the best posted authority on Indian goods in the country. He is honorary Chief of the Winnebago Tribe in Wisconsin, receiving that honor upon the death of his father, Col. Thos. R. Roddy, some four years ago, Mr. Roddy being known among the Indians as Chief Little White Buffalo, his father having been Chief White Buffalo. He is a remarkable character so far as his knowledge of Indian lore, customs, and antiques is concerned, and he talks practically all the Indian languages quite fluently.

This drum was made by Chief Strawberry, a member of the Pottawatomie Tribe, now living near Tulsa. Chief Strawberry is one of the real, old-time Indians, and is an artist in the manufacture of Indian goods. I will send you, direct to Washington, a picture of Chief Strawberry, and a short history of the drum, giving its significance.

The presentation of this drum to you, under the custom of the Indians, makes you Principal Drum Chief of all the Indians; and this particular war drum, being made of buffalo hide, is symbolic of the strength of the great buffalo, which, in Indian lore, is the King of Beasts; and the tribe or individual which possesses this drum is endowed with supernatural strength and sagacity to win the battles against any odds. As you know, the Indians everywhere are deeply appreciative of the fact that one of their own blood has reached the high position in the affairs of this country that you have, and they feel that it is a great honor to be permitted to show you their feeling and affection in the presentation of this drum; and I, on the other hand, also feel that you are honored by the presentation and that you will keep this drum and remain the Principal Drum Chief for many years to come.

Yours sincerely,
J. L. Miller

You are welcome to reproduce the pictures.—Clay Fielden, 1500 Crestwood Road, Austin, Texas.

J. Frank Norfleet (right) and W. H. Mercer in Washington, D.C., while Texas' "one-man FBI" was making nationwide headlines. Courtesy National Photos—Norfleet Collection

Happy Birthday

Dear Joe:

A man who has become a legend in his own lifetime—J. Frank Norfleet of Hale Center, Texas—celebrated his 100th birthday January 23, 1965.

Though his eyes no longer flash with recognition when he welcomes a visitor to his home, Frank Norfleet, the first foreman of Isaac Ellwood's famous Spade Ranch that once spread from Hale Center to Lubbock on the plains of West Texas, can still thrill a listener with the exploits of his colorful life.

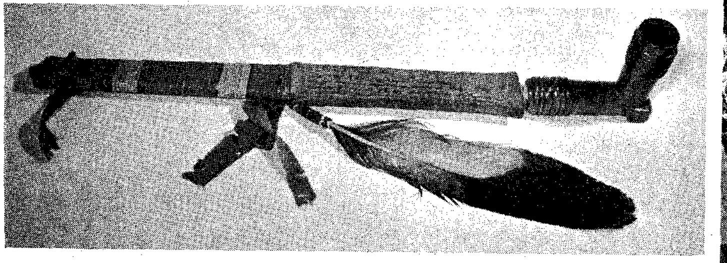
A manhunt he began in 1919, after he had been swindled by six bunco artists out of $30,000 in Fort Worth, Texas, brought this cattleman world-wide fame after he single-handedly tracked them down in a nationwide search that ended in 1920.

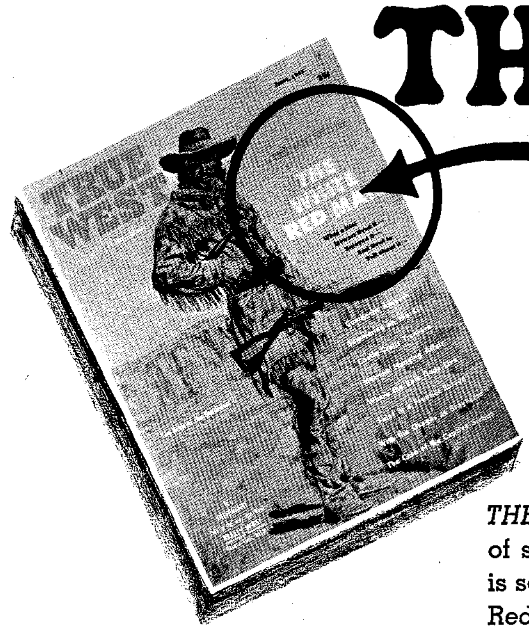
His book, *Norfleet; The Manhunter's Own True Story*, now is a prized nugget of Western Americana. A movie company in Hollywood planned to do a picture based on his life, but, unfortunately, the Depression caused the collapse of the company before the story was put on film.

Just after World War II, however, the great character actor, Wallace Beery,

(Continued on page 70)

Charles Curtis below, (hat in hand) during the presentation of the Buffalo War Drum. Inset is the peace pipe of the Kaw Indians, secured in 1872 at Council Grove, Kansas, and presented to Curtis October 16, 1930 by J. A. Braecklein.





THIS WE BELIEVE, MAY BE THE BEST STORY EVER PUBLISHED IN TRUE WEST!

THE WHITE RED MAN by Olevia E. Myers. Joe Austell Small has seen a lot of stories hit print during his publishing career, and he feels that this one is second only to "Nine Years Among The Indians." The story of "The White Red Man" is not the story of a crusader, lawman or do-gooder who came to clean up the West . . . nor is it the story of an outlaw who plundered and robbed. It's the simple story of a free man who wanted to work out his own destiny in a wild and unhampered land. Here is exciting reading . . . a story that really says something in every line! You'll finish this story feeling that you not only know Ollie Stewart, but shared in his experiences as well. Don't miss this story . . . because in "Hosstail's" words, "It's great!"

. . . AND HERE'S THE REST OF THIS STORY-LADEN PACK TRAIN, JUST A'BUSTIN' THROUGH THE DIAMOND HITCH WITH ALL THE EXCITEMENT AND COLOR OF THE OLD WEST AS IT *REALLY* WAS!

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WHERE THE RAIN GODS LIVE by C. L. Packer. Rain meant a lot in the arid land of the Acomas—so they decided on a home closer to the clouds. ☐ *THE EVIL ONE* by Gary L. Roberts. He was far more treacherous than the animals he stalked—for as a human being he was supposed to have had a conscience! ☐ *COMANCHE AMBUSH* by Walter Gann. With skill and cunning the raiding party struck while the cowboys were scattered around the herd. Unable to make a united stand, it was every man for himself—including the twelve-year-old lad swimming in the creek in his birthday suit. ☐ *STARVING OUT IN LONG VALLEY* by Effie Estes. Their needs were simple . . . so they managed to smile and find a substitute for the necessities they didn't have. But it's hard to find a substitute for food . . . and smiling doesn't come easy when you're hungry. ☐ *THE DAY THE ROAD BLEW UP* by Harvey Hardy. McClanahan just happened to look up the trail at the crucial moment; the rig disappeared before his eyes! What had happened to the inbound stage? ☐ *COLORADO'S LIVING DOLL* by Inez Hunt and Wanetta W. Draper. You couldn't buy her for Christmas even for a thousand dollars—but people have actually tried! ☐ *SUMMERING ON THE X I T* by Bill Derrick as told to Harvey LaFon. The time to learn to break horses, play jokes, move in on someone else's girl, live lonesome and work hard is when you're nineteen—and when most of the things you do are "just for the heck of it" . . . . ☐ *FRONTIER BARBED WIRE* by Les Beitz . . . another in the series "Frontier Relics" which deals with the early, primitive patents that completely transformed the development and expansion of the old west. ☐ *"BUSTIN" THE WILD ONES* by Dale Vincent. Rough? You bet! But there was a lot of satisfaction in showing about a thousand pounds of bucking horse flesh just who was boss. ☐ *THE CASE OF THE CAPTIVE SISTERS* by Ben Traywick. After sixteen months in a tepee, one could "go home" again; after three decades, the other could not . . . ☐ *MR. ARBUCKLE'S COFFEE* by Maurice Kildare. In the Navajo country, a papoose started his life in a cradle board made of the packing case; as an old man, he probably would be buried in a coffin made of the same material. And in the years between, he was never without the thick black brew that drove off hunger and warmed his heart . . . ☐ *SAINT IN A FRONTIER SALOON* by Richard M. Rivers. "But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was, and when he saw him, he had compassion on him." Luke 10:33. ☐ *WITH THE OSAGES AT GRAYHORSE* by Viahnett Sprague Martin. The men of the Big Hill band had never seen such a perplexing female as the trader's wife. She tried to reform them, cajole them, doctor and educate them. Sometimes their patience wore mighty thin—just before they forgave her! ☐ *MEXICAN HANGING AFFAIR* by Jean Williams. Vargas' brief and tormented life had definite boundaries: in the beginning, a knife in his hand; at the end, hemp at his throat . . . . ☐ *BENNETT*: First in the "Ghosts Along the Yukon" series by Michael Jenkinson. ☐ *CASTLE CRAGS TREASURE* by Bill Cate. Indians weren't interested in gold in those days. So wherever they stopped to divide up the rest of the wagontrain loot is probably where you'll find the CASTLE CRAGS TREASURE.

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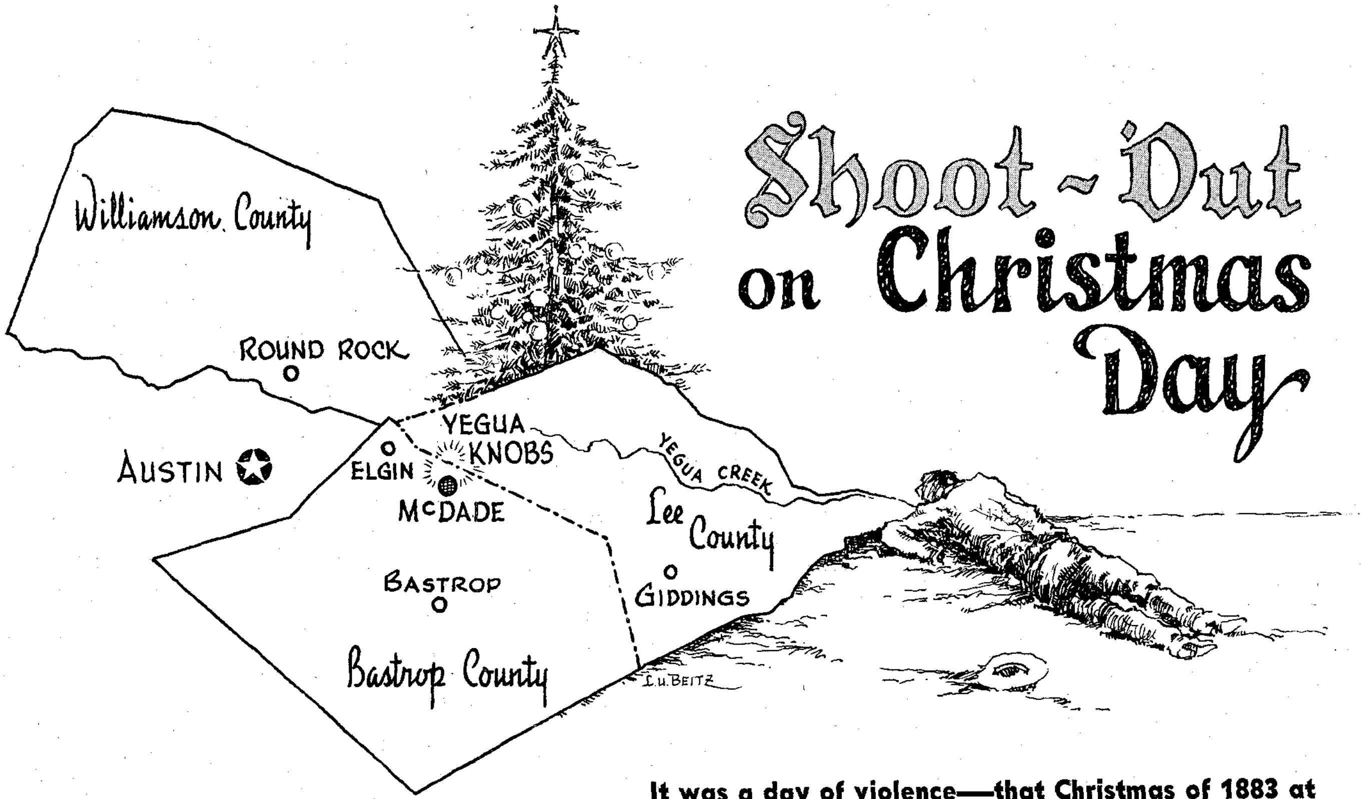
Shoot-Out on Christmas Day



It was a day of violence—that Christmas of 1883 at McDade. Homes were decorated with the traditional boughs of green—but the streets ran red with blood

By LUCKETT P. BISHOP, SR.

Photos Courtesy Author

FROM 1863 to 1883, lawlessness prevailed in Bastrop, Williamson and Lee Counties in Texas, especially in the area where the three counties join. Bastrop County points into Williamson and Lee like a Comanche Indian's arrowhead. It was in and around this location that the Notch-Cutters plied their trade.

My sole motive in relating this story is to correct existing published versions of one of the bloodiest street-gunfights that ever occurred in Texas. The odds were six to two.

It took place in McDade, in Bastrop County, about 10:30 on Christmas morning, 1883. It was held in true Yegua Notch-Cutter's fashion—that of heavy odds by obtaining fixed positions, all within Colt .45 pistol range, pre-arranged and executed according to plan.

Yet the plan failed! In this open street fight the two men they had marked for death escaped without a single scratch. Some thirty-five to forty-five shots were exchanged. When the gunsmoke had cleared away, two men lay dead in the street, and four were wounded (one was to die the next day). My father, Thomas P. Bishop, and his personal benefactor and true friend, George Milton, had rung down the final curtain on outlawry in the McDade area.

Eighty years have passed, and you might ask, "Why write this story?" Well, as each Christmas season approaches, a new version is related. It is always different.

Bishop and Milton children are still alive today, some in Bastrop, McDade, San Antonio and Beaumont, Texas. These children know the true facts. While we are a proud people, we do not glorify gunplay and bloodshed. Not a single shot was ever fired by Thomas P. Bishop or George Milton at any one of the six men involved, prior to the final showdown. Since the McDade fight, not a single shot has been fired at any of the families of those who were involved. Yet the sons of those who were killed and wounded, and the sons of the Bishops and Miltons have resided and still do reside in Bastrop County. No feud has ever existed between the Bishops and Miltons and the Goodmans, Hasleys, Stephens, and three Beatty brothers (Jack, Haywood and Asbury).

Then why the gunfight? This is a good question and of all the newspapers that published the story, not a single one raised this point. It was not asked at the trial.

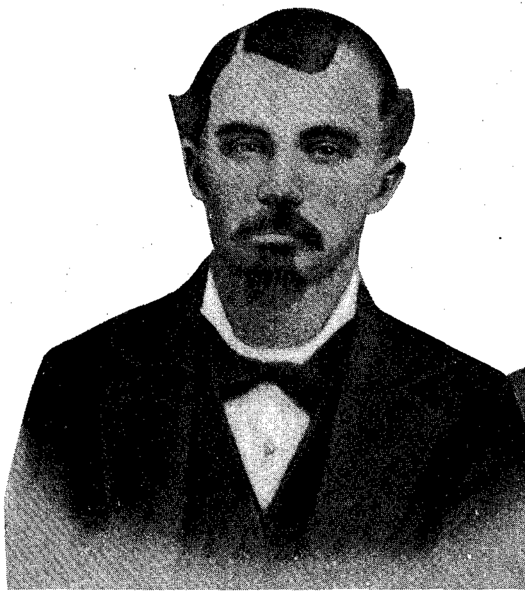
It was said that a week before the showdown, Bishop and Asbury Beatty almost had a gunfight, but friends averted it. The facts are, the writers and reporters did not know the true story. They published information taken from persons who did not know, or were not in McDade, Texas, that Christmas morning when guns were being shot and hot lead was flying through the air. Their reports were based mostly on hearsay.

The question always arises as to why life was so cheap in Texas. My contention is that conditions—the environment and hardships with which the early settlers of Texas and Bastrop County had to contend—were the primary reasons. Our grandparents and great-grandparents paid a heavy toll of life for the peace and security that we enjoy today. Our early settlers had to learn the lesson of "survival," which is the first law of nature, be it man or beast.

Santa Anna never forgot the part played by the citizens of Bastrop in the revolution against Mexico. Accordingly, in his pursuit of the Texas Army he sent one column of troops to Bastrop to wreak vengeance on its inhabitants. The town was partly burned and the women and children driven away. This was a part of the "runaway scrape." The survivors never forgot that while one hand guided the plow, the other might be forced to handle the rifle and pistol to protect life and property.

THERE are three hills in Bastrop County known as the Knobs. These hills have played a part in the history of this area, as it was from them that one could see long distances, and from them that the savage Comanche Indians would send up their smoke signals. At the first signal, the early settlers would go to a stockade house which could be defended, and send runners on horses to warn the countryside.

In and around these hills starts Yegua Creek. Indians infested its thickets. Records of the land grants made to families in June, 1831, in the Department of Brazos, Division of Mina, represent this area. These records also reveal the names of many families who lost one or more members at the hands of the Comanches. The average settler cleared the land as he built his cabin. He was never out of reach of his rifle and pistol. His wife and children always went along with the father. They could expect to have to fight the Indians, who came on raiding parties from what is now Coryell County, the Owl Creek country. They swept across the rolling prairies of Williamson County, through the Yegua section into the Knobs



Thomas Bishop

George Milton

section of Bastrop County, into Old Mina (now Bastrop), and on to settlements as far south as La Grange. They were intent on burning, murdering, scalping, and stealing horses.

Taken from a history of Bastrop as compiled by Margaret Bell Jones, June 8, 1936, is the following social commentary. "At this early date . . . there were no ministers of the gospel and no officer who might legally perform a marriage ceremony. The Catholic priests in the missions of San Antonio De Bexar were busy converting the Indians and seldom left their mission homes. In Mina or Bastrop, a combination meeting house, courthouse, and dancehall was built by S. V. R. Eggleston, who was killed by the Indians in his own dooryard in 1839.

"A fine code of honor pervaded this embryo State; and so it came about that marriage by contract was legalized. This I have from a pioneer, Mrs. Cambell Taylor: Marriages by contract were drawn up in writing, signed by the contracting pair and witnesses (two), and were as binding as though they were licenses. Sometimes it would be two or three years before a priest could be secured to perform the marriage ceremony.

"On the very banks of the Colorado River, in what is now the southern part of the town of Bastrop, was a two-story frame house with a room below and a room above. This building was the meeting house that Mr. Eggleston had built. On one occasion a priest came over from one of the missions. Word had been sent along to all the surrounding country of his coming and, as night drew on, people on foot, in ox wagons and on horseback were wending their way to the frame and log building on the Colorado River bank.

"The upper room was lighted with tall candles in tin holders, hung around the walls. A rough wooden bench, nailed to the walls, extended around the room. When all had arrived, some twenty-five couples presented themselves for marriage. Quite a few of those, who had been united by contract marriage, had their children with them. The good priest solemnly read the religious service of his church; children born in contract marriage were legitimate. After the twenty-five couples had made or renewed the vows, the company made a night of it, the Padre as jolly as the rest. Children were placed on pallets while their fathers and mothers danced. The Comanche Indians prowled by night and it was safer to return home by daylight."

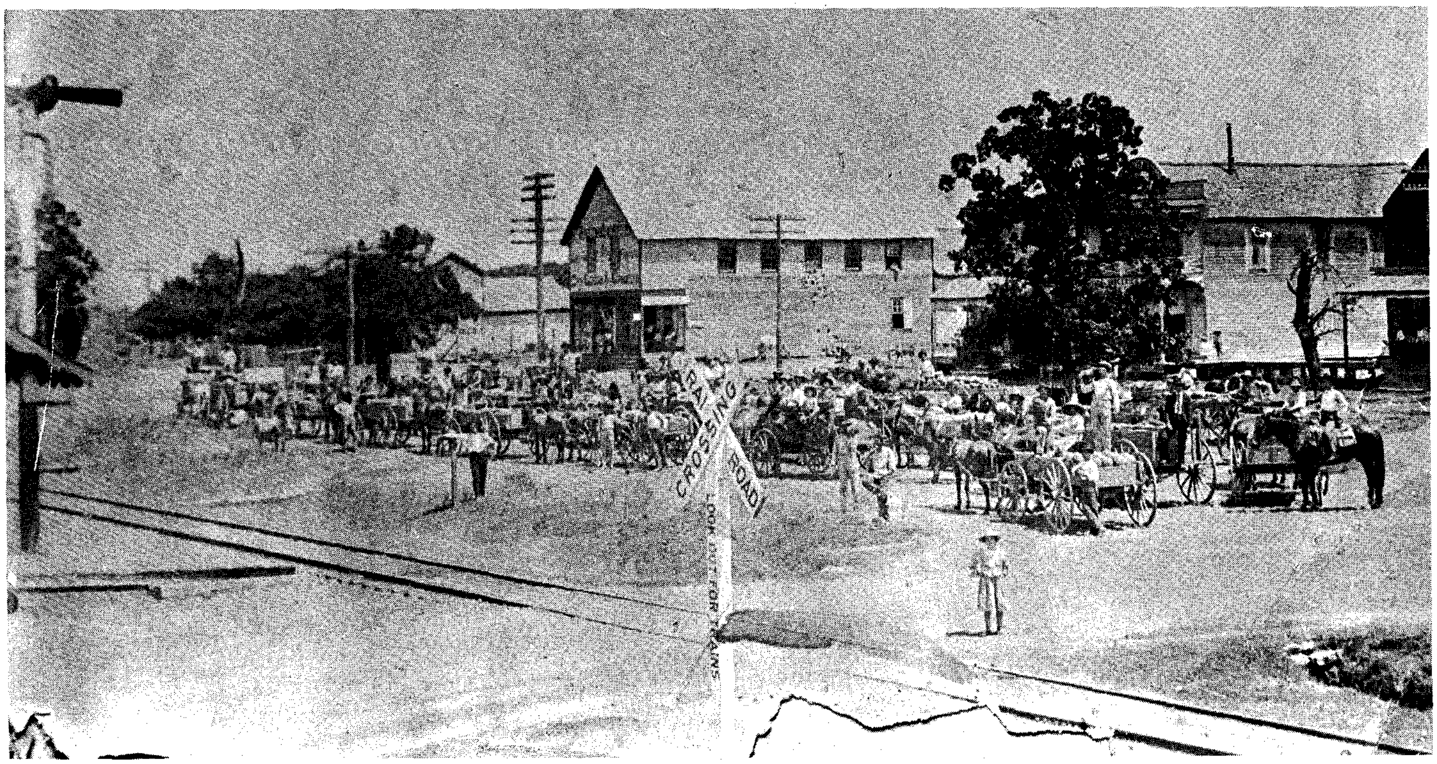
FROM 1836 to 1862, settlers from "the States" came in a steady stream. They raised cotton, corn and cattle. McDade, Texas, was founded in the year, 1840. Named after James McDade, it consisted of a few stores—was a sort of trading post. Its development was cut short by the Civil War.

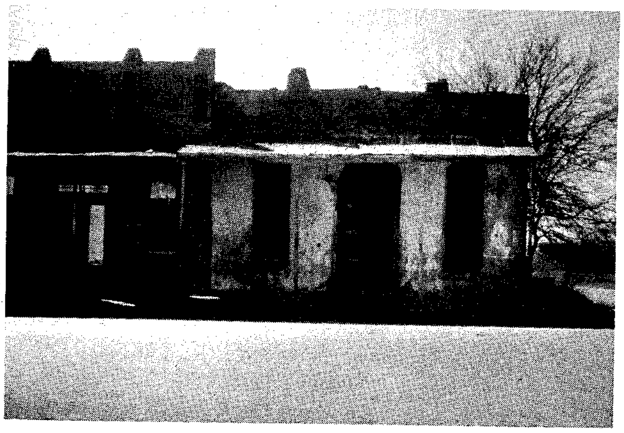
When the heavy-hearted Confederate soldiers came home, they found utter confusion—homes in ruin, families scattered, no money with which to rebuild. Union troops sent to govern the area were followed by carpetbaggers and riffraff.

From the Yegua thickets came the "Dodgers" to join with the riffraff. These were McDade's first outlaws. They were despised by the settlers—those who believed in law and order. Then the gang started to expand. These few who knew the art of organization and planning were joined by battle-hardened soldiers.

Thousands of head of cattle ran in the open country of upper Bastrop, Lee and Williamson Counties. For four years very little branding or ear marking had been done because all able-bodied men had been in the Southern Army. Cattle ran wild.

McDade on a quieter day, during the watermelon season of 1902.





The Yegua Knobs near McDade can be seen in the distance in the picture at left. The old Rock Saloon (above) still stands at McDade.

Blacksmiths were busy making branding irons. When they made them they were registered in each county by their owners. Then came the rustling of unbranded or unmarked cattle.

The Texas Central Railroad was building its way to Houston, Texas. After shipping pens were constructed, the price of cattle went up. The rustling continued. When the railroad made the town of McDade its railhead in the year, 1871, the little village became a boom town. Brick buildings—a row of them—were constructed. McDade had its full quota of saloons, gambling houses, hotels, restaurants, blacksmith and wheelwright shops, corrals for oxen, stables for the stagelines, shipping pens, meat markets and other stores. The railroad "split" the town. Its rails ran down the main street, and the depot was directly in the center of the settlement.

McDade was often called "Tie Town" due to its being the railhead assembly point for construction of its Austin branch. In those days all such construction was accomplished by hand labor and mules. First came the survey crews and the cutting and clearing of the right of way. Burning crews were followed by plow crews to break the top soil. Mule-drawn slips dragged the dirt upon the roadbed. Hills were cut down; culverts and bridges constructed. Ties were hauled to the right of way, and spaced for those who placed the rails and plates.

The spike-driving crew drove four spikes in each plate, eight to each tie, the ties being spaced eighteen inches apart. Then came the lining and graveling crews—all of this hard work performed with the most primitive equipment.

There were tent towns, tent eating-places, bunk cars—and a good pay roll which attracted undesirable camp followers. McDade had its full quota. The Notch-Cutters, too, had started to prey on those who had any money. On pay-days the construction workers came to McDade to gamble and drink or make necessary purchases. Those who won at the tables of chance were often relieved of their winnings on their way back to the tent town or bunk cars by the Notch-Cutter outlaws.

Not only were the railroad men being robbed, but citizens who sold cattle, horses or cotton were relieved of their cash, also. Cattle rustling continued. Butchering of stolen beef supplied the construction workers with meat. Beef without cowhides or heads could not be identified, so it was a profitable business. One robbery followed another, and murder was being added to the list of crimes. Conditions grew steadily worse.

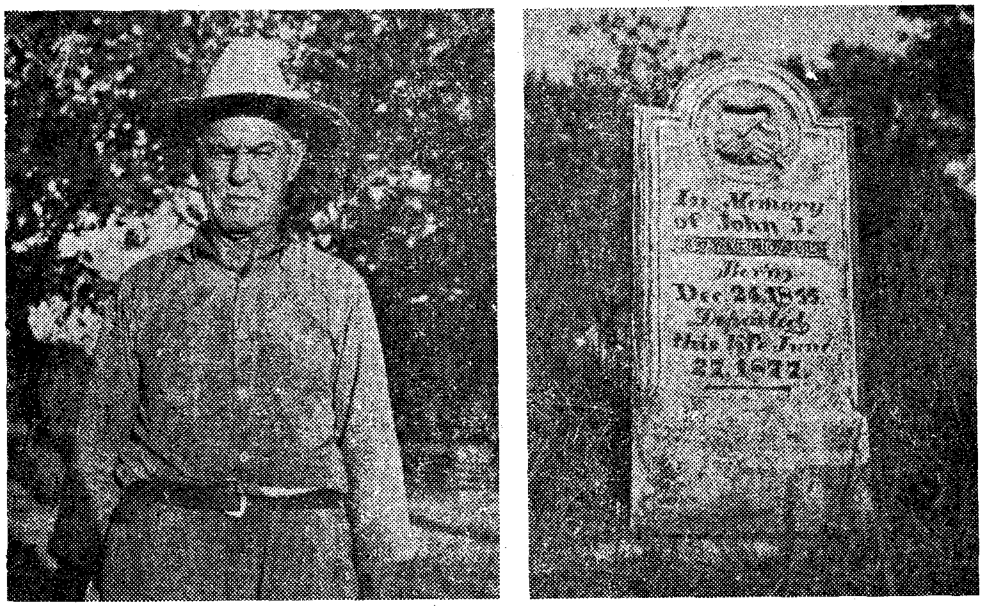
This was no small one-time robbery group; it was well organized. The citizens of McDade were getting worried. Law enforcement was ineffectual, not because the sheriff was incapable or afraid, but because of the lack of money and too few assistants, long distances, and mode of transportation. On horseback, it might take a couple of days to reach the site of the crime.

The Yegua Notch-Cutters by now had increased by marriage and had a lot of kin. Citizens were afraid to testify. Those who did were bushwhacked from the side of the road. Just murdered. Then what would be the answer? To survive.

IN the middle '70s, the first counter-organizational work was started. Just who started it is not recorded. Slowly but surely they picked their membership. It should be stated here that not all of the citizens who lived in Yegua, or the Blue and Knobs sections, were members of the Notch-Cutters. There were many good citizens there who, because of no law enforcement, had to rely on two things—a silent tongue and a trusty Colt .45 (or rifle or shotgun).

Many crimes took place with no arrests or convictions. The first man hanged was a Negro who had killed a white man on May 4, 1874. He was strung up to a blackjack tree, his swinging body riddled with bullets. In January, 1875, two men

The photo at right was made during a singing school at The Knobs. It was supplied by G. F. Stewart of McDade and several of his relatives appeared in the original picture. A number of women and children on the left in the picture had faded so badly that this portion would not reproduce. A street scene at nearby Round Rock is shown on the opposite page.



Heywood Beatty (left) at age 76. Although wounded repeatedly during the fight, he survived. Beatty once stated that for the remainder of his life he carried five of the bullets in his body. At right is the marker at the grave of John Kuykendall, one of four men taken from Pat Earhart's dance.

were found dancing in the wind hanged together. Their names were Mr. Land and Mr. Waddell, and it is said that they were the first of the Notch-Cutters to be executed by the vigilantes. Both were considered outlaws.

The Notch-Cutters scored next. Horace Alsup had been to Lexington where he had attended to some business. When his horse came home with an empty saddle, a search was made. Alsup's body was found in the sandy road. He had been given the "Blue Whistler" treatment—a shotgun blast. Twelve shots were found in his back.

The next victim was Bill Craddock. He was rather an older man and a good citizen—in fact, too good. For he had seen the outlaws rustling cattle, recognized them, and had gone to court and testified against them. Craddock was bushwhacked from the side of the road, also.

It was told this way. On a Monday morning he had hitched up his pair of oxen to a wagon loaded with cane and had gone to the syrup mill. It had taken all day to crush the cane and cook the syrup properly. In the evening he started home from the mill. On a lonely part of the road, someone slipped up from behind and blasted him. His body fell inside the wagon.

The oxen made their way home, long overdue. Mrs. Craddock went out to the corral with a lantern and discovered her husband's body. This cold-blooded murder of a respected citizen called for retaliation.

Howard Cordell, whose original residence was near Taylor, was strung up. It was said that he was a "hereditary horse thief"—perhaps because his family had Indian blood in them. His brother Ben was a fine man. My father knew Ben Cordell well.

IN the spring of 1876, Turk Turner and James H. Crow, friends, were found on the rolling prairies of Lee County not far from McDade. This was on March 22; a full report was carried in the Austin *Statesman* published March 30. Cattle rustling and butchering of fat beeves had reached a new high. Cattlemen who had large herds grazing the rolling, unfenced prairies of Bastrop, Williamson and Lee Counties, hired hard-riding gunslingers to ride their herds. They let it be known that these men had instructions to kill "on the spot" any and all who were caught rustling or butchering any of the cattle wearing their brands or earmarks.

One of the largest ranches was located in Williamson County close to the Bastrop County line. It belonged to the four Olive brothers, Jay, John, Prentice and Jim. They were respected ranchmen, farmers and peace officers. Up to this point they had put up with a lot of cattle and stock rustling.

On March 22, 1876, the bodies of Turner and Crow were found. Nearby was a wagon with two stolen skinned and dressed beeves. The story was that when range riders of the ranchmen had found the dressed beeves, those who had killed, dressed and skinned them were not around. The riders decided to wait out of sight and see who the parties would be. Turner and Crow soon returned with a wagon. They loaded the dressed beeves. At this point they were shot and killed by unknown parties.

Their bodies were found by Crow's son who had been sent out to look for his father. He found the wagon tied to a tree near where the beeves had been killed and dressed. The marks and brands on the hides indicated that the dead men did not own them.

The bodies of Crow and Turner were

B-LACKSMITH
R. TATSCH
AND
WHEELWRIGHT

Thomas Bishop's family photographed at the family home in Smithville, Texas. Seated in yard, Mrs. Bishop, and Thomas Bishop holding granddaughter Olive McKinnon. Standing nearby is Joseph M. Green. Luckett Bishop (the author) is on the steps. Seated on lower porch: Mrs. W. O. (Susie Bishop) McKinnon, Edna Bishop and Aunt Annie Black. Standing: W. O. McKinnon, Margaret Bishop and Willie Griffin Green. Thomas S. Bishop is seated on the upstairs porch and brother Milton stands beside him.

found some distance apart indicating that they had tried to escape. Turk Turner was regarded as a lawless and dishonest person and a desperado; James H. Crow was not. However, it would seem the latter was not above doing a little slaughtering of stolen beeves. These two men's bodies were left upon the prairie in a manner which was sure to get the message over to others who might be engaged in the same business. Their "shrouds" were the cowhides which they had skinned.

When found, they were cold and stiff, all rolled up in the bloody hides, their heads sticking out at one end and their feet, with boots on, sticking out the other. The Olive brothers got the blame for these two cow thieves' deaths; however, the Notch-Cutters waited some five months before they struck back. They were waiting for another of Crow's sons, who was in the state penitentiary, to return.

The Austin *Statesman* printed the details. "A letter received in this city Thursday from Post Oak Island says that on the night of August 1, a party of some fifteen to twenty-five men attacked the Olive brothers at their ranch house. Besides the three brothers, there were three white men and two Negroes. Jay Olive was shot in the body twenty-two places and it was thought he would die. Prentice Olive was shot in the hip; and a man named Butler was hit several times in the leg and hip. Bill Wells, a Negro, was shot twice in the head. The raiders got $750 from the house, and then forced one of the Negroes to burn it (the house)."

The report, as stated, is true; however, only a part of the house was burned. The glare made those attacking good targets and, knowing the flames would attract attention, they broke off the fight, taking their wounded and dead with them. No one ever knew how many the gang lost. There were several spots where blood was found the next morning. Crow's son was said to have led the raid.

The Olives stood trial for the Crow and Turner killings. Both sides had quite a few friends in town that day, camped on each side of the county seat at Georgetown "to see justice done." The case was finally dismissed due to the fact that there was no actual eyewitness to the crime. Both sides departed, but this did not stop the killings and hangings; they continued.

NEXT was a mystery hanging—the two men were complete strangers; no one in the community had ever laid eyes on them. How they ever reached that part of the country without someone's seeing them is strange. These two men were left hanging near the Williamson County line and were found on May 22, 1876. They were lynched with staking ropes. The men wore the finest of clothes; their pockets were filled with money; but they had nothing which could lead to their identification.

During the years following, no inquiries about them were ever received. The only motive advanced was that someone must have wanted their saddles and horses.

The next murder was for the victim's clothes. He was found stretched out on a blanket naked, in a mott of blackjack trees. He, too, was never identified. Life was cheap.

Now the vigilantes had more work cut out for themselves. They planned to round up some of the most wanted members of the Notch-Cutters of the Yegua.

A "mystery" man lived about ten miles from a settlement called Blue (a part of the Knobs section). Pat Earhart wore the best of tailored suits and clothes, had a nice large home, and was single. His farm was well kept and managed. He had two Negro servants, entertained lavishly, was a singing teacher and an accomplished musician on the organ, fiddle, banjo and guitar. He even filled in as a preacher when the parson failed to show up, and did a good job preaching.

Pat often had dances which were open to all comers. Refreshments were always plentiful; they were prepared and served by his cook, a white-haired Negro woman whose name was Rose Carpenter. She was called "Aunt Rose" by the guests. Punch, slightly spiked with red wine, was served to those who desired "light refreshments"; the jugs of liquor were guarded closely. The other servant was Steve Carpenter. He was a real fiddler and banjo picker.

Pat came to McDade quite often, as he had money in Mr. Milton's bank. One day, he made one of his periodic trips to McDade in a buggy so that he could take home some purchases. He came to town in the middle of the week, instead of Saturday. After trading at various stores and securing his "aged in charcoal barrels" whiskey from the Nash Brother's Rock Saloon, he spent some time talking to George Milton and Dr. Vermillion.

On June 27, 1877, Pat gave the largest dance ever. He announced it three weeks in advance. There is no proof that the vigilantes had anything to do with its planning, for Pat never talked. He got along with all who lived in the section. The heads of the vigilantes figured that the men they wanted most (those considered responsible for some of the last murders) would show up at the dance. The affair was held on a Saturday night. People arrived before sundown in buggies, wagons, on horseback and afoot. By eight o'clock there was quite a crowd. The music started at 8:30. An hour later came the first intermission. People had danced the square dance, the pigeon wing and the waltz. Aunt Rose served refreshments.

Pat had a hard fast rule with which all had to comply. He personally presided over the checking in of pistols, rifles, derringers, shotguns and knives. He kept the key to the lean-to at the side of the house where the arms were kept. It was opened only when someone was leaving. There was never any trouble at his dances.

Around two o'clock in the morning, the house was quietly surrounded by masked vigilantes. All had shotguns and Winchesters. They handed a list of names to Pat Earhart but spoke not a word. Pat called out the names—Wade Alsup, John Kuykendall, Young Floyd, Beck Scott and Jim Floyd. All answered except Jim. Some say he went outside to the "back house" and was there when the vigilantes rode up. Not having any curiosity about what they wanted, he left the country!

Two of the vigilantes tied the men's hands behind their backs with buckskin thongs. Then all four were marched out the door into the darkness. They were taken 1,500 feet to a large tree. The ropes made "whistling" sounds as they were cast over a tree limb and the hangman's knot and loop fastened around the victims' necks. The men had been placed on horseback and their horses "positioned."

When all was in readiness, the horses were hit on the rear with a quirt, which caused the animals to jump from under their riders.

THE hanging of these men did not end the killings but the area was comparatively quiet for several years. On August 23, 1883, a young man named Bob Young shot at George Milton in his store. He missed. This was rather strange, for he used a shotgun. Young ran out of the door and Mr. Milton did not follow.

However, the very next day Bob came back and lay in wait for Milton,—fired again and missed again. This time George Milton shot him and as he, too, was using a shotgun, the shot scattered and some bystanders were hit, also.

The next killing was pure cold-blooded murder. It happened nine miles from McDade at Fedor, a very small settlement, on the night of November 22. There were no known witnesses, so officers and citizens could only surmise what happened. The money drawer was opened and papers were scattered on the floor. Mr. Keffel must have been fixing to close when one, or possibly two, men came in. Both he and his clerk were behind the counter and the robber must have ordered Keffel to hand over the money. A Colt .45 pistol was fired at such close range that Keffel's face was burned. He died instantly. The clerk also was shot in the head. Two men were arrested but established alibis. However, these murders led to the killing of a deputy sheriff in Lee County.

The next robbery victim, Allen Winn, escaped death. Here the Yegua Notch-Cutters made a fatal mistake. The man involved was a highly respected citizen. He was living at the time on a farm on the North Road which passed through the Yegua Creek bottoms then on to the Blue and Knobs. While engaged in farming, Winn was also a partner of George Milton and Thomas P. Bishop in the saloon and cattle business. On this day he had come from Bastrop, the county seat, where he had sold some cotton.

Bishop's oldest son, Milton (named after his friend, George Milton), was sick, and Dr. Vermillion had prescribed some medicine which was not available in McDade. Mr. Winn had been asked to have the prescription filled at Bastrop, which he did. Bishop lived some miles out from McDade on the road to Winn's home.

Winn was traveling in a buckboard vehicle, a light buggy.

A few miles from town, Winn was attacked and creased by a bullet. While it did not kill him, he fell down in the buckboard where the hijackers proceeded to rob him of his money. Mr. Winn recovered consciousness but remained as if dead. He recognized all of the men. As the hijackers mounted their horses one said, "Thad, do you think he is dead?"

Before he could answer, another asked, "What is that package rolled up in the seat?"

One reached over, unrolled it, and read the name of Milton Bishop. He said, "It's medicine for one of the Bishop boys," and, as he broke the bottle on the wheel, he added, "I hope every damn one of the s-o-bs dies!"

Winn waited quite a while after darkness fell, then he drove on, weak from loss of blood. Arriving home, he dispatched one of his sons to fetch Milton and Bishop. All the details were reported to his partners but Winn did not tell anyone else that he had recognized his attackers, for his life would not have been worth a nickel.

THE next murder took place in McDade and this one aroused the citizens' blood to the boiling point. Deputy Sheriff Heffington of Lee County was killed. He was an able peace officer, a man who, once on the trail, always ran it to its end like a bloodhound. Heffington was endeavoring to find a lead which would take him to the murderers of Keffel and his clerk. Evidently he must have found a clue that led to McDade.

On December 1, he rode into town from Giddings, county seat of Lee County. He visited all of the saloons, stores, stables and corrals, and spent all day talking to first one man then another. He also passed some time on the porch of Mr. Milton's store. After eating supper at the hotel, he turned to the task of looking around.

About 9:00 or 9:30 o'clock, he saw a man standing in the darkness under a tree. No one knows what happened. A pistol shot rang out, and citizens hurried from their stores asking where the shot had come from; someone stated that it sounded as if it came from across the railroad track—the railroad that "split" the town by passing through the main part. The business section had grown up around the depot on both sides.

A search was made, and under the tree they found Heffington, lying on the ground wounded. He had been shot once, directly in the chest but was still alive. His assailant had escaped. The Galveston *Daily News*, December 9, 1883, reported: "McDade, December 8. On Saturday night last about 9:30 o'clock, Isaac Heffington, deputy sheriff of Lee County, was shot and mortally wounded at this place by an unknown man. Heffington has been active in hunting for the slayer of Keffel, and was on the lookout for Sam Mundine, who is accused of complicity in the crime. When he was shot, he had just gone up to a man in the dark to see who he was when the individual shot him in the breast and escaped in the darkness. Heffington is still alive, but expected to die during the night."

This cold-blooded murder caused the vigilantes to take quick action. Word was passed to its members that an open meeting would be held in the church at McDade. The Galveston *Daily News* continued: "Today two hundred citizens from this and adjoining counties met here in church. Their object was to assist the officers of the law to use every effort to suppress lawlessness. The people of this section are thoroughly aroused, and said to be determined to stop the frequent killings and robberies which have recently occurred in this vicinity. The very best citizens are interesting themselves in the matter."

Among these citizens were Thomas P. Bishop, Dr. Vermillion, George Milton, and two of the Olive brothers. The sheriff of Lee County was outside the church, as bushwhacking was getting worse, and no one was considered safe. Law enforcement officers were doing the best that they could under the circumstances, but people were hard pressed for money. A sheriff—and four or five paid deputies—was all the law enforcement there was. What could one man do in a county like Bastrop?

THE outlaws' habit of cutting notches on their gunstocks was a giveaway. A newly cut notch meant a man killed. Who then was in the best position to notice it? The vigilantes decided to screen the saloon owners and their bartenders. Contrary to some opinion, these men were not in sympathy with the criminal element of those times.

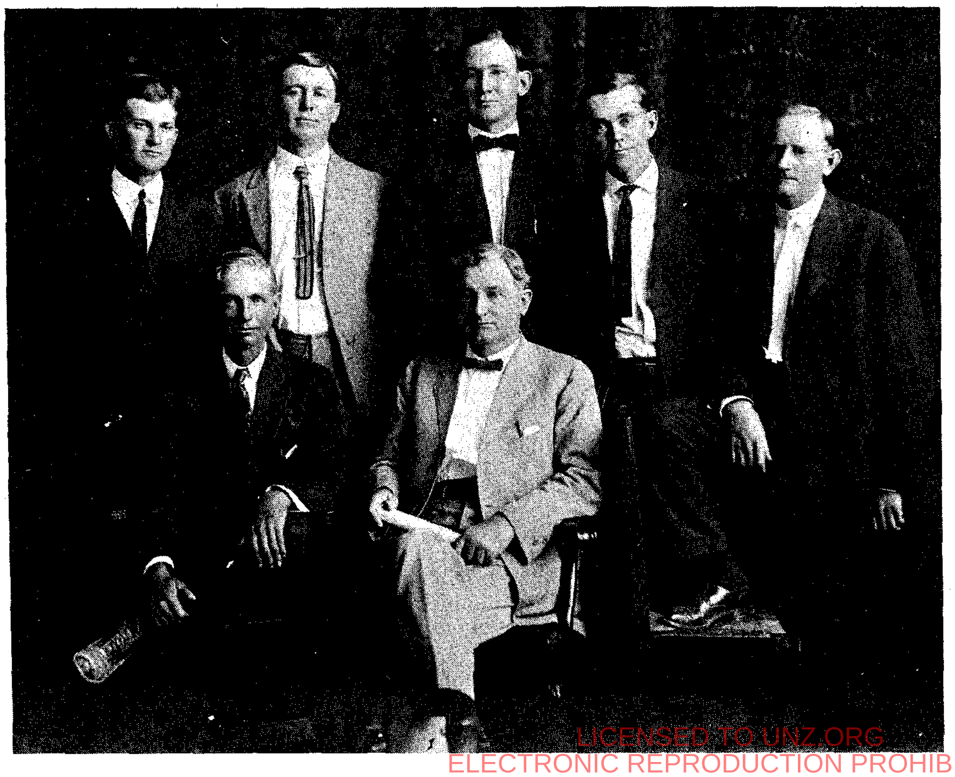
It was not long before various saloon owners and bartenders began to file reports from Taylor, Round Rock, McDade, Elgin and Georgetown. When the lists were compiled, all evidence pointed to the Notch-Cutters, who suspected that the vigilantes were getting active, but who had been unable to discover what men made up the membership. They could only guess. The outlaws figured that the organization was started in McDade and they figured right, but who was the head man? This they never learned, for sure.

The Pat Earhart dance hanging had put a scare into them, and some had left the country. But others remained to carry on the killing, robbing and cattle rustling. Allen Winn's identification of his attackers, and the killing of Heffington prompted the meeting in the McDade church. A list was circulated, a vote was taken, a definite plan of action determined.

On Christmas Eve, 1883, at 7:30 o'clock, the vigilantes took Thad McLemore, Wright McLemore and Henry Pfeiffer from the Nash Brother's Rock

(Continued on page 59)

The author was photographed at Austin in 1914 with other members of the Texas Rangers Company A. Seated from left: Nelson Reno and Captain John R. Hughes. Standing from left: L. P. Bishop, Jeff Vaughn, D. Cardwell, Ira Cline and an unidentified man.



The Parde Ranch at Ash Meadows

BOOM DAYS at ASH MEADOWS

IF THE FATES smiled when the Government chose the southern part of Nevada for its atomic testing sites, they must have laughed out loud when Ash Meadows was chosen to house Government workers from the testing grounds. There was a time—and not too many years ago—when the slightest mention of a Government man was enough to turn most of the population into an uproar. Ash Meadows during Prohibition days was a bootlegger's paradise, and before that, many a man who made no bones about being on the shady side of the law called Ash Meadows home.

Surrounded as it is by the desolate Amargosa Desert and not too far from Death Valley, Ash Meadows must have been quite unbelievable to the first man who came upon it; and I imagine that when he brought back tales of all the water and vegetation he found there, he was thought to be a victim of the heat.

Toward the west the barren crags of the Funeral Range separate that part of the Amargosa Desert from Death Valley, and to the north and east the waterless Spectre Mountains are a bleak blue in the distance. About halfway between the two mountain ranges a little cluster of low black hills rise up from the desert's floor, and Ash Meadows is located at their base. Through the years more than one Nevada official wished it would blow over the state line into California, but it didn't, and Ash Meadows still remains a part of Nye County, Nevada.

A freakish nature deposited tons of white talc along the bottoms of the little hills, forming knolls and gullies that stretch their length. In the ravines and flats made by the talc deposits deep springs of clear warm water bubble up. They form crystal pools that in turn spill over to run down to the desert floor, making marshes and green meadows that extend for several miles into the desert. Beside the pools and wherever the water runs, ash, mesquite and willow trees grow thick and tall, along with wild grapes, buckbrush and tamaracks.

Any water, especially out in the desert, attracts people, and the abundance of it found in Ash Meadows lured settlers by the dozens in the early 1800s. But the remoteness of the place and its alkaline soil were very discouraging and most of them moved on after a year or so. Others came to take their place but no one person seemed to have stayed there for long in the earlier years.

In the late 1800s and early 1900s several mines were discovered in southern Nevada and the Death Valley area, and men drawn by the lure of gold began prospecting the entire desert country. Ash Meadows was a welcome retreat for those men when they grew weary of walking the desert. Many settled permanently, and others returned in their later years to the little oasis where they could see in the distance the mountain ranges that had claimed so many years of their lives. Other men came, too—men who appreciated the remoteness of the place and its nearness to the California border.

All that remains of the Clay Camp today

LIVING there was simple. The earlier arrivals just moved into someone's deserted ranch house, or built a little cabin or dugout beside one of the springs. Rabbits were plentiful, as were ducks and other wild birds. The marshes were full of bullfrogs; and wild grapes, buckberries and squaw cabbage grew wherever the water ran. Winters were mild and a cooking fire provided all the heat needed. In those days everyone had a horse or two, and most managed to acquire a few chickens and a cow. There were many small vegetable gardens. If it became necessary, a man could pick up a few days' work once in awhile from a rancher. The residents of Ash Meadows were not rich but they managed to make a living and were content.

It was a friendly and peaceful community and, while there were a few who said nothing about their past lives, most of the men were just ordinary old prospectors content to spend their time visiting and puttering around in their gardens. Some had come west in their boyhood and had spent their youth in wild cowtowns and mining camps. The peace they found in Ash Meadows was all they wanted.

Bill Nye was one of those who had spent his younger days around violence. He was living in Belmont, Nevada, in the 1870s when two miners, Walker and McIntyre, were murdered by an angry mob for their idle threat to burn down the

Names can be misleading. The only thing "dry" about Ash Meadows was its name!

By HELEN McINNIS

Photos Courtesy Author

town. And Joe Spitz, who was in New Mexico during the bloody Lincoln County war, witnessed the shooting of Billy the Kid. They are both buried on a little white knoll at the northern end of Ash Meadows.

Jack Longstreet spent quite a few years of his hectic life there. It was in the little rock house that still bears the name, The Longstreet Place, that he shot and killed his Indian brother-in-law, hiding the body in a spring of water until the boy's folks had gone away.

Monte Montgomery who, with his brother Bob, discovered several of the biggest producing mines in that part of the country, lived in a little cabin beside a warm water pool where he could soak his rheumatism-wracked body.

Norman Westmoreland, the man who put the name of Rhyolite back on the map of Nevada, was a frequent visitor there in the '20s, along with Death Valley Scotty, Shorty Harris and little Charlie Walker.

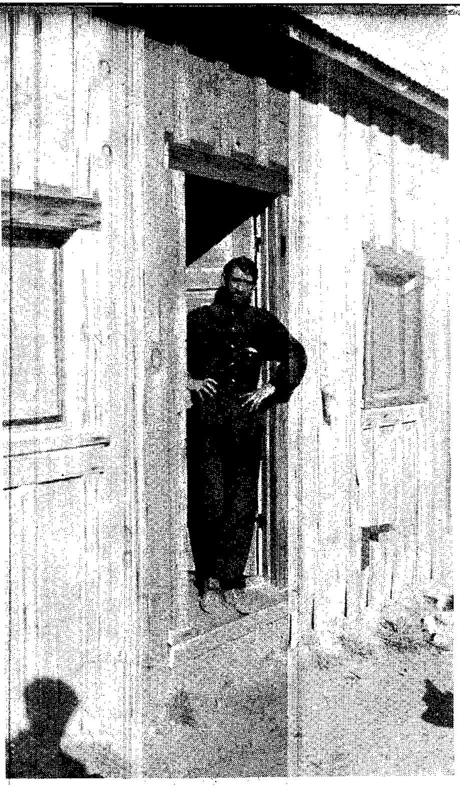
For years Las Vegas, 100 miles south, was the nearest town, but as more mines were discovered in the area, new settlements sprang up. Death Valley Junction, just over the California border, was only fifteen miles from Ash Meadows. A mill there handled ore from the Death Valley borax fields, and soon a railroad came through the desert from Tonopah, passing a few miles west of Ash Meadows and through Death Valley Junction.

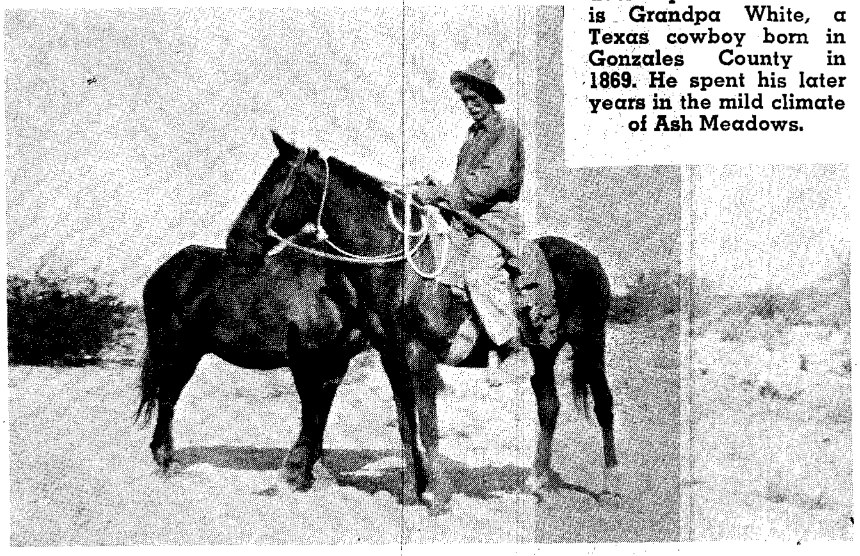
THE ASH MEADOW way of living changed a little with all this progress, but not drastically until 1923 when a huge deposit of filter clay was discovered alongside the road between Ash Meadows and Death Valley Junction. The discovery of that clay did a lot to liven up the southern part of Nevada.

By 1925 the Clay Camp was a rip-roaring diggings. A mill had been built to process the several thousand tons of clay which were shipped each month to various gas and oil companies. A couple of boardinghouses had been constructed for the single miners and millmen, and a red-light district was going full blast along with several roadhouses.

Some of the men who had come to work in the clay pits brought their families, and soon every waterhole in Ash Meadows had either a tin shack or tent beside it. A little one-room schoolhouse served the children, and a grocery store went up beside one of the roadhouses. The community bristled with activity.

Until then Ash Meadows had remained quite inconspicuous but now its name, along with that of the brand new Clay





The author's father, Jack Parde, stands in the doorway above. At left is Grandpa White, a Texas cowboy born in Gonzales County in 1869. He spent his later years in the mild climate of Ash Meadows.

The "Old Longstreet Place" is shown on the left below. The author's mother stands inside the doorway of this half-house—half-dugout. On the same day in 1928, a large group of relatives was photographed in front of the historic homestead.

Tom Morris
J. Staley
Kid Marlin
Dad White
Dick Beal
Death Valley Ranch
Death Valley Junction
193

A group of old-timers from Death Valley Junction, California

Camp, began to appear in Nevada and other newspapers. Several of the old-timers moved farther back in the foothills, and a few left the country entirely.

People from several walks of life and nationalities, working and living close together, are certain to have different opinions about various matters, and some of the fist fights that took place there were dandies. The best ones were between the Clay Camp-Ash Meadow boys and some of the fellows from Las Vegas or Death Valley Junction who were inclined to make sneering remarks about the little oasis and its inhabitants. Those battles were magnificent. For the most part, though, everyone got along fairly well and on pay-day nights the desert rang with revelry.

Those were dry years, and several of the more ambitious Ash Meadow men, along with a few strangers, turned their talents to whiskey making. Before long, several stills were going full blast up in the foothills. Those hills were ideal for illegal enterprises. It was possible then, and probably still is, for a person to wander several hours in and around the gullies and knolls trying to get to where he would like to be. Unless a person knew a few landmarks, the roads were a perfect maze, and the sun's glare on the white talc did little to help. A native could go about his business in those foothills feeling fairly secure.

Whiskey not consumed by the local boys was "exported," and the peace of Ash Meadow nights was disturbed more than once by the sounds of trucks heading out for Las Vegas. The market for moonshine was tremendous; there was room for all, and very little rivalry developed between bootleggers. On a few occasions the sound of gunfire followed that of the truck motors, and some of those who had gotten piggish are missing still. I believe, however, that if enough basements are dug in that part of the country, they will be found.

THOSE bootleggers, who could face a mad bull or a coiled rattlesnake without a qualm, would turn pale at the mention of a Government man, and the word "revenuer" would cause an exercise in camouflage that the United States Marine Corps would have envied. Cars were hastily moved; pieces of copper tubing and stray jugs were buried; rakes, hoes and cultivators were quickly brought into plain view; and sometimes, if the wind were blowing a certain way, a bottle of trapper's scent was poured over the ground.

One moonshiner kept his horse hitched up to a plow, and the least glimpse of car dust on the road would send him running to a nearby field to start plowing. When he first began his whiskey-making career, he was a jovial and well-liked fellow with lots of visitors but, after making several fast trips a day from his still to his plow, he turned mean and surly. Nobody visited him anymore.

Things went along at a lively clip in the Ash Meadow-Clay Camp district until 1932 when the oil companies found a better and cheaper way to process their products and the Clay Camp closed down. With the exception, perhaps, of the Nye County sheriff, spirits dropped when everyone left the Clay Camp.

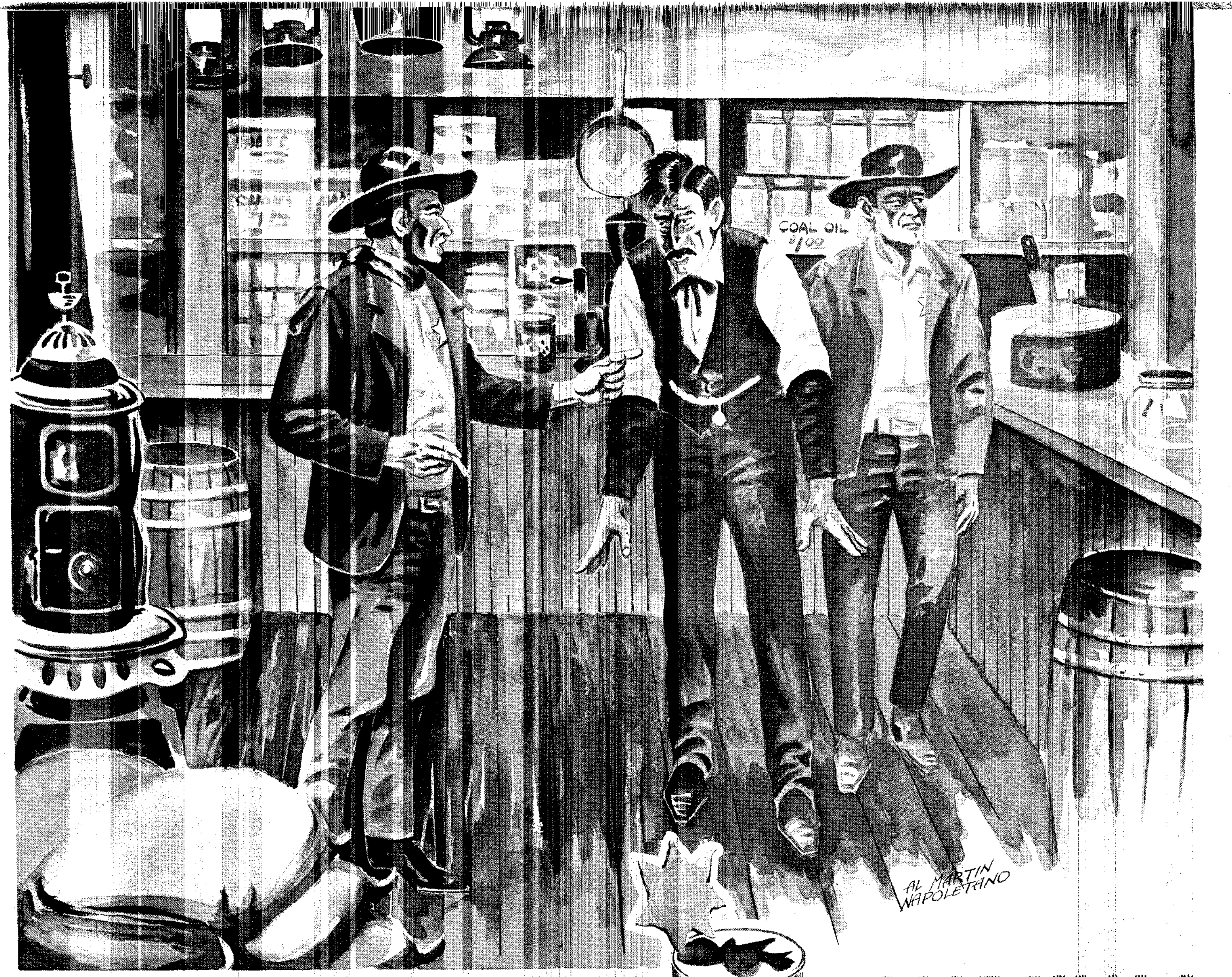
A few families stayed on in Ash Meadows and a few moved to Death Valley Junction, but things just weren't the same without the Clay Camp bunch. Even the bootleggers went about their business in a disheartened sort of way, which really worked out for the best since in a very short time Prohibition was repealed, and most of the enchantment that Ash Meadows had held was gone. The smell of sour mash and pure alcohol that had hung over most of the gullies and foothills went away, and the only sound at night was that of the bullfrogs croaking in the marshes, and the occasional quack of a wild duck.

Ash Meadows residents, many of them considerably richer, gradually returned to their former way of life. Old fellows in the little cabins and dugouts lived out their remaining years in quiet contentment. They are dead now and all but a few lay buried in unmarked graves.

During the next few decades many people came and went in the area, and finally Ash Meadows became a respectable ranching community and the future site of a Government project. Clay Camp, which gave Ash Meadows a boost when it needed it most, is almost forgotten. A few piles of concrete, parts of old cars strung around in the desert, and the deep water-filled clay pits are the only remaining signs of that boisterous camp that brought new life to the southern part of Nevada.

Getting ready to go prospecting for gold

Golden memories in the making



STRAWMEN AND MARSHALS

By CULL A. WHITE

Illustrated by Al M. Napoletano

It didn't take much to turn this pair of rascals into seemingly respectable lawmen: just a bath, a good suit of clothes . . . and an empty tomato can!

AT Walla Walla, Washington, in 1947 while visiting with Cash McCloud, seventy-year-old nephew of Crab Creek's Hutchinson Brothers, we mentioned some of the prominent horsemen of that region who had helped make history. Cash said, "Oh, they were purty good fellers, but once in a while they'd make a mistake in branding and selling stock. When they'd get caught and taken to Ellensburg or Waterville, they'd need 'strawmen' to prove they'd been some place else at that time."

This being the opening I had prayed for, I asked if he remembered the time Bud Webley and Oscar Finney were strawmen for a friend at the famous 1906 trial at Ellensburg. Cash chuckled and said, "I don't think anyone will ever forget that trial or what happened afterwards." His version tallied so thoroughly with stories I'd heard since 1913, that I knew this was the true story.

The year, 1906, was famed for two events: start of the Milwaukee Railroad bridge over the Columbia at Beverly, and a large roundup of range horses.

With no fenced areas to hold newly gathered horses at night, blind or box canyons were used. Four or more riders placed their bedrolls at intervals at the one exit. A saddled horse by each bed saved the fully dressed riders precious minutes in stopping getaways. This was our method with the first 500 wild horses we trailed to Yakima in November, 1927, from Ferry & Okanogan Counties. Three thousand wild horses were taken out in two years. Eighteen hundred went to Hansen Packing Company in Butte, Montana.

From Badger Mountain to Pasco and the Snake River, there are stretches of desert twenty-five miles long between good water holes. Only the hardiest horses survive such country. They had learned through bitter experience to distrust any man-made construction such as railroads or trains. It is known that, for some years, horses quit watering at Crab Creek which had been their sole source of supply, because of the railroad. Before they adjusted to other waterholes, many died. Plain pole wings to a corral caused them to fight to get away. During the roundup, the work of days would be undone in seconds by a train whistle stampeding a band just as they were being driven into a stockyard to ship.

ELLENSBURG was the nearest good hospital base for the Milwaukee bridge builders, and a small receiving hospital was built on the Kittitas side. A dependable ferry was maintained to carry personnel and materials where needed.

When the trial ended favorably for their friend, and they had received witness fees, it was unthinkable that Webley and Finney should leave without some celebration. All too seldom did they see a town as big as Ellensburg, especially when they had money and were wearing their good clothes!

Several days later—after they had bought two cups of coffee—an inventory

(Continued on page 49)

By LYO LEE
as told to
EVE BALL

Clell Lee

Katharine Lee photographed the lion above, treed by Clell near Blue, Arizona

GREATEST LIVING HUNTER

EVEN thirty-five years ago, the Lee brothers were conceded to be the best hunters of predatory animals in the United States. Now there are only two of the seven brothers carrying on as professional killers of bears and lions. Clell has undoubtedly killed more mountain lions than any other living man, but Dale is a close second, and has more *tigres* (jaguars) to his credit than does Clell.

The Lee brothers were reared in the Chiricahua Mountains of southeastern Arizona. They have made their living by hunting predators. During part of the Depression years, Ernest was the only one of them who had an assured income. The rest depended upon acting as guides for the few who could afford hunting at that difficult time. Ernest was paid $200 a month by the Biological Survey to kill mountain lions and bears. The exact number was not specified, but a monthly report was—and it had to show results. The whole family, including me, a distant cousin, helped. We really took care of that job, for $200 wasn't hay.

A snow fell that enabled the dogs to trail easily, so Clell announced that we were to get out and catch some lions before pay-day. We left the hunting lodge near Paradise, Arizona, and took the dogs and horses to Fossil Spring on top of the mountain west of our headquarters at Cave Creek. That is the roughest part of the rugged Chiricahuas. The bluffs are not perpendicular except in places, but they are so steep that it takes a good man to make them on foot. And they're 3,000 feet high.

On top there is a little seep and a good campsite. There's good hunting, too. For where there is water, there are deer; and where there are deer, there are lions.

I didn't mind the climb, but thought with regret of the baseball game we would miss by being on this hunt. It was scheduled for Sunday afternoon, when the home team (Paradise) was to play Bowie. Clell was our pitcher, and a good one. He was hard to beat at second base, and was also a pinch hitter. In fact, he was so good that a scout from a big league had attempted to get him into professional baseball, but Clell wasn't about to leave the mountains. With him out of that game Sunday, Paradise had little chance, and the home team was up in arms until he promised that if he and I could get four lions by Saturday night, we'd return and win that game.

WE LEFT camp and followed the ridge two or three miles, heading toward Fossil Spring. We heard the old dogs down in the canyon, their music plainly telling us that they were following a cold trail. Clell had a pup, Dan, about a year old, a magnificent dog. He was a cross between the famous Lee Strain and a Slash Ranch hound owned by Dub Evans. That made him of the blood lines of Brown Eyes, the best lion dog Clell ever owned. He expected much of this red pup but, because he was only a year old, the dog had not hunted much.

For two hours we heard the pack at intervals, but did not go down to them until we were sure they'd treed a lion. About dusk that red pup barked "treed." The others were still trailing.

Clell said, "Guess we'd better go down and see. He may have nothing but a bobcat, but we have to know."

We tied our horses and started down the bluff, holding to bushes and trees. In the canyon below, Dan was still barking treed. The old dogs were as doubtful of the pup's announcement as we.

When we got to the foot, we followed the barking and found the pup under a juniper about fifteen feet high. Silhouetted against the light we could see something out on a limb, something not very large, probably a bobcat.

"I'll climb the tree and kick him out," I said.

I took a short .30-30 and started climbing with the gun in my hand. Clell stood beneath the tree. I saw something move and came up in the dark with a shot. A half-grown lion tumbled to the ground with the top of his head blown off.

With the old dogs following us, we climbed back to the top and found the horses. It was ten o'clock before we reached camp. Before cooking supper, we fed the dogs cold cornmeal mush. And we spent little time eating before getting into our bedrolls.

Next morning we crawled out and were ready to leave before dawn. Before we got a half-mile, the dogs jumped a male lion and it ran 200 yards before taking to a tree. It may have been the father of the one we'd killed the preceding evening.

A quarter of a mile farther, the dogs jumped a female. We got her and started back to camp. Three down and only one to go! With a day and a half left for getting the fourth, it looked good for the home team.

That night at supper, Clell did something very unusual for him—he praised me for the lucky shot I'd made in the dark. It, like my winning the bronc busting contest the week before, had been a lucky break, and I told him so.

All the Lees were expert with rifle and six-shooter. All were good riders. They had to be. It was just part of the job, and Clell took ability in those lines for granted.

Both physically and morally Clell Lee is the best man I ever knew. He neither drinks nor smokes. He doesn't even use coffee. He was reared in the mountains and trained like an Apache for strength and endurance. He can trail like one, and that is the ultimate achievement in trailing ability.

The Lees were raising, training, and selling hunting dogs—Blueticks, Redticks, and Redbones. Clell had a pup along

Whether the Paradise baseball team won or lost the game depended on the ability of its star pitcher— to bag four lions before time for the game to start!

Photos Courtesy Author

which he had sold for $1,000, but would not deliver to its owner until he had completed its education. The hound was deerproof. He would run nothing but mountain lions. He had a beautiful voice, as true as a dog's can be.

GOING up the north slope from Cave Creek, we jumped a lion. We followed as fast as the horses could make it and took out after the dogs afoot. They headed for the top of the mountain. We used heel plates on our boots and they were as slick as glass. That made tiresome climbing.

The lion was a hundred yards ahead of Clell. I was floundering and slipping, trying desperately to catch up with him. We trailed those dogs from ten in the morning till five in the afternoon. When we reached the top we struck *manzanita* five feet high. That brush is, I believe, the toughest vegetation in the world. Making your way through it is almost impossible, and the dogs got so far ahead that we couldn't hear them.

It began to snow. We got out on top of a point and stopped to listen. Very faintly we heard a dog bark treed. Clell led the way to the brink. We decided that both lion and dogs were on the rim across the canyon. We descended to the floor of the gorge and went up the opposite side toward the barking.

The lion had jumped over the rim and onto a ledge twenty feet below it. Scrub pines growing out afforded his footing. Mr. Lion was overlooking a 3,000-foot drop, waiting for the dogs to attack. He knew very well that they couldn't reach him.

Two of the hounds were missing, and one of them was Dan. I knew how much that pup meant to Clell, but he did not mention Dan's absence, so neither did I.

He said, "We'll tie the rest before we shoot the lion. Unless we do, they'll climb that leaning tree, and they'll fall." We used our belts to fasten them to a tree. Then Clell shot the animal and it fell into the canyon.

He turned to me, "You take the dogs and go 'round. Meet me at the bottom. I think there's a ledge about ten feet below us, and I can get off this mountain from it. And check for the missing dogs on your way."

I protested his attempting that terrible descent with dark so near, but he wanted to see if he could find the missing dogs. He feared that they had been knocked off the cliff by the lion. Again he insisted that I follow orders. If he couldn't make it, he said, he'd climb back to the top and follow me.

By the time I got off the mountain with the dogs, I could see very little. I found Clell waiting on the floor of the canyon, but he was minus his coat. He'd got out on that ledge, found another forty feet below, and saw that he could not make it without a rope. He'd cut up his leather jacket and used it for the descent. When he lowered himself to a second ledge, he found both the dogs and the dead lion. As he'd feared, it had knocked them off the cliff.

Clell still had the worst of the descent to make and light was fading fast. Before he reached the bottom it was pitch-dark. Snow was four inches deep, and he had no coat. How he ever got there alive, I'll never know.

Neither of us smoked, and we carried no matches. We had plenty, of course, in camp, but it was too dangerous to attempt to get there before morning. There was nothing to do but stay where we were until we could see.

"I'LL BET no Apache could have come down that cliff," I finally remarked, "but I'll bet that one could have started a fire with sticks. Reckon we can?"

I began feeling about in the snow for wood. Clell told me quietly that their fire sticks had been made of a much softer wood than grew in the canyon, and that they carried them—as we should have. It was useless to attempt to make a fire as they did.

We huddled together with our backs to a rock wall, a very cold one. I begged Clell to take my coat but he refused to do so. Then I suggested that we spread it over both of us, but he said it would do neither any good that way. He reminded me that the Chiricahuas wore nothing but breechclout and moccasins, and that they had lived in the mountains without discomfort. Surely we were as good men as they. Maybe so, but we spent a wretched night. Without the dogs, I don't think we could have survived it. They piled on our laps, and the heat from their bodies was a great help.

The next morning we finished the descent and walked to the closest camp, one used in the summer by Ben Ericsen. Clell made for it because Ben often left horses and supplies there. He knew Ben would be gone, but hoped to find mounts. And we did.

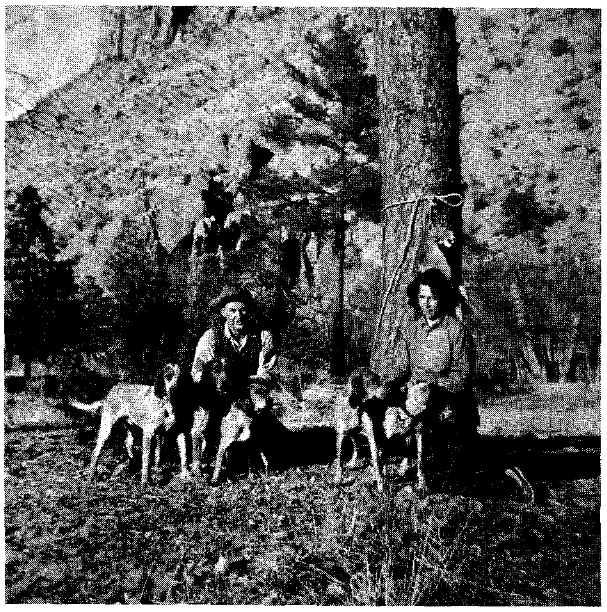
There were two horses in a little trap, but no saddles or bridles. It was eighteen miles to Rodeo, a long ride for a man bareback.

Clell looked the horses over. "I know them," he said. "One is a regular outlaw, a bucking son-of-a-gun. The other isn't broke to ride, but we'll ride him. Tell you what we'll do—I'll show you how to ride this gentleman bareback."

With my skinned feet and swollen ankles I wondered how I'd make it. But we got those horses into the corral. We

(Continued on page 64)

Clell Lee is pictured at right with a lion and some of his hunting dogs. Lee and his wife Katharine (below), photographed on a hunt in 1958. Although Katharine is not licensed to hunt predators, she is a great help to Clell in his work.



If you've got as much talent for getting into trouble as these boys had, it's nice to have as much talent as they had for getting out of it

By HARVEY ST. JOHN

Above is a panoramic view of the City of Rocks from Lookout Point on the Shale Rock Trail. At right, Paul P. Lawson, taken from a group photograph of the Idaho Legislature made in 1893. Courtesy Idaho State Historical Society.

Riding the SHALE ROCK

THE CLEAR crisp early morning air was refreshing to the two riders; they seemed tired and so did their horses. The big sorrel and the blue roan were good strong horses, the kind that could carry a man a long way on the trail.

After crossing the Snake River not far from where Idaho's Minidoka Dam is today, they had traveled all night trying to escape the posse that was hard on their heels. In the midst of that barren wasteland north of the Snake River, they saw a nester's cabin in the distance and rode toward it.

When they got closer, they could see smoke coming from a stovepipe that jutted through the roof. A woman lived there alone except for a couple of little children, and she prepared their breakfast after they told her that they were without food and were not acquainted in that part of the country.

She seemed to be an understanding soul, and mentioned that if they kept on riding directly north, they would reach the lava beds in a short time, where it would be hard for anybody on their trail to follow their tracks. She seemed to sense that the law was not far behind them.

While they were eating breakfast, their horses had been fed and watered and allowed to roll off some of the saddle sweat, which freshened them up a bit; so handing this Good Samaritan a few dollars for her trouble, the two men continued to ride due north until they saw the lava beds ahead of them.

IT WAS shortly before the Spanish-American War that my old friend "Arizona Johnnie" Hazeltine, with another young fellow who was known at that time as "Rattlesnake Jack" Walker because of the many rattlesnakes that he had killed and had plastered on his saddle, rode into that weird area now known as the "Craters of the Moon" in Idaho three jumps ahead of the sheriff and a good-sized posse.

They had just ridden up from Nevada, looking the country over with nothing particular in mind but raising hell all of the way. A couple of juvenile delinquents on two sides of a horse, they had every sheriff between there and the Nevada line on their trail.

After leaving the nester's cabin they successfully evaded the posse, but found themselves lost in the Craters. For more than two weeks they wandered around trying to find their way out. There were many things of interest—arches sculptured by nature, natural bridges, dizzying pits, hanging blobs of stone in caves that glistened with ice crystals, and nice green little meadows which usually had a bubbling spring that ran a few feet, then trickled into the volcanic cinders and disappeared—but there was nothing much in the way of food. They subsisted on an occasional cottontail rabbit or kangaroo rat.

The cinders cut everything like emery. Their horses' shoes were growing thin, and the soles of their own boots were worn completely through in many places. Riding in a westerly direction, reeling in their saddles from hunger, they came upon a freighter camped on Silver Creek near where the Fish Creek Reservoir is today. The man was hauling supplies into the Horn-Silver Mines around Martin and Era in the Pioneer Range, from the railhead at Shoshone, Idaho. When he heard of their predicament, he gave them food and allowed them to camp for the night. The next morning they rode off to the west.

It seems that while they were camped with the freighter, Walker told him of a lost treasure that they had been looking for in the Craters, not knowing at the time that a stage robbery had occurred a few years before on the Boise to Hailey run, and that the loot had been successfully hidden and never found. It seems that the freighter swallowed the yarn, hook, line and sinker—and, as a result, the story that the lost treasure was hidden in the Craters has become a legend.

The following morning after leaving the freighter, Hazeltine and Walker rode into a ranch on the Big Wood River south of Bellevue, where the rancher gave them their breakfast and treated them well, and where they repeated their story. But this time it had a little different effect.

The boys left in high spirits, feeling very much recuperated, not knowing that the rancher had one of those new-fangled telephones that had just been put in by the Rocky Mountain Telephone Company, and that it was on a direct line to the spanking new Blaine County Courthouse.

TRAVELING up the Big Wood River toward Hailey, they rode into an ambush with guns sticking out of every clump of brush. There they met the right sheriff, a man by the name of Tom Fenton.

Sheriff Tom Fenton, later United States Marshal of Idaho, and his posse turned out to be a very fine welcoming party. He practically "rescued" them from their pursuers, who by this time had picked up their scent and were hot on the trail. Riding in the lead with the sheriff, they were escorted into Hailey in style, with an escort the size of a troop of cavalry following them to see that they reached their lodging-house in safety.

When the sheriff heard their story and questioned them regarding their knowledge of the hidden gold, he decided that they were not any of the remnants of the Hole-in-the-Wall or old Plummer gangs as he had been led to believe and, after talking it over with the lawmen of other counties through which they had traveled, decided that the boys had not done anything serious enough to be hanged for, that they were just a couple of young fellows having a good time. The sheriff released them to go back to Nevada and run wild horses, with some fatherly advice on how to stay out of trouble and become solid citizens.

While Hazeltine and Walker were guests of Blaine County, they became acquainted with the Honorable Paul P. Lawson, who had been elected to the Idaho Legislature from Custer County in November, 1892, as a Populist.

TRAIL

Lawson had fatally shot a mining man by the name of George Watson on May 15, 1895, on the main street of Houston, Custer County, Idaho. It was the result of an old feud, and Lawson was sitting patiently in jail waiting to have his neck stretched.

The previous winter Lawson and Watson had quarreled over a Brazilian trollop who had drifted north from South America and was peddling her favors in the old mining town of Ketchum, near the present site of Sun Valley. During the argument over the girl, Watson, who was something of a bully, assaulted Lawson, brutally knocking him down, kicking him in the face and trampling his carcass from end to end. Lawson was in bed for about six weeks recuperating.

When they next met, on the main street of Houston, Watson started for Lawson to give him another beating, but this time Lawson had an equalizer. He shot Watson down both in self-defense and in retaliation for the unmerciful beating that he had lately received at Watson's hands.

The trial was held in Challis, on the Salmon River, in June, 1895. Watson's many friends, who were political enemies of Lawson, claimed that the motive was retaliation only, and brought influence to bear on Judge Stockslager, a hard-headed frontier jurist never known for mercy.

The judge sentenced Paul P. Lawson to be hanged on July 26, 1895. As feeling was running high around Houston and Challis, Lawson was removed from the Custer County jail and imprisoned in the Blaine County jail for safekeeping until time for the execution.

Lawson had made some political enemies while serving in the Legislative Session of 1893—unfortunately, some were friends of the judge who had sentenced him to be hanged.

Pending the preparation of statement on appeal by his attorney, Lawson's sentence was postponed until September 25, and on August 15 at Hailey, Judge Stockslager, on motion for a new trial, swayed by prejudice, refused to grant it.

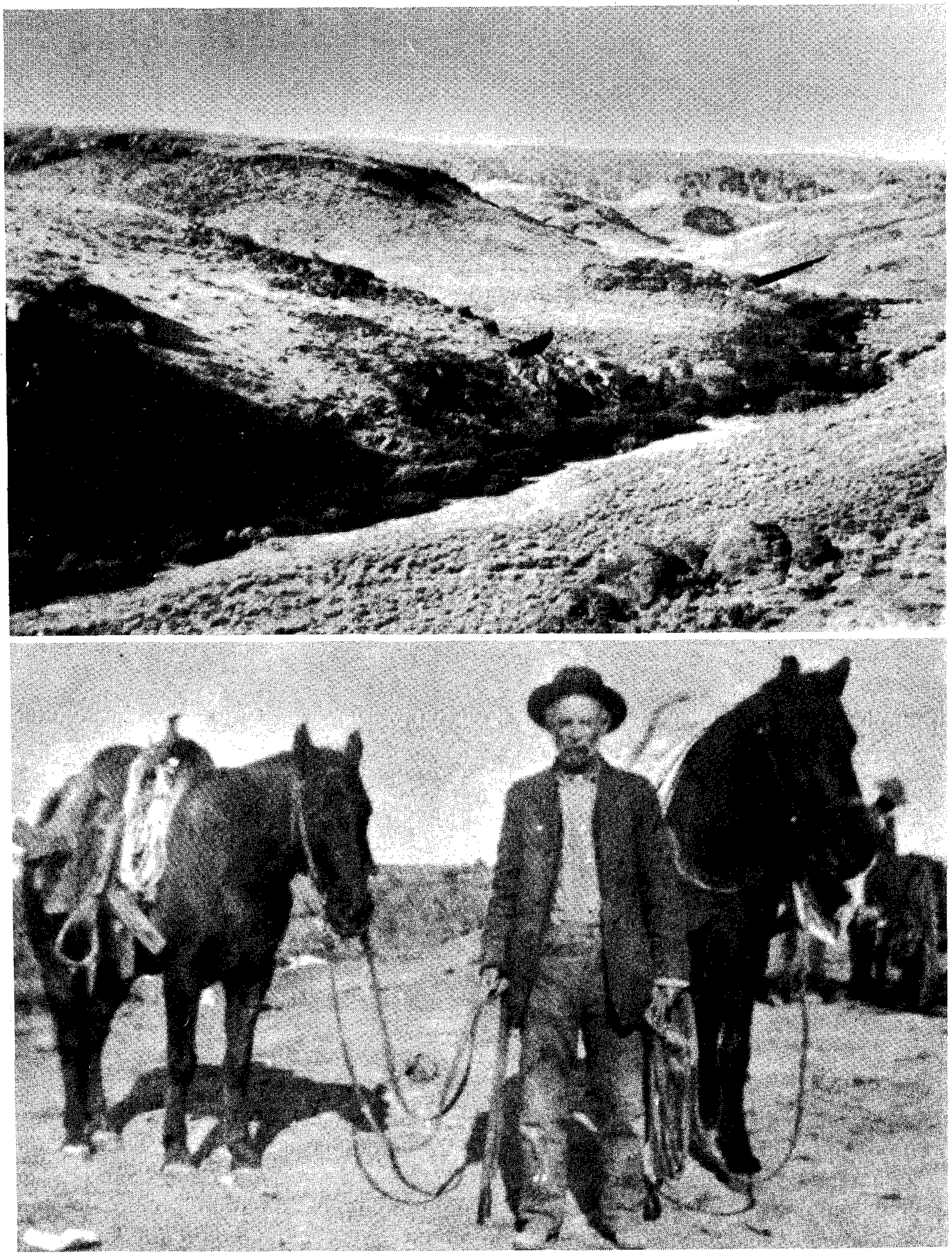
THE TWO terrors from Nevada found out that Paul P. Lawson was related to the lady who had treated them so nicely and who had helped them shake the posse that was on their heels when they rode into the Craters of the Moon.

The evening of September 7, 1895, at about ten o'clock, Sheriff Fenton, as was customary, started for the jail in the basement of the courthouse to lock Lawson in the steel cage for the night.

The steel cage, about six feet wide and seven feet long, was built in the center of the jail. The cage was designed for the most dangerous criminals, with nothing in it but a steel set of springs which were swung from one side. When locked in it, the prisoner enjoyed the contempt and taunting remarks of the drunks and petty thieves.

Just as the sheriff was unlocking the outside door of the jail, two men appeared. One of them covered him with a six-shooter and ordered him to throw up his hands, while the other one tied a handkerchief securely over his eyes, com-

(Continued on page 54)



Hidden Valley, above right, is known today as the East Fork of Dry Creek. Arizona Johnny was photographed (right) in his later years at about the time he related the story to the author.

Hahn traveled far and hopefully—toward no reward but death

By FRANK M. FREEMAN

Denver Public Library
Western Collection

Hahn's Peak

Victim of the "WHITE NIGHT"

FRANK HALL'S *History of Colorado,* published in 1889, relates the story of the unfortunate Joseph Hahn, who left his home in the Old World for the new world of America. In 1865, Hahn was laboring in a sawmill near Empire, Colorado, close to the eastern end of Berthoud Pass.

That winter, a man named Captain Way wandered into Empire. He lived and worked at Paul Lindstrom's sawmill with Joseph Hahn and W. A. Doyle, a hard rock miner from the gold camp of Blackhawk. Way told his fellow workers about a gold strike he had made near a mountain located in the extreme northern reaches of what is now Routt County, Colorado, hard by the Wyoming line.

Way, Doyle and Joseph Hahn shared their secret of potential golden riches with thirty-seven carefully selected men who resided in and around Empire. The two score men pooled their resources for the purchase of tools and supplies. Come spring, the prospectors would go to the gold fields to reap a harvest of the treasure discovered by Captain Way.

In May, 1866, the forty fortune hunters left Empire, starting their journey over lofty, sky-scraping Berthoud Pass. On the apex of the Pass, the party was caught in the midst of a spring blizzard.

Beleaguered by the snowstorm, the men were forced to shovel a path for the pack horses through the highly drifting snow. The shoveling was backbreaking and drove the laboring miners to the point of exhaustion.

The weary men and pack animals wended their way down the western slope of Berthoud, where, in the lower regions, the snow petered out and the party had easy traveling once more.

The prospectors were traveling in Middle Park when they met "Colorado Charlie" Utter, who had a cabin there. Utter was a trapper, miner and mountain man, who in later years was a buddy of Buffalo Bill Cody and Wild Bill Hickock.

Colorado Charlie was also a friend of Colorow, a chieftain of the Colorado Mountain Utes. Utter's good relationship with Colorow probably saved the forty miners from massacre at the hands of the Indians.

IN early June the gold seekers reached their goal at the base of the mountain. Pay dirt, showing potential wealth, was found immediately. With the finding of a rich strike, half of the men panned for gold while the other twenty men set about constructing cabins. A permanent settlement was established.

Hahn was made president of the newly formed organization. W. A. Doyle was made recorder of claims. The fortune-bestowing mountain was dubbed "Hahn's Peak" in honor of the quiet man from Germany.

While the miners were engaged in their cabin building, they received a surprise visit from Colorow. The Ute Chief was accompanied by a large group of ferocious-appearing heavily-armed braves.

Colorow demanded of Utter, "What is the white man doing on the land of the red man?"

"The white man does not intend to steal the land of the Ute," Utter replied. "We are only after the yellow metal."

Colorow, completely satisfied with Utter's explanation, rode off with his contingent of braves. The fortune hunters were never molested by the Indians in the future.

SUMMER passed into autumn. The miners could feel the tang of winter in the cooling air of fall. All except Doyle and Hahn elected to return to the shelter of Empire during the coming cold weather.

Hahn and Doyle decided to stay at the mining camp. The two men reasoned that they could spend the remaining nice fall days constructing sluice boxes. When the placer miners returned to their claims the following summer, the sluice boxes would give them a flying start toward gaining mineral riches. The men who returned to Empire were to purchase supplies to be freighted to Hahn and Doyle by pack train.

The provisions were destined to never reach their isolated partners. A very deep, early, unseasonal fall snow made an impassable white wilderness of the area. The two men who had stayed behind were hopelessly marooned from all aid.

There followed one of the worst winters the region of Routt County has ever known. Snow sifted down from the sky unceasingly. Snow was dumped upon snow, day after day, and still it came. There seemed to be no relief from the interminable white flakes which floated to the snow-encrusted earth beneath.

Hahn's and Doyle's supplies were insufficient for their needs. The two men were forced to augment their skimpy diet with rabbits and squirrels, which they were fortunate enough to shoot occasionally.

Early in the spring of 1867, the pair reached the absolute end of their resources. Their scanty supplies had all been consumed. Small game animals ceased to be available; they seemed to have disappeared from the face of the earth.

The marooned men were in desperate straits. Rather than sit in their cabin and perish from slow starvation, Hahn and Doyle determined to return to Empire.

The men embarked upon their journey, traveling on snowshoes. For a short period it seemed as if they had a chance. The snow had ceased, and a hard crust had formed. Travel was comparatively easy.

Hahn and Doyle, although in a weakened condition caused by near starvation, were supremely confident that they could reach Empire. However, the two men had neglected to make allowances for one particular item.

Mother Nature, when she wants to, can be a cruel, two-timing, faithless wench. She had a marked card up her sleeve, and she dealt it to Hahn and Doyle in the grim game of fate. The miners were crossing the crest of the Gore Range when Mother Nature ceased to smile.

AT THE top of the Range, the plodding, weak fugitives from death were smitten by a blizzard. A blizzard in the upper heights of the Rockies can be so dense with its barrage of beautiful white petals that one can hardly see. Indians called an opaque fall of snowflakes that literally blinded them the "white night."

Snow piled up to two feet in depth in a few hours. At Muddy Creek, unable to stumble through the snow for another minute, Hahn and Doyle bedded down as best they could for the night. They awoke to face another snow-filled day with its cutting cold. Hahn plaintively informed Doyle, "I am too far gone to take another step."

"You stay here, then, and I'll go see if I can't find help," Doyle replied. "There should be some cabins around here somewhere."

Doyle made his friend as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, and staggered away through the high drifts. He spent the entire day in a fruitless effort to find human habitation. When Doyle returned to where his stricken friend was lying, he found that Joseph Hahn had died. The fortune hunter from Germany who had sought earthly treasure was forced to settle for the treasures in God's paradise.

Two men from Hot Sulphur Springs, John Sumner and Ashley Franklin, had horses and cattle pastured in the area where Hahn and Doyle had been stricken. The two men, checking on their livestock, noticed a man floundering helplessly in deep snow. It was Doyle. He was half dead from cold, exhaustion and exposure. He was snow-blind, delirious and completely incoherent.

Sumner and Franklin, half leading and half carrying the miner, helped him to a nearby cabin, the home of John S. Jones.

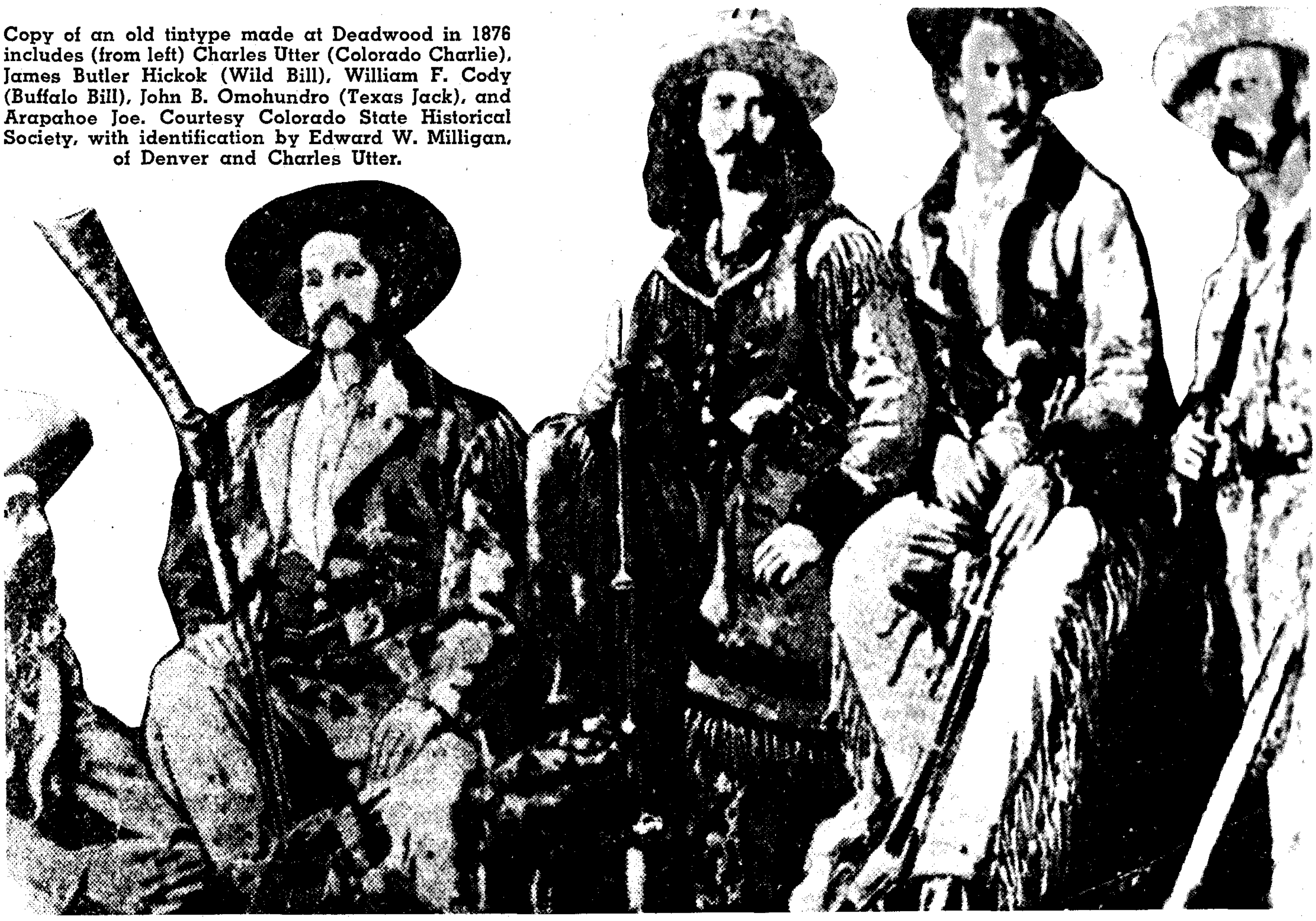
Denver Public Library
Western Collection

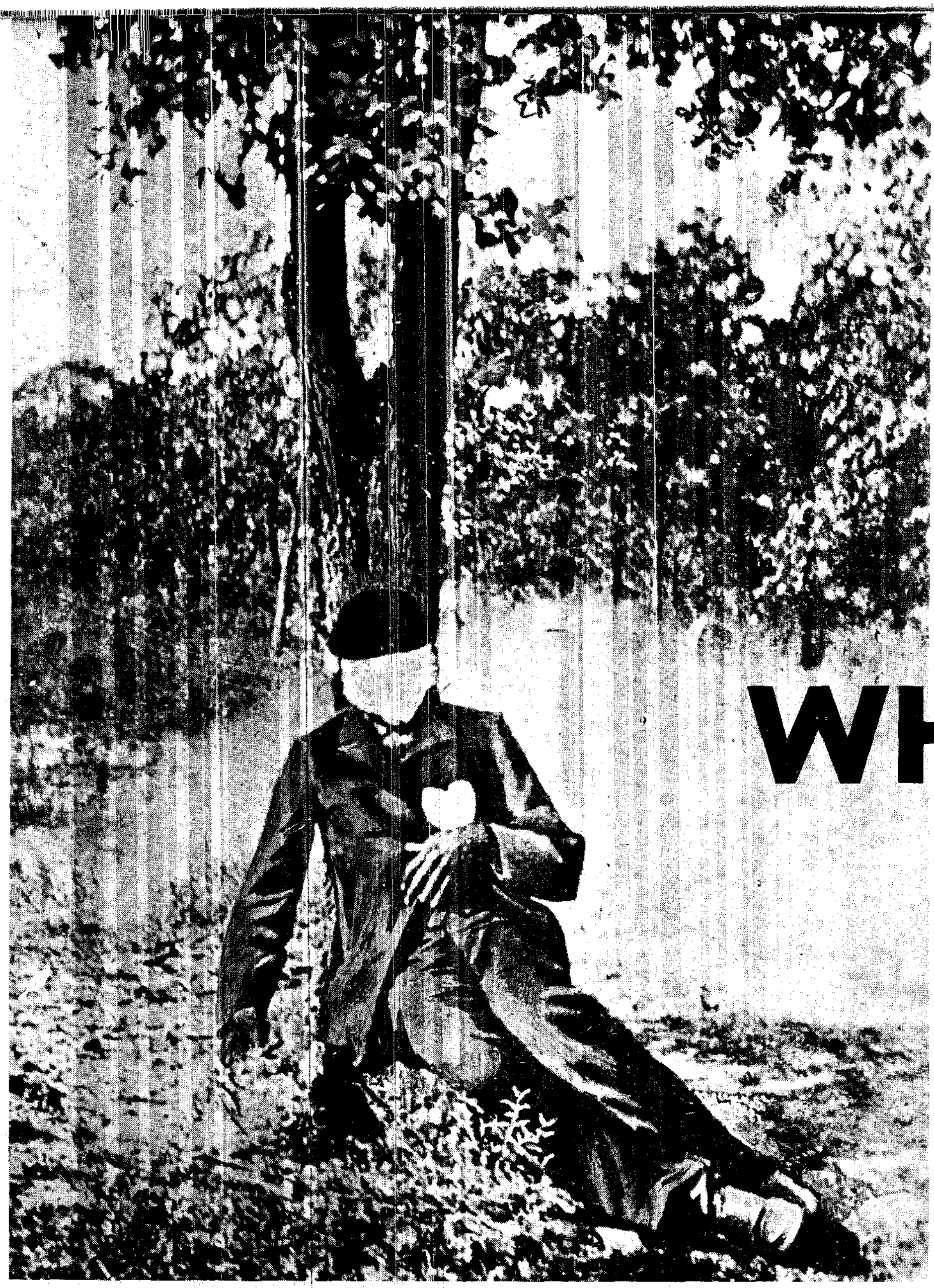
Chief Colorow

After several days in bed at Jones' cabin, Doyle began to recover.

He described to his rescuers the events that had transpired prior to his being discovered by Sumner and Franklin. He said that he had left the dead Hahn at a point twenty miles above the mouth of Muddy Creek. *(Continued on page 70)*

Copy of an old tintype made at Deadwood in 1876 includes (from left) Charles Utter (Colorado Charlie), James Butler Hickok (Wild Bill), William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill), John B. Omohundro (Texas Jack), and Arapahoe Joe. Courtesy Colorado State Historical Society, with identification by Edward W. Milligan, of Denver and Charles Utter.





The last Seminole execution—Summer of 1896.

This form of
Seminole justice
might seem primitive
to some—but it
worked. A man rarel
showed up for a
second time at the

WHIPPING

DEEP in the heart of Seminole country in Indian Territory, a giant pecan tree earned singular fame. It was called the whipping tree and was located at Barking Waters, the capital of the Seminole Nation which is known today as Wewoka, Oklahoma. Barking Waters got its name from the waterfalls to the north whose noisy rush pounding on rocks could be heard from a long distance. This particular tree with its lean, firm trunk and an abundance of cascading branches eventually stood in what became the southwest corner of the courthouse lawn.

It was gazed upon with mixed emotions, depending on the beholder's involvement. The tree developed into something of a paradox, being the site of punishment for erring tribesmen, and also a friendly meeting place. Though wrongdoers were whipped or executed at the tree, community life pivoted around it. Something was always taking place there, and nothing warmed a Seminole's heart more than to participate.

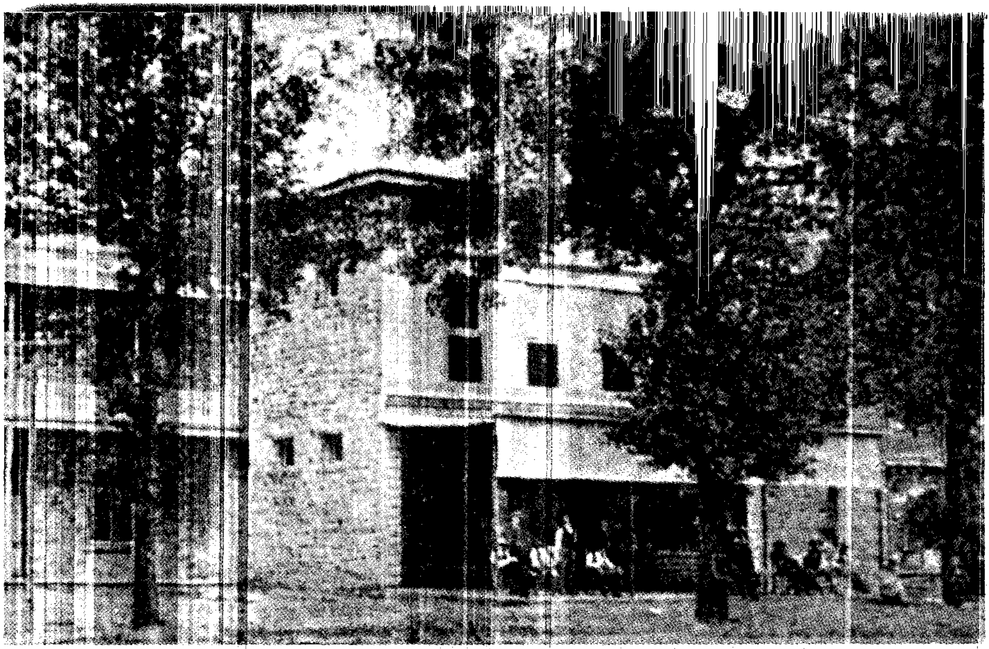
The Seminoles were naturally a friendly people, given to singing and gatherings of one kind and another. At a moment's notice they were ready to hasten to events. The ringing of a bell would hurry them to the mission, and at the bellowing of the cowhorn they would make to the flat ground where one of several dances would be in the offing. Regardless of the ceremony—Feather Dance, Eagle Dance, Buffalo Dance, Ribbon Dance—singing was foremost, led by a few and joined by many to the rhythm of turtle shells which the women shook to set the pace for the songs and dances.

Funerals, too, had a certain flair, starting with the ringing of the mission bell. People answered promptly and gathered into the mission in three groups; the women to the right; the men to the left; with the middle of the room reserved for relatives who encircled the coffin. After the preaching, songs were sung and everyone joined. Then the family withdrew slightly to permit all a last view of the body in the open box.

On the way to the burial grounds, every voice was lifted in song. The coffin was lowered into the grave and food was brought and placed around it. Sometimes a pony was sacrificed for assured transportation to the Happy Hunting Grounds. Christian though the Seminoles were, some combined the mission's teachings with hereditary beliefs. In this manner both ancient tradition and white man's philosophy were satisfied with a kind of double-barreled precept. Even the last formal act of the funeral was a mixture of both. A single file was formed and everyone marched past the grave and dropped a clod of dirt into it. This, the Seminoles considered "the last handshake," for the clasping of hands was a white man's gesture they had accepted.

IN day-to-day life, the whipping tree was the focal place of interest. To it and around it the Seminoles flocked, mingling under its wide spreading branches. There old friends could be greeted, and since Wewoka was the remount station on the trail between Forts Gibson and Sill, news could be had from a trooper who had stopped to trade his weary horse for a fresh mount. Better yet was the sight and noise a teamster might make as he urged stubborn oxen across the ford. Always the incident grew increasingly amusing, for the teamster never failed to make a spectacle of himself as frustration mounted and exploded within him. His laughing audience would shout both helpful suggestions and taunts, for the Seminole never lacked in humor, and was a great hand to get the most out of an occasion.

NEARBY was a trading post established by the great Seminole Chief, John F. Brown. Thirty years he served the Seminoles as Governor, and was loved and revered by them. He was the son of Frippo Brown, a native of Scotland who had received his medical degree from the University of Edinburgh. After arrival in this country, Dr. Brown went into Government service and was assigned to accompany a band of Seminoles from their original home in Florida to the Indian Territory, and eventually to Wewoka. There he met and fell in love with Lucy Red Bird, a Seminole maiden. Both white and red man's laws prevented a white man in Government service from marrying an Indian girl. But Frippo found a way. He resigned his commission and eloped with Lucy to what is now Kansas. John F. Brown was one of eight children born to that union. He returned to Seminole Country and, under his guidance, the trading post mushroomed into



The Trading Post—1897

TREE

By MADELON B. KATIGAN

Photos Courtesy Oklahoma Historical Society

a thriving business. It was rated highly by Dun and Bradstreet.

Governor Brown's store was also the treasury house where tribesmen were paid annuities in gold and silver coin once a year. Payment day was a merry time. Hearts thumped with happy expectation and smiles widened on faces as fast teams brought the wagonload of coin from the station, coming to a roaring halt at the store. Light horsemen with rifles ready always galloped alongside, and then stood guard as the bullion was transferred from the wagon to the waiting vaults within. An Indian-staged robbery was never anticipated and never occurred, but the guards could not be lax against the possibility of white outlaws sweeping down on the scene. Ordinarily, the guards merely used their rifles to motion the tribesmen into orderly line for payment.

"Gold and silver today, perhaps tomorrow, and the day after," many a tribesman thought. "But why worry after that?" John Brown would issue scrip and collect next year when the Government made the payments. *Choka Sodky,* the Seminoles called the scrip, and it was redeemable in merchandise which ranged from a needle to farming implements. There was one stickler concerning the scrip, the liquor problem.

"Firewater" was "devil's brew" to Governor Brown and he pleaded with his people not to drink. For a good while his words were heeded. Then small settlements sprang up across the border line. Maud, Earlsboro, Violet Springs, Keokuk Falls, one after the other sprouted, and whiskey was their prime business. A calculated effort was made to get the Seminoles' money. Brown fought the problem every way he could, even to getting his back up and refusing to redeem the scrip if a hint had come to him that the money had been used to buy whiskey. He knew that the Indian and firewater did not mix, and without fail a fired-up Indian would reap a meeting with the whipping tree.

Though ceremony was important to the Seminole, lawful order was a serious business, and could hardly be taken casually with light horsemen patrolling the Nation. They were deputized tribal officers under one elected captain, and law enforcement was carried out with dedicated efficiency. The Seminole light horsemen had the distinction of being the most proficient in all the Territory. However, more stern and ever-watchful were the band chiefs, one assigned to each of the fourteen districts which made up the Seminole Nation.

THE band chief was obliged to report to the Council any irregularities that had occurred in this area. Then the light horsemen would be dispatched to bring in the offender for trial before the Council, which met twice a year in spring and fall. They were solemn affairs with the good Governor Brown's devout prayer first on the agenda.

After the business of state—matters pertaining to schools, annuities, treaties, rentals—criminal cases were heard, and if the charged party were judged guilty by the Council, he and all the Nation knew an appointment with the whipping tree was his to keep, usually the following Saturday.

The Seminoles lived by the old Mosaic law. If one took a life, he must pay the penalty with his own. This he knew, but sometimes forgot after a trip to one of the border settlements. The culprit was never confined to jail after trial, for it was a matter of honor that he should come and take his punishment or execution. Nothing short of death would keep him away. He would go about his business and, on the designated day and hour decreed, he would arrive at the whipping tree.

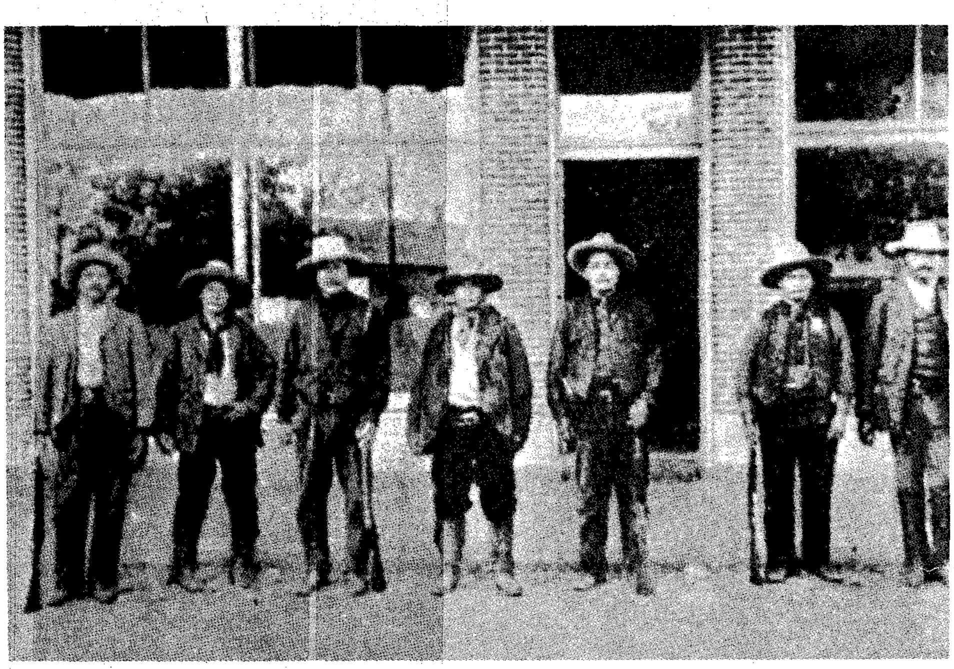
The whippings were public affairs. The captain of the light horsemen made much ado and added momentum to the general interest by sending his men to scour the countryside for an appropriate hickory switch or rod with which to carry out the punishment. The rod was the preferred instrument of correction and was usually forty inches in length, round, and thick as a man's thumb.

Bill Culley was considered the best whipper of the light horsemen, and nothing short of death would prevent his being present. After all, he had a reputation to maintain. He had style and "know-how" when it came to wielding the rod, and thus had earned a certain distinction which pleased him mightily. He preened when distracted mothers pointed him out to rambunctious offspring and warned that Bill Culley was watching and would give them a dose of whipping tree medicine if they were not careful. That was sufficient for wee fry.

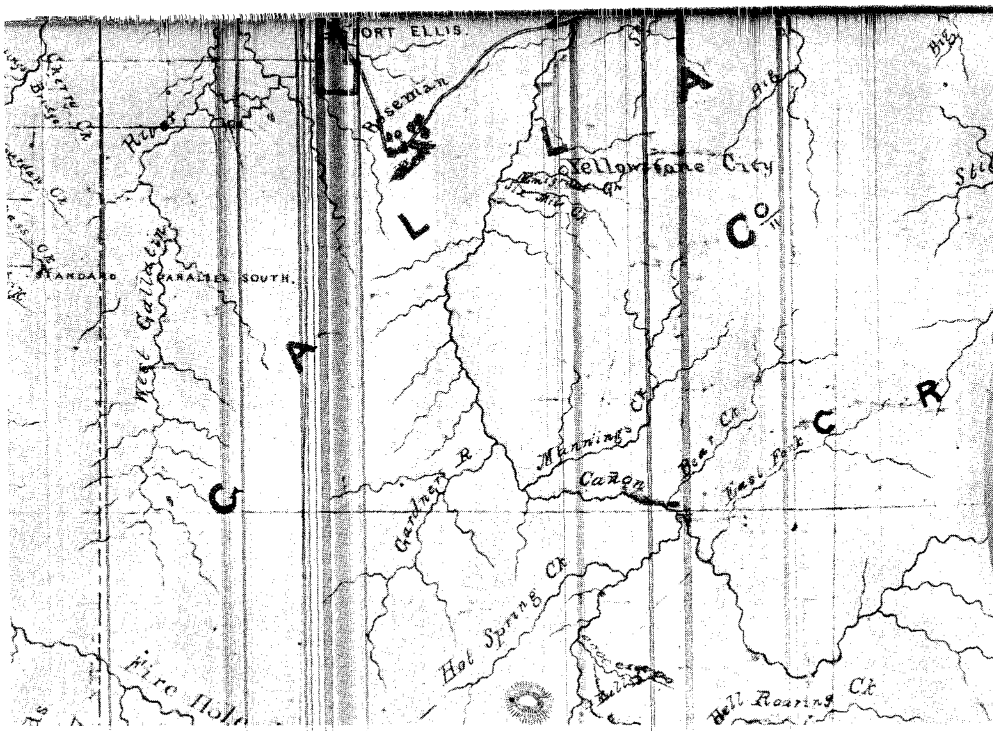
On the other hand, irate fathers did more than threaten; they called on Culley and arranged for his special services to corral young bucks who were feeling their oats. "Damnit good Culley medicine," a father was often heard to remark as he sat calmly near the tree watching his young son and heir being chastised.

Come Saturday, everyone hurried to the tree, and he and she would be decked in the best and packing a lunch. From far and wide they came and settled themselves comfortably on the lawn, and the

(Continued on page 58)



Seminole Light Horsemen



Julian Read Collection

Portion of an 1871 map, showing Yellowstone City in the Crow Indian Reservation.

Courtesy
R. J. Tomlinson

John J. Tomlinson

SAWMILL MAN of YELLOWSTONE CITY

By DORIS WHITHORN

HISTORY has been known to slight many people who have undeniably left their mark. One of the most remarkable men to come to Montana Territory's Emigrant Gulch in 1864 was John J. Tomlinson, surveyor and millwright.

For a man responsible for surveying the easternmost town in the territory, for the construction of the easternmost of sawmills and for the first white man's boats ever to be floated down the Yellowstone, he has been given little recognition.

When Leeson's *History of Montana, 1739-1885*, was about to go to press, a Livingston reporter described the biographic sketches as "information that has little to do with a good history of Montana." But how wrong he has been proved. From Leeson's book, we learn that Tomlinson was born near Fort Cumberland, Maryland, on March 1, 1812. He worked with his father at farming and mill operating and studied surveying and civil engineering until he was twenty. Then he built his first mill for himself.

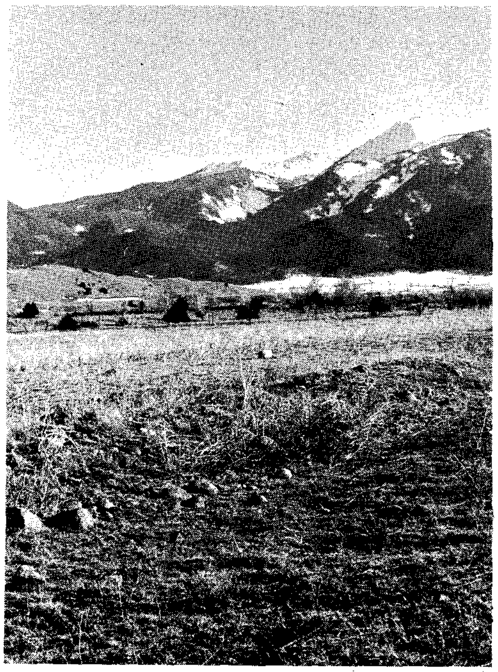
After a year of operations, he sold out and started his westward trek, settling for short periods in Ohio, Indiana and Michigan. Finally in 1838, he reached Iowa, and there he was elected county veyor of Cedar County the week following his arrival. He laid out the county at of Tipton and the town of Rochester, built two mills, and repaired several others.

In 1844, Tomlinson moved to Jackson County, on the Maquota River, where he laid out the town of Canton. He built a flour mill with two runs of burrs, a wool carding mill, and a lumber manufacturing establishment. The latter, at one time, employed thirty men. In addition to milling, he laid in a large stock of dry goods and groceries.

Then bad luck came. In 1860 both the woolen and flour mills were burned. Tomlinson rebuilt the flour mill but lost money to the amount of $20,000 by his kindness in dealing on credit. Though he owned 1,700 acres of land around Canton, Iowa, he succumbed again to the fever of westward movement and in April, 1864, joined Captain J. V. Stafford's train to Montana Territory.

Margaret House Tomlinson, his wife of less than a year, said later that she was the first woman to arrive at Emigrant Gulch. John had been past fifty when he had married; his wife was, herself, nearly thirty.

AFTER the 1863 discovery of gold on the Yellowstone by Thomas Curry and his further investigation the following year of the site's possibilities in gold production, Curry sought safety in numbers from Indian attack. He appealed to travelers bound for the gold fields of Alder Gulch by making contact with those traveling the new plains route at the great bend in the river near the present town of Livingston. Among those who abandoned their original plans and turned their emigrant wagons up the Yellowstone to the new placer diggings was John J. Tomlinson.



Fate destined Tomlinson to deal in millponds—although his hopes were as big as the ocean. So pass the little people into oblivion, but by their hands has the destiny of a state been fashioned . . .

They cut northward to follow Bozeman's route east of Wyoming's Big Horn Mountains to the Yellowstone River in Montana. Near Hunter's Hot Springs there was a division in the trail, some following along Bozeman's Trail; the others awaiting the report of scouts who cut across to the Yellowstone. All of them arrived at Emigrant Gulch late in August.

When David R. Shorthill found a nugget worth $28.00 on August 30, 1864, at a point six miles up the gulch, and the Shorthill District was formed on September 12 above the Curry District at the mouth of the gulch, hopes ran high. A few men decided to build cabins and move from the temporary quarters of their wagons. They chose a site where the land was flat, about three-fourths of a mile below the mouth of the deep gulch. It was near the location of a very large Indian village of times past.

It was there, too, that they found the lone pine tree surrounded by buffalo horns and elk antlers. Jim Bridger, whom they had met on the trail, had told them of it. In 1883, a pioneer of the gulch, reminisced about the meeting.

"Our train of emigrants coming west had just camped for the night at Gray Cliff, when an unusual spectacle of a stranger coming down the river attracted our attention. The traveler proved to be James Bridger, the noted pioneer, hunter and explorer. This was July, 1864. Bridger was a tall, gray-haired, slight man, rather quiet and full of odd ways. Just at sunset that evening, Bridger noted a speck on the summit of an adjacent peak. He leveled his glass on it and remarking, 'Crows,' went off and cached himself in the brush for the night. This, we found afterwards, was his invariable custom. He would never sleep in the wagontrain.

"After learning that we were hunting placer diggings, Bridger told us that he had spent the winter of 1844 with a number of Crow Indians in a canyon of the Yellowstone. He described the place so accurately that we had no difficulty in finding it. In order that we might be sure we were right, he told us that in '44 they drove a herd of buffalo up into this canyon and killed them all. Their heads, with those of the elk and deer that fell into their hands, the squaws had made a pile of at a point one and a half miles up the canyon, where a bar had been formed by the river. Well, we found everything as Bridger stated, and we found good prospects of gold all along the river."

THUS had the emigrants of Stafford's train found the location of which Bridger spoke. There they found gold, and there they proposed to build their city. The first house built was that of Thomas McGorgil and was considered quite commodious. It is thought that the next house to be built was that of the Tomlinsons. Then a site was surveyed for the town of Yellowstone City.

When the cabins of the higher gulch were deserted and everything packed down to Yellowstone City, the little town had forty-five dwellings and several hundred inhabitants, fifteen of whom were women. Equipped with his know-how for laying out a town, John J. Tomlinson most likely did the surveying. The streets were straight and in proper direction.

From the diary of John S. Hackney, whose brother Will served as secretary of the Shorthill Mining District from the time of its organization, it is evident that Tomlinson's house was a gathering place. On January 18, 1865, he noted that he attended the recording of the discovery of the President Meagher's Lode at J. J. Tomlinson's. When he was despondent over not receiving any mail after having been absent from home for nearly a year, it was to Tomlinson's that he went. Too, the surveyor seemed to possess more cash than some for, at another time, when Hackney and several others had returned from a successful hunting trip on Six Mile Creek, they filled J. J. Tomlinson's shop with meat amounting to $50, and at another time sold some whiskey and dried peaches to him.

The sawmill was built in the spring of '65. The creek next below Emigrant on the Yellowstone flows quite a volume of water. Along its banks farther upstream stand tall pines and spruce. For his early work there, that stream still carries the name of Mill Creek.

Tomlinson had had the foresight to bring his saw, mandrel, carriage wheels, rails, bearings, the feed mechanism and the shaft for head blocks. He had also brought bolts and other tools, but for his boat building he recorded that $60 per keg was his cost for nails. Virginia City, 120 miles distant, was the closest source of supply for such material which was hauled overland from Corrine, near Salt Lake City, to the mining area of western Montana.

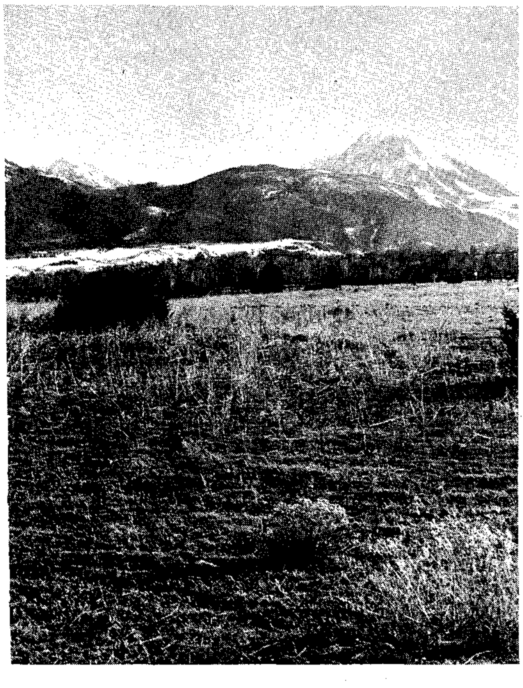
Tomlinson's millrace was taken out less than a mile above the mouth of Mill Creek. The banks of the millpond must have been thrown up by hand shovel, or perhaps by a simple ox-drawn slip. At the deepest part of the millpond, the bank still stands eight feet above the floor of the pond.

Logs for the project were available first about seven miles above the sawmill on Mill Creek. From that point to the summit, many miles above, there are many trees of sufficient size for sawlogs. They were driven down the creek to the

(Continued on page 48)

From the site of Tomlinson's old millpond (below left), Emigrant Peak and Emigrant Gulch can be seen nine miles in the distance. To the left in the picture is the Mill Creek drainage from which Tomlinson obtained water and sawlogs for his operation. Otto Merlin (right) stands atop a part of the bank which enclosed the millpond over one hundred years ago.

Bill Whithorn Photo



Bill Whithorn Photo

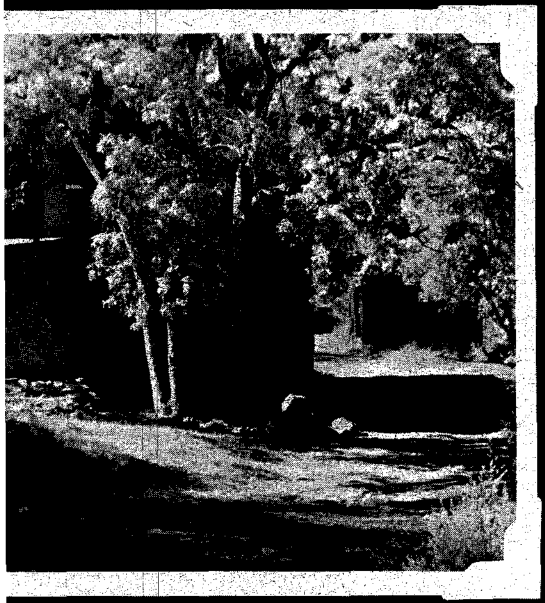
a series
f
known
Towns

ARKDULL

he Author

First view of Oro from the road into town

Oro, most
the



ge Bistro - note sagging
ond floor landing

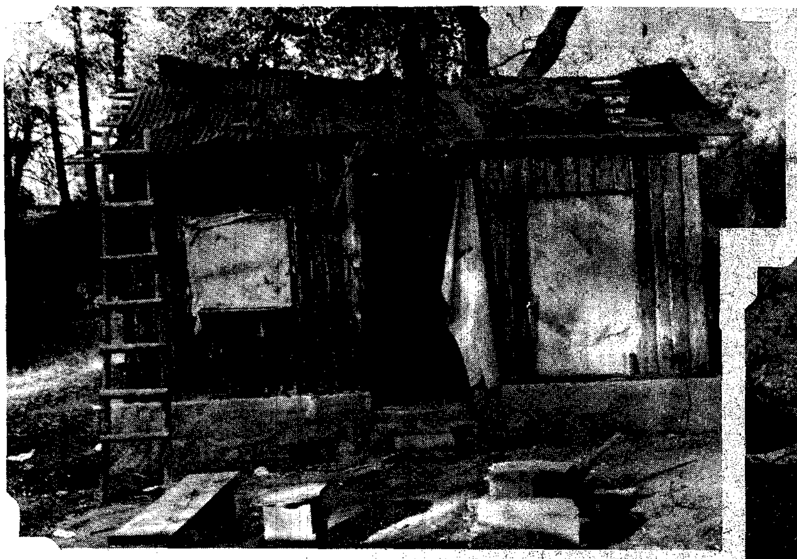
ORO, ARIZONA, grew around the old Oro Belle Mine which consisted of two veins: the Oro Belle and the Grey Eagle. Together these veins produced $700,000 in gold. The Tiger, near the village, recorded a production of $700,000 in silver, $50,000 in gold, and $30,000 in copper.

A trip to Oro is a trip down memory lane. The elevation is 5,350 feet. If you once knew, but have now forgotten, the serenity of a tiny village nestled at the feet of majestic mountains—snuggled among huge, pluming cottonwoods—serenaded day and night by the tinkle of more miniature waterfalls than you can imagine, then let me recommend that you regain that serenity in Oro.

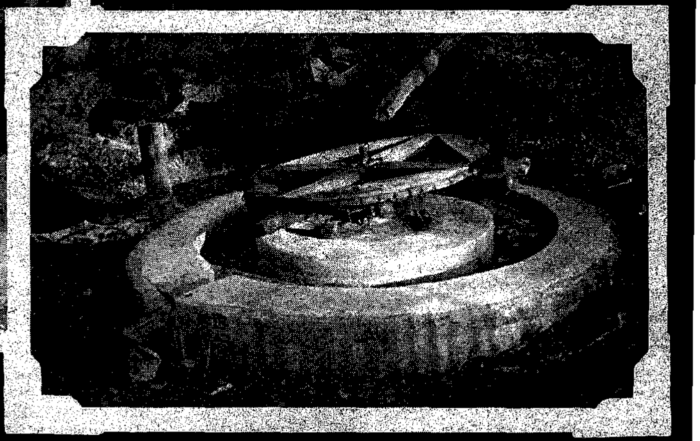
I came upon this charming little town quite by accident. Obeying an impulse one bright, autumn afternoon, I swung off the old Senator Trail onto a little used side-road about two miles south of Crown King, far up in the Bradshaw Mountains. After four miles of twisting and turning down an ancient road which was little more than a narrow notch in the precipitous hip of Wasson Peak, I had my first glimpse of Oro. Huddled together on the canyon floor below were the houses, post office, smithy—even the old bank vault, easily identified by its rusty iron doors, and later by the battered safe which rests on its side in the dim interior.

The last few hundred yards into the town are the steepest but after this descent, the streets are substantially level. Rounding a hairpin turn past three tumbledown houses, I was confronted with a scene, the beauty of which caused me to park the car and proceed on foot.

Massive and stately, almost hidden by the cottonwood trees, stood the remains



A prospector's cabin on the left. Below, a close-up of arrastre in the yard of the cabin.



remote of Bradshaw's Ghosts

of what was unmistakably the "hot spot" of old Oro. Constructed of stone and timber, two stories high, this building marks the hub of the townsite. Clutching loosely at the outer wall, the stairway still leads up to the second floor landing. The interior of the ground floor is now dim and ghostly. Long cold ashes on the huge hearth shift slightly; parched pages of half-century-old newspapers stir from the breeze through a broken window.

I browsed through eleven drooping but venerable houses and stores. The dust of decades is a blanket over floors and sills. Stilts, skewed crazily, still support the canyon side of some of the buildings. Soon these will give way, and a little more of a once proud and boisterous camp will be lost forever.

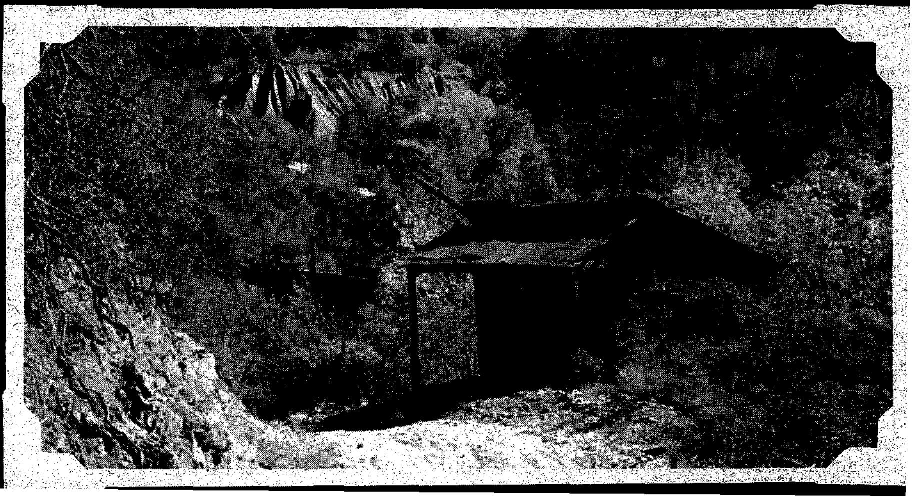
A short distance past Oro I found the skeletal remains of a prospector's cabin. Nearby was an old arrastre, one of the most primitive and yet ingenious ore grinding devices developed by man. This one seemed in an excellent state of preservation. Even the arm which once connected to the center pole is intact!

The little town of Oro lived for only seven years. It came into being in 1900, had a brief hint of permanence when a post office was established in 1904, then started melting back into the canyon floor in 1907.

Yet, one afternoon there left me refreshed. Let me again recommend the trip to you as a balm, a soothing influence. The cool, stone interior of the old bistro is a perfect spot to brew coffee and eat lunch. And, by all means, listen to the whispering wind—its tales of the old mining days and the men who searched for gold.

Quiet day on Main Street - Oro, Arizona

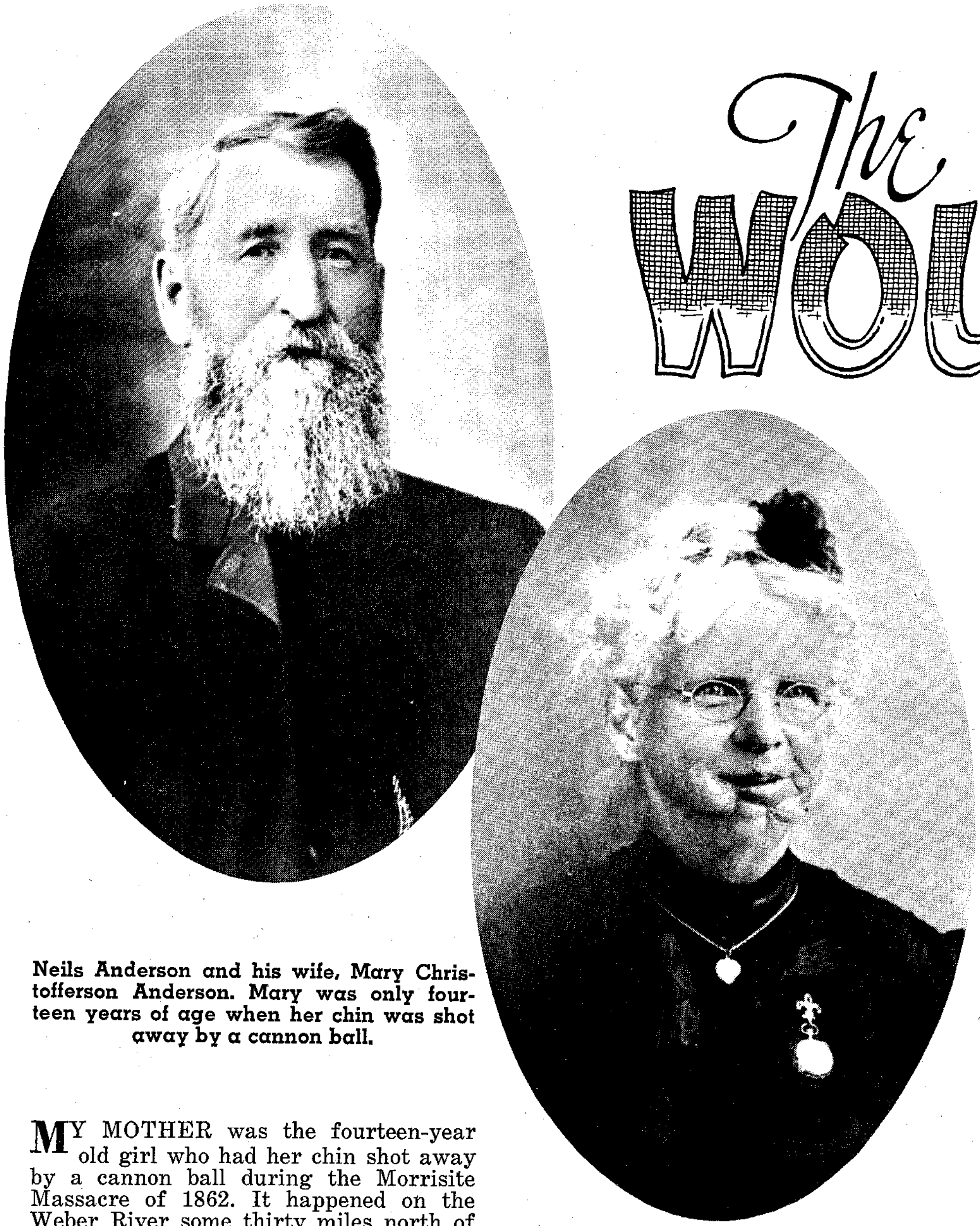
A house at the bend of the road-note mine in distance



The WOUND That NEVER

By
PETER ANDERSON

Photos Courtesy Anderson Family



Neils Anderson and his wife, Mary Christofferson Anderson. Mary was only fourteen years of age when her chin was shot away by a cannon ball.

MY MOTHER was the fourteen-year old girl who had her chin shot away by a cannon ball during the Morrisite Massacre of 1862. It happened on the Weber River some thirty miles north of Salt Lake City, Utah. S. E. Harding, Governor of Utah Territory from 1862 to 1864 wrote about the Morrisites, ". . . whose history has no parallel on this continent since the religious bigotry of the Seventeenth Century." And about the injured girl he had this to say, "Unhappily, the injured girl did not die. I saw her in my office afterwards, the most ghastly human face my eyes ever beheld."

The injured girl not only lived but she raised a family of eight children and died in 1928 at the age of eighty-one. We children grew up in Soda Springs, Idaho. Our neighbors were remnants of the original Morrisite band, so we heard many stories of the persecution of the Morrisites, Gladdites, Gentiles and " 'Postates," as well as the Mountain Meadows Massacre.

To go back to the beginning of how our people became involved with the Mormons is to go back to Denmark. My mother was born there in 1847. There were two sons and four daughters all in their teens when the Peter Christofferson family became converts to the Mormon religion and emigrated to America in 1857. My mother was the next to the youngest child.

After their arrival, they were delayed in Burlington, Iowa, until 1859 because Johnston's army was being sent to Utah. The long delay gave them ample time to prepare for the long journey west.

My grandfather Christofferson, being a little better fixed than many of the other converts, bought a team of oxen and a covered wagon to transport his belongings and family to the promised land. They had been told there were few stoves in Utah and, since there was space, Peter Christofferson bought one for his wife. Even so, the family had to walk much of the way to allow room for the sick and elderly to ride. This they were glad to do for "The Glory of God."

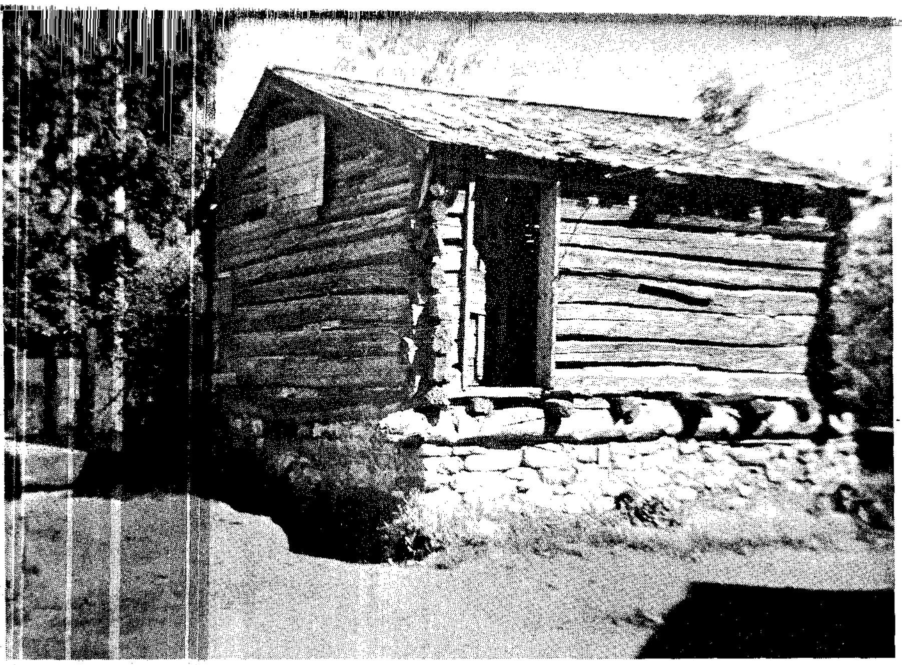
My mother told me that she walked barefoot all the way from Council Bluffs, Iowa. She said she rather enjoyed it because they only traveled ten or twelve miles a day and the children played along the way, picking wild flowers and gathering beads from ant hills. The beads had been spilled by traders when they bargained with the Indians, and the ants carried the bright bits of glass to their hills.

THE following story was told by my mother: "Father hauled the new stove with our other belongings to within a few miles of Salt Lake City. Then one day the captain of the wagontrain came over to our wagon and said, 'You will have to unload the stove as there are sick people who will have to ride. We will hide it and return for it later.' We were just two days' journey from our destination, but Father did as he was asked. Later, when he inquired about the stove, since it had not arrived, he was told that it had been stolen.

"Some time after, however, my oldest sister went to work for one of Brigham Young's wives. Behold the astonishment of Father when she came home to say that Brigham Young's wife was using our stove. It was the lost stove that made Father begin to doubt the sincerity of the leaders of the Mormon Church."

As the children went to school and learned the English language they told their parents of many things that were taking place in the new country. They told how the Elders, Bishops, and other influential men were trying to persuade the girls to become plural wives. When the full import of this information reached Peter Christofferson he said, "Not that! They never said anything about polygamy in Denmark. They preached Christ and His Kingdom and told us that Utah was a land of milk and honey."

Told from the viewpoint of a foreign family whose members were caught up in a struggle for which they had no taste, but from which they knew no escape



The little schoolhouse where Morrisite children went to school. Many of the Morrisites sought shelter here during the trouble.

HEALED

What was to be done? Even with the language handicap, rumors had reached the ears of the Danish emigrants. Rumors of certain death for anyone who tried to break away from the Mormon Church. Where a Gentile, under certain circumstances, would be tolerated, an apostate automatically became an enemy of the church and was apt to be found dead some dark night. The Danites or Avenging Angels, as they were sometimes called, struck cold fear to the heart of anyone who might, however unwittingly, incur displeasure of the church leaders. The threat of "Blood Atonement" hung like a shadow over every dissenter's head and no one relished the idea of having his or his father's blood shed "to save their souls."

There were no coroners or coroner's juries in those days. No railroad had opened up the country to outside influence. One thousand, two hundred miles separated Brigham Young's Kingdom from the rest of the world. The last belt of civilization was too far away to lend assistance and he was monarch of all he surveyed with no one to contest his edict. It took months of weary travel by team and wagon to reach the Mormon settlement.

My father, Neils Anderson, was born in Denmark in 1835. His family also became converts to the Mormon religion and emigrated to the United States in 1860. Father pulled a handcart from Florence, Nebraska, to the Salt Lake Valley. The Anderson family also saw the deception of some of the Mormon leaders and they, too, were anxious to withdraw from the church, but were fearful of the retribution rumored to be meted out to apostates.

Both the Andersons and the Christoffersons, as well as many other Danish converts, were peaceful people and had no desire to take up arms and fight.

THE first dissenters from the Mormon Church were the Gladdenites in 1854. The organization lived but a short time. Those who could escaped to California. Others recanted or "atoned," for we hear no more of them after 1854.

The second organization was known as the "Morrisites." Joseph Morris, the leader, or Prophet, as he was called, was a native of Manchester, England. Like thousands of others he thought the pure truth delivered by Joseph Smith had been corrupted, and conceived the design of affecting a grand reformation in the church. In his religious fervor Morris claimed to be favored with a glorious vision in which he was endowed with the holy priesthood, as the true successor to Joseph Smith.

Announcing his mission, Joseph Morris became the object of interest to all the settlers in the South Weber district, where he made his home, some thirty miles north of Salt Lake City. In a very short time he had assembled a considerable following.

Morris set up a communal colony and those who joined his organization sold their homes and land turning the proceeds over to the community fund. Many believed that Morris did receive holy visions and would lead them to a prosperous and happy community life where

(Continued on page 42)

The Anderson Family
Seated: Mr. and Mrs. Anderson. Their children stand behind them. From left, Mary, Peter (the author), Lula, David, Ida and Abe. Two other children were away when the picture was made.

Charlie Whipple, 79 years young

Rawhide times in

Why is it that old cowboys—no matter how busted up they are—would like to do it all over again?

"THEM was the days when it was all open range from the White River to the Niobrara all of the way west of the Missouri to the Black Hills and if a rider saw a fence he couldn't of made out what it was for," said Charles Whipple who still runs his own herd on a ranch along the Little White River Valley in Todd County, South Dakota.

His face, furrowed by decades of wind, rain and sun, looked down at the campfire. The doughty old cowboy cleaned out his pipe, thumbed in another pinch of tobacco, and started speaking of old times to a group of trail riders—many years his junior—who were camped overnight on his ranch.

"I was with every dang round-up wagon that ever run in the country," Whipple began, "and remember when the Dog Ear area and Winner, South Dakota, was open range, nothing but alkali grass about two feet high."

The two things the boys didn't "hanker for" then were the wolves and lightning. "Matter of fact," he said, "riders usually made more money hunting wolves on the side than they got as regular wages. The wagon pool, hired by cattlemen, would pay about $25 a head for the grey timber wolf while the rider's regular pay was from $20 to $40 a month, depending on experience."

That was because a band of thirty wolves could kill seven or eight head of cattle at a time. "They were a choosy outfit, too; they wouldn't chew on a carcass a second time.

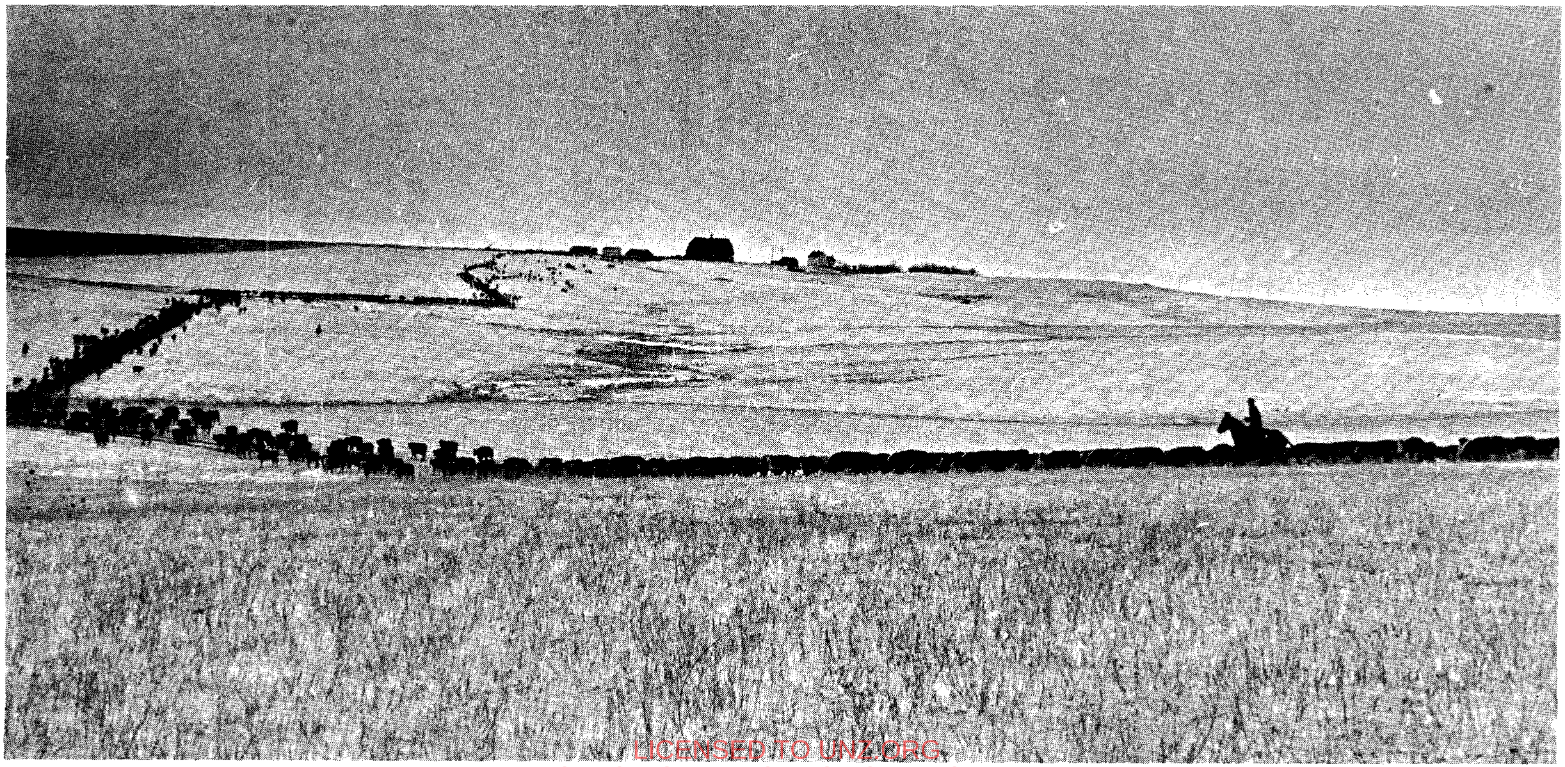
"A hand had a heck of a life trailing that old rawhide stuff. Them longhorn boogers traveled like horses and all of the cattle wore horns in them days. The worst job was the night wrangler's who had to watch out for as many as 500 head of horses."

Whipple's mother was half-Sioux and his father a full-blooded Irishman. The senior Whipple participated in several of the trail drives from Texas and worked with Texas longhorns and Durham shorthorn cattle before South Dakota was a state. So by the time young Charlie was ten or twelve, he naturally was running with the wagons. He was born on the reservation.

Charlie's father was general foreman of seven "wagons" during one of the biggest roundups in Dakota, which began west of what is now Winner.

A wagon is nomenclature peculiar to the old range days and actually referred to a pool, and was more than one wagon. It was a crew of from 20 to 70 men and

A Don High cattle drive from Westover to Winner. In the Rosebud area some ranchers still gather on the open range to rope and brand young stock, using an open fire to heat the irons. Others have corrals and chutes and use bottled gas for heat. The sound of bawling calves and the smell of singeing hides remain forever unchanged.



By LEE JORGENSEN

Photos Courtesy Author

DAKOTA

50 to 500 horses, hired by numerous ranchers to round up and sort cattle on the open range. Cattle were allowed to run on the Rosebud Reservation for from $1 to $1.25 per head.

The riders were usually given from five to fifteen head of horses in a string, along with one or two night horses. When the horse wore down, the hand simply changed mounts.

Wagons would make their drives to a predetermined windup through a series of circles. The purpose of a circle was to pick up all of the cattle along the way. The wagons were moved ahead and cattle were pushed into a group at the next campsite where they were branded and handed over to men responsible for that portion of the herd. The wagons carried from seven to eight brands for ranchers in the pool and every hand could identify brands belonging to outfits for a one-hundred-mile radius.

ONCE gathered for the circle, the cowboys would go to the outside of the herd and come in from behind it to match up a calf with a branded cow. "The reason," said Whipple, "was to keep the herd near the branding fire." Once branded, the cattle were "thrown back" to the ranch owners or transferred to another wagon pool as it was encountered.

Wagons used an ingenious rope fence for a portable corral. Wranglers didn't like the green horses because they'd "mess things up." If a green horse broke out, "the wrangler would loosen a little of its rump with a rawhide and he'd learn."

In the winter, line camps of three or four men each were maintained to keep the herds on the hard grass north of the sandhills, but invariably some cattle would be found on the Niobrara River in the spring. Work was from sunup to sundown with two hours added for night watch.

Whipple said one big wagon hauled the cups, plates, kettles, eating utensils and grub, and a stove cart trailed behind. When the outfit was set up, a board was dropped to serve the grub line, and sometimes a tent for shelter against the sun or rain was staked over the back end of the food wagon. Another wagon hauled groceries. When there were forty or fifty men in one pool, three bed wagons accompanied the cook outfit. The hands were fed on yearling beeves.

Old Whipple tugged at his pipe, paused in thought and continued, "You might work for a wagon all summer and know the foreman by only his first name, for no one ever got too nosy."

The younger cowboys were a reckless breed and could rope anything that walked or ran and often tried it, regardless of danger. Some of those wild horses could dump a cow pony, saddle and rider into one heap, because they didn't know enough to stop running when they had a loop around their leg.

Grey wolves, otherwise known as timber wolves, were a special enemy because they proved so costly to the cattlemen. This was the cowboy's favorite target. "They were as cowardly as a coyote," said Whipple.

The wolves, he said, could round up horses or cattle like a bunch of riders and then move in for the kill. Their sharp teeth and strong jaws could jerk five to ten pounds of flesh out of the hind leg of a steer, but the only way Whipple saw the wolves work was in pairs. Two would run alongside a critter; one would then attract the steer's attention while the other ducked in to disembowel it. That done, one would remain on lookout while the other ate its fill. "They liked yearling colt."

Because of the wolf's speed, cowhands would often wait until the wolf had eaten and become sluggish, then run it down with a horse and rope.

Whipple shot and roped wolves, but caught only one in a trap and that time nearly lost the back of his thigh. He came upon a big wolf which had a front leg in one trap and a hind leg in another, and he shot it. It dropped to the ground but while the cowboy was trying to remove the trap, the wolf regained consciousness and grabbed a jawful of Whipple's haunch. Luckily, Charlie was wearing stiff leather chaps and was unharmed.

Another time, near the Turtle Butte area, Whipple stopped to rest and dozed off beside a tree. He was awakened when his horse became excited and he looked out in the grass to see something duck its head. He waited. The head of a wolf popped up. When it ducked again, Whipple mounted his horse and galloped toward the predator to rope it. In the chase the wolf ran with a peculiar wobble. After Whipple had killed the wolf, he found it had only three worn-down teeth. Then he realized that the animal had been stalking him instead of the horse.

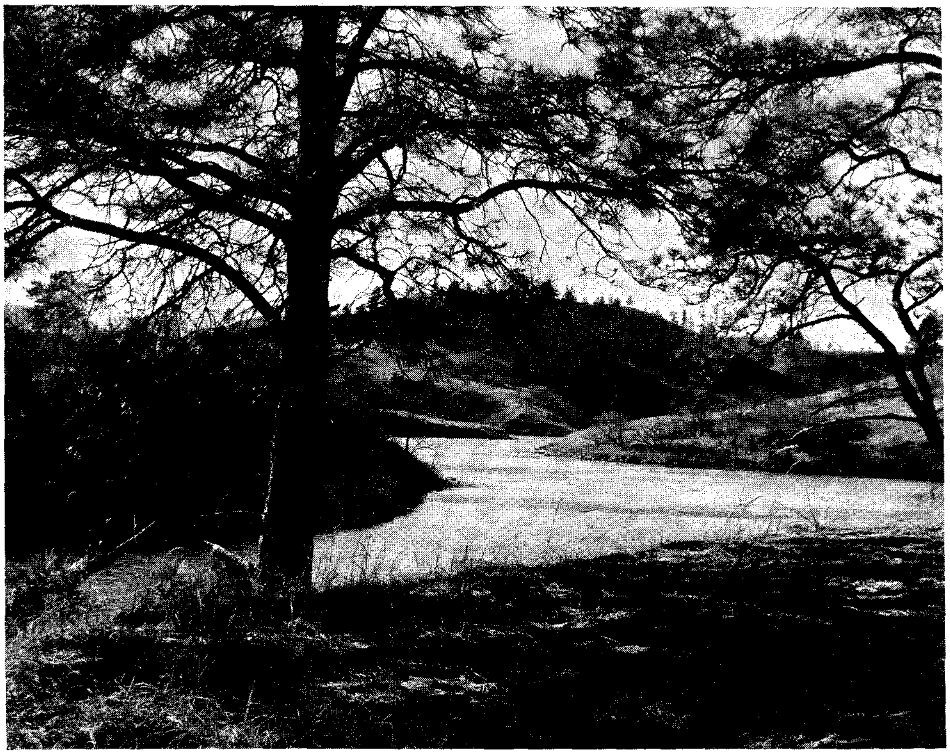
"The poor feeble old gummer couldn't have hurt me if he'd wanted to. That was the way when they got old; they'd starve to death. But as a general rule, the wolves were pretty fat and sassy."

CHARLIE'S older brother, Alec, now deceased, used to crawl into the holes after the wolf pups, he said. Alec, who had never been hurt doing it, claimed that a wolf wouldn't fight in the den. According to Whipple, "Alec would go into a hole with a rope around him to get the pups while I waited to yank him out."

The homesteaders, said the old cowboy, were mainly responsible for the disappearance of the wolves. The old cowhand has a feeling for animals, even wolves, and no matter how cruel they appeared to have been, he reflected, "most of the boogers killed just to stay alive."

With a little sadness, he recalled a bungle during his youth in which a greenhorn strawboss bogged a herd in Cottonwood Creek. *(Continued on page 58)*

Timber-fringed Bead's Lake is fed by many natural springs throughout Little White River Valley. Rosebud Sioux recently planted almost a million Ponderosa pines in the area.



I CAST MY LOT WITH A SOLDIER

By MARJORIE KUTCHINSKI

Photos Courtesy Author

Ellen Biddle

Lt. and Mrs. Frank D. Baldwin—January, 1867

"I CAST my lot with a soldier and where he goes is home to me," has often been the sentiment of dedicated Army wives, but it had a different meaning for those who followed their husbands to the American frontier in the 19th Century than it does today.

Miserable life? Not if you believe Captain Charles King's romantic novels which were so popular in the 1890s. All of King's heroines possessed a cold courage, were expert shots, rode like Apaches, and yet could faint at the proper time in a charming pose. These marvelous creatures were too good to be true, but the old saying, "The West was great for men, but hell on horses and women," wasn't always accurate, either.

The truth about the garrison life comes from the women themselves. General W. T. Sherman, then Chief of Staff of the U.S. Army, on his tours of inspection of isolated posts, suggested that the wives keep diaries. Many of them did, fortunately.

Had diaries been banned then as they are now, the only description of those hard-to-imagine years would have been found in colorless, unemotional official reports—reports that failed to mention how young children were lariated to the flag pole to keep them from running off and being taken by Indians, or how scorpions were found in shoes, bats found in beds, and rattlesnakes discovered even on the mantel. But diaries did. They told how to make Sock Wine, apple pie without apples, custard without eggs or milk, sausage without pork, chicken salad without chicken, and Christmas mincemeat pie without most of the ingredients usually found in this delicacy. They also told how dirty laundry, tossed into Old Faithful geyser, Montana Territory, would be spewed out fresh and clean—much cleaner than the yellow commissary soap and tin hand basin could ever get it.

Because women have seldom found life unbearable when surrounded by men, a wife at an isolated post tried to forget the danger and enjoy the fun. This was easier if she had some luck, a wide pelvis, and an adaptable personality. There were always charades, plays, musicales, and a gallant partner for every dance—even for the grandmothers.

"WE never grew old in garrison," Lydia Lane wrote in her book *I Married A Soldier*. "There was something fascinating about the roving life that exactly suited me. . . . Colonel Lane retired from active service in 1870, to my great grief. It seemed impossible at the time that I could settle down to quiet, civilized, respectable life, and remain in the same place year after year. I had become so accustomed to change station every few months, I liked it, and was always ready and glad when orders came to move. We never lived more than six months at one post, and three or four in the same place gave us the feeling of old inhabitants. We made nine moves in eighteen months in New Mexico, and I did not object at all. I soon fell into the habit of puting few tacks in curtains and carpets, so that but little force was required to haul down one and pull up the other, and in a short time everything was packed and ready for a march."

She did object, after weeks on the trail, when her husband compared her once fair complexion to a new saddle! So she made a chamois-skin mask to protect her face, but it frightened the baby so badly she never got to use it.

Lydia Lane crossed the plains seven times, rode over 8,000 miles in an army ambulance, and never grew tired of camping out on the march. The unhappy years of her life were spent in a luxurious home in the north where older women sat on the sidelines and were never asked to dance.

Frances Roe, stationed with Lieutenant Faye Roe at Camp Supply, Colorado Territory in 1871, made a dashing picture riding side-saddle on her handsome, spirited mare, galloping across the prairie. She wore a smart grey habit, made from her husband's old West Point uniforms and trimmed with dozens of cadet brass buttons.

In her book, *Army Letters From An Officer's Wife*, Frances wrote, "This country is bad enough, and the location of the post is most unfortunate, but to compel officers and men to live in these old huts of decaying, moldy wood, which are reeking with malaria and alive with bugs, and perhaps snakes, is wicked. Officers' families are not obliged to remain here, of course. But at dreadful places like this is where a plucky Army wife is most needed."

She stayed and learned to love the life except for the lack of privileges given a lieutenant. "Perhaps Faye will get his Captaincy in twenty years or so, and then it will be all 'Fair and Square.'" She didn't sit around waiting for the day. The Army provided fodder for two horses, and this made up for many inconveniences.

After months of hard work to make their quarters livable, they were ranked out with only two hours' notice. There was no place to go, so Frances sat in her rocking chair in the yard with all of her worldly goods beside her, and watched the new arrival move his furniture into her house. She didn't feel sorry for herself for long. "It was great fun the next day

Garrison life might have been arduous, but as the author says, "Women have seldom found life unbearable when surrounded by men."

to watch the moving up and down officer's row for, because of us, six Captains and one Lieutenant had to move."

That they converted an old chicken coop into quarters didn't bother their first dinner guests at all. Chief Powder Face and his squaw, Wauk, came dressed in their best skins and ate heartily. Everything they didn't eat was promptly scraped into a napkin by the chief. "For papoose," he grunted.

When orders came for them to move to Chicago, Frances wept. She had no desire to leave the wonderful rides on the prairie, the excellent fishing and hunting, and the post she loved.

ORSEMUS BONSEN BOYD graduated from the Military Academy at West Point in 1867. He left his bride of two days for frontier duty. (Concurrent travel couldn't be counted on then, as now, and dependents traveled at their own expense.) Six months later Mrs. Boyd spent $250 to go from New York to San Francisco by steamer and another $250 to go by sled and stagecoach to join her husband at Fort Halleck, Nevada. After the mountain sled-ride, she was tossed back and forth in an empty stage for five seemingly endless days and nights before she fell into her husband's arms, black and blue and very tired.

The stage attendant asked her husband, "How did the old lady make the trip?" In her book, *Cavalry Life In Tent And Field*, she states that she was barely nineteen years old and expected her husband to tell the man so, but he promptly escorted her to the waiting ambulance. For it was just one hundred more miles to Fort Halleck!

There were no quarters for lieutenants so they lived in two tents for a year, where they froze in winter and sweltered in summer because there was not one tree to cast a shadow on the tent. Mrs. Boyd's (nowhere in her long book does she ever tell her first name) delight was a small burro, with a voice of marvelous strength, who loved to accompany the sound of any human voice. He never failed to lift his voice at parade when military orders were read, and he could drown out every sound. They left him behind when orders came for New Mexico.

Frances M. A. Roe and her dog, Hal

Their first child was born in San Francisco en route to the new station. The baby was carried in a champagne basket on to Los Angeles and then across the desert in an Army wagon. Parenthood didn't come naturally to them. There was no Dr. Spock, so they listened to everyone.

"Our anxiety to improve her appearance was so great that whatever we were advised to do we attempted. We cut off her eyelashes when she was two weeks old so they would grow in thicker. My husband kept putting clothespins on the tiny nose to improve the shape of it."

The Boyd's moved into comfortable stone quarters at Camp Stanton, New Mexico. It was a perfect and healthy climate. No one was ever sick, but when the pay was converted to gold, it amounted to $80 a month. Eggs were $2.50 a dozen. Butter was $2.50 a pound. Household help was hard to find. A pretty servant found many proposals the hour she arrived; ugly girls were married in two weeks.

When the time came to go East for a family visit, Mrs. Boyd put it off as long as she could. They drove 500 miles to catch the train at Denver, but civilization and even New York City held little charm for her. "I became so homesick for my western home all during the two months, I never ceased to sigh for the day of my return."

An officer's pay was cut in half when he took leave, so a trip East plunged a lieutenant into debt for years. The year of the Boyds' trip, Congress adjourned without appropriating any funds for the Army. Everyone went unpaid.

Yet money couldn't buy comfort on the frontier. One bride furnished her New Mexico adobe house with carpets, drapes, and other things from Sloan's in New York City. The first severe storm swept water right through the house and left the expensive furnishings in a mudbank. The lady in question had several shipments sent out from Sloan's before she gave up and went back East.

THE hardest part for many of them to take was seeing their children grow up so wild, listening to too much stable talk, and seldom having a school to attend.

Ellen Biddle took her children East to school and stayed with them part of the time. In her *Reminiscences Of A Soldier's Wife* she tells of arriving home in an old-fashioned bonnet. Her sisters met her with raised hands. "Where in the world did your bonnet come from? You look as though you had just escaped from the Ark."

But their joy was great to have a four-months' leave after five years without one. They were just getting settled the first week when a letter came from General P. H. Sheridan telling the Colonel they couldn't get along without him.

"The Colonel had been to the tailor (the first thing an officer does on leave) and gotten an entire outfit of civilian clothes, which were never worn, as it was seventeen more years before he had another leave, being constantly in Arizona and New Mexico and in the field fighting Indians with General Crook."

There was always danger. The women were forced to turn out for target practice, and were warned that they must never let the Indians take them or their children alive. The young General Custer

(Continued on page 52)

Emma Crawford

Appointment on RED

By W. S. "BILL" CROSBY as told to HANK GIVENS

Photos from the W. S. Crosby Collection

SIX MEN steadied the casket as the second shift of pallbearers grasped its silver handles to continue the long climb up 7,200-foot Red Mountain, where a grave was waiting for young and beautiful Emma Crawford. Struggling through the loose, red gravel on the steep slopes, the twelve men were determined to carry out her final wish.

Young Hildebrand climbed along behind the pallbearers. Bent on accomplishing this last desire of the girl he'd waited so long to marry, he'd worked tirelessly against formidable odds.

Bringing up the rear of the procession, I was with a small group of Emma's friends who had borne the rigor of the climb in order to pay our last respects. We moved more slowly now, for we'd been hiking up the back of that mountain since morning. The warm afternoon sun sparkled on the silver name-plate on the lid of the wooden casket that was covered with grey fabric. Tangled scrub oak clawed at our clothes and it was rough going for those trying to navigate their burden around the thick growths of pine trees.

Late in the day we reached the top of the cone-shaped mountain and saw the gravesite. It was beneath an ugly, wind-swept pinon, exactly where Emma had said she wanted to be buried. It had been her request since the day, although frail and ill, she had made the climb alone up Red Mountain.

Before the casket was lowered, a reading was given by a member of the Christian Science Church. Hildebrand looked like a stricken man standing beside that grave, as rocks were piled on top of it.

FOR him it was the end of a love story. But for some Manitou residents, it was a beginning, for they began to claim that Emma's spirit appeared on the mountain on moonlight nights. Thus, she became known as the Spirit of Red Mountain. Some of her friends, who were spiritualists, made frequent visits to the pinon tree, hoping to commune with Emma, and perhaps, also, to feel the presence of the Indian brave Emma claimed to have spoken with on her only visit there.

Emma had been in love with Hildebrand before they came west. He first appeared on the Manitou, Colorado, scene in 1888. A construction engineer for the Manitou and Pikes Peak Cog Road, the highest railroad in the world, he was tall and broad-shouldered, with dark eyes and hair. Hildebrand and Emma planned to be married as soon as the girl recovered from tuberculosis.

Emma was beautiful, of medium height and very slender, with blue eyes and light brown hair. She was sweet and kind. My wife used to speak of her generous, noble character, and recall that she never heard Emma speak a cross or unkind word to anyone.

Emma had arrived in Manitou in 1889 with her mother, who was known as Madam Crawford, a woman of poise and charm. They rented a house on Capitol Hill, a two-story frame house, with gabled roof and bay windows. It still stands on the hillside.

Madam Crawford was a fine pianist, a graduate of Leipzig, whose home in Boston was a favorite of music lovers. When she came west, she brought her own piano, which was a sensation wherever she played. It was a large, upright instrument, covered with gold plush, with the holder for the music made like a gold harp. Madam would play on no other piano but her own. She directed a choir in Denver and gave several concerts in Colorado Springs, in what was then Durkee Hall, later the Burns Theater, and now the Chief Theatre.

Emma loved all the mountains that hemmed in her home, but she was partial to Red Mountain. She had become fascinated by the adventures of Indian tribes who once roamed the hills—the faith they had in the Great Spirit, and their customs and lore. While her engineer worked on the slopes of Pikes Peak, she'd sit for hours on the south porch of her home and watch the play of light and shadow on the red cliffs, sometimes washed clean by melting snows or rains.

She had always wanted to climb Red Mountain, but her mother warned that such strenuous exercise was not for a girl so frail. To compensate for inactivity, Emma wove a fantastic tale about herself, in which she communed with the spirit of an Indian brave who promised to come some moonlight night and guide her to the mountain's summit.

One day, Emma disappeared from the sunny porch and was gone a long time. Tired and faint, she finally came home and told her mother she had climbed Red Mountain. She said that she had spoken to the spirit of the Indian, and that she had tied her initialed handkerchief to the limb of a pinon that overlooked all of Manitou, to prove she had been there. In a tired voice she added, "I want to be buried beneath that tree." Friends climbed the mountain and found her handkerchief tied to a branch of the pinon tree.

The climb didn't kill Emma. On the contrary, she seemed to be making a good recovery from tuberculosis, and plans went forward for the wedding. Yet she often talked of the Indian brave who'd spoken to her on the mountain. Then, suddenly, she suffered a setback, and in the spring of 1891, Emma Crawford died.

THE land up on Red Mountain had been laid out as a subdivision of Manitou—on paper—and was sold back east as level ground by early land sharks. As a result, in order to bury someone on the mountain, a deed was needed. Hildebrand determined to get a deed to the property, but was unable to find anyone who could give him a title. He went ahead and had the grave dug up there, anyhow.

A simple service was held at Emma's home, and she looked like a sleeping princess. A reader from the Christian Science Church gave a reading, and then the casket was loaded aboard a hearse that traveled about four blocks up Ruxton Avenue.

It was arranged for twelve pallbearers to work in two shifts going up the mountain. They carried the casket up the canyon that separates Red Mountain from Eagle Mountain and then, because the face of Red Mountain was too steep and rugged, they went up the back. Madam Crawford and other mourners went only as far as the canyon.

I can't remember the names of all the

MOUNTAIN

Day in and day out the lure of the peak beckoned the frail girl—until at last she left the security of her sunny porch to scale its lofty heights

pallbearers, but some of them were my father-in-law, H. H. Gosling; J. G. Heistand, who was then proprietor of Iron Springs Pavilion; David Jones, an engineer of the cog road; Peter Mistler; and Howard Jones.

In the ensuing years, people wouldn't believe there was a grave up there. Nettie, my wife, and I used to go up there every year and replace the marker—a headboard with Emma's name on it and the date of her death. Vandals would soon go up and tear it down. No one else ever visited the place except some of Emma's friends who were spiritualists. They still believed the rumor that her spirit appeared on the mountain on moonlight nights.

Then, in 1924, when the Red Mountain Incline was begun in order to erect a power house and depot on the summit, Emma's grave was moved to the west side of Red Mountain, looking down over Ruxton Canyon.

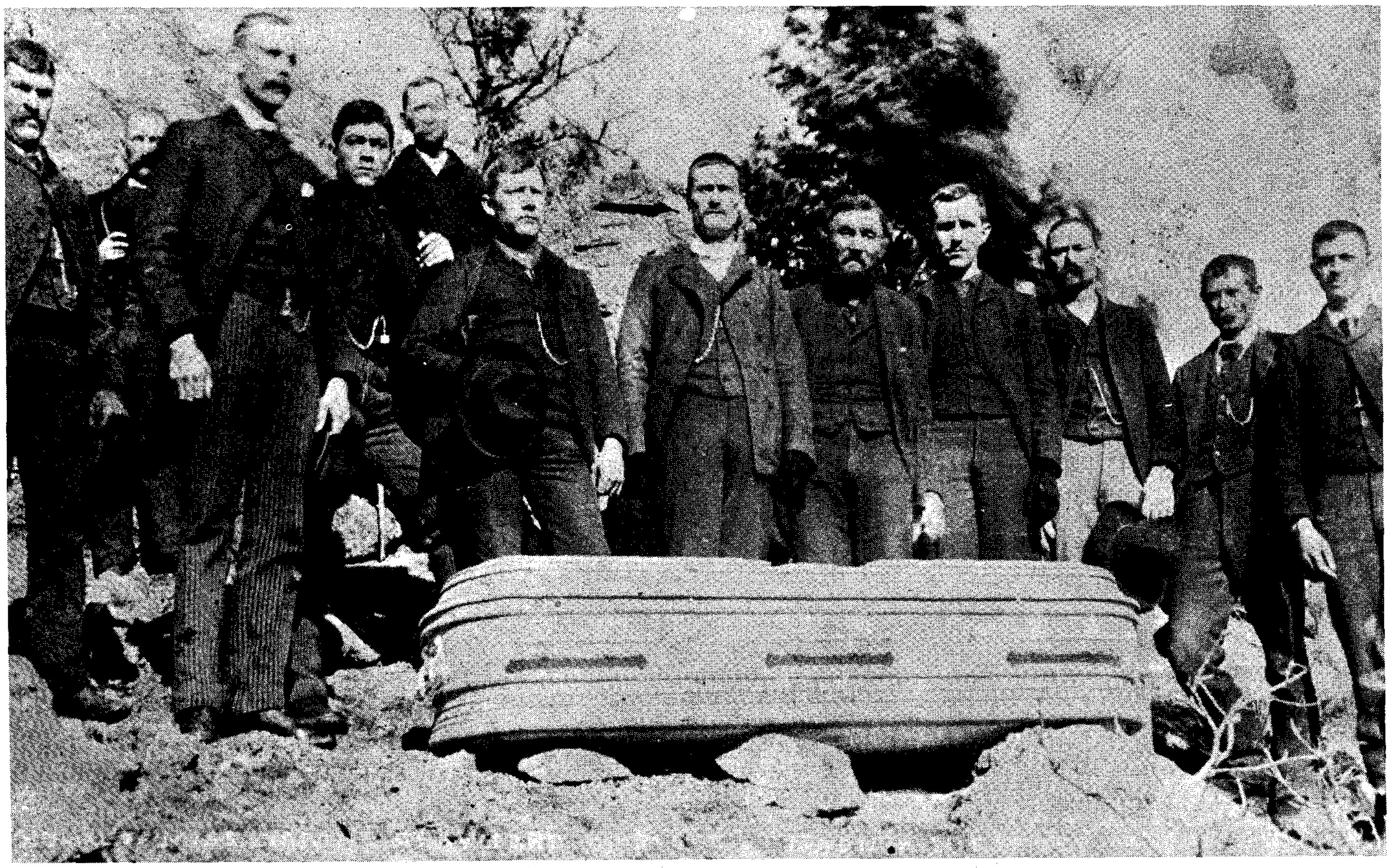
The new grave was in loose gravel, and in time the elements washed it away. A skull was found in later years by boys tramping around up there. They took it to Chief of Police Hugh D. Harper of Colorado Springs. Dave Banks, Chief of Police of Manitou, and I (then a city councilman and chairman of the Police Committee) made an investigation.

We discovered human bones on the hillside and at the bottom of the canyon. We also came across the silver handles and the plate with Emma's name and the date of her death still on it. These relics lay in Manitou City Hall for two years, while Banks and I tried unsuccessfully to locate Emma's mother. The last we'd heard of Madam Crawford was thirty-five years before. She was then in Los Angeles and had a girls' orchestra.

Finally, Banks and I took the bones, the casket handles, and the name-plate to the Crystal Park Cemetery near Manitou. We dug a hole and lined it with pine boughs. After we'd put the items into the hole, Dave turned to me and said, "Billie, don't you think we ought to say a prayer? But, maybe you don't want to, because you knew her so well."

Then he leaned over, said a few words, and we covered up all that remained of Emma Crawford, the Spirit of Red Mountain.

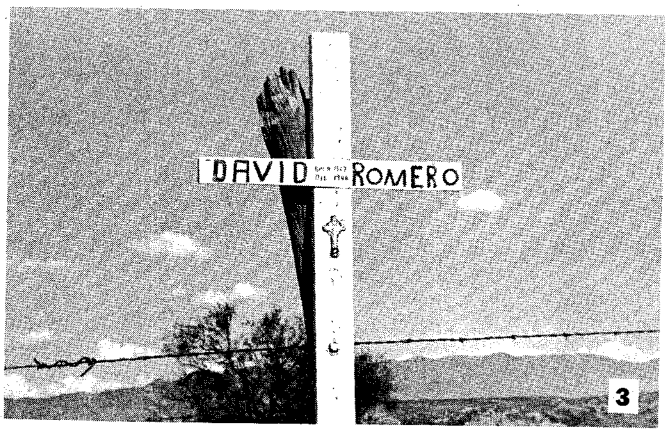
The twelve men below struggled most of the day to grant Emma Crawford's request that she be buried atop 7,200-foot-high Red Mountain, where she said she had communed with an Indian brave.

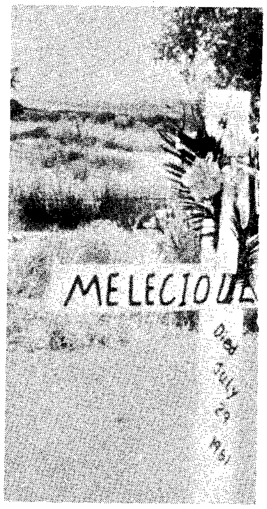


There is surely a meaning behind the many crosses scattered along the roadways, but they are as silent as the grave when it comes to shedding light on the subject

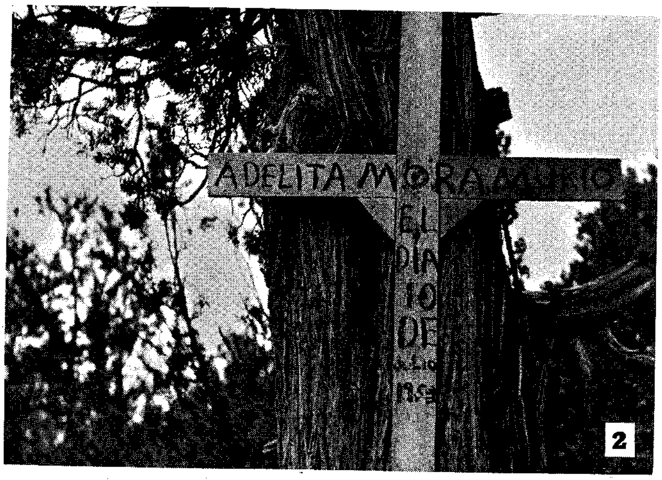
By A. V. PAULSEN

Photo By Author





New Mexico's MYSTERIO

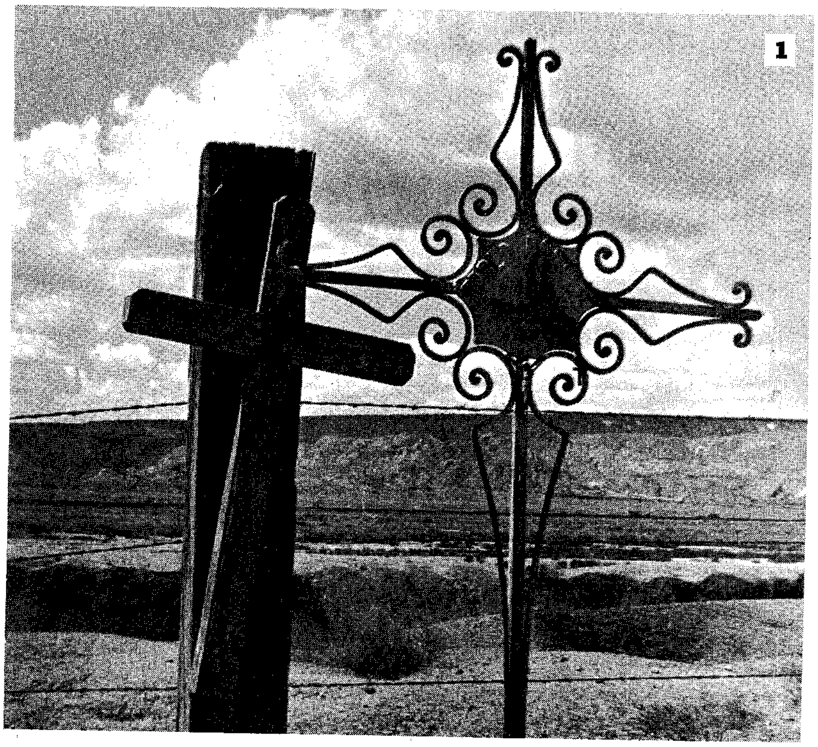


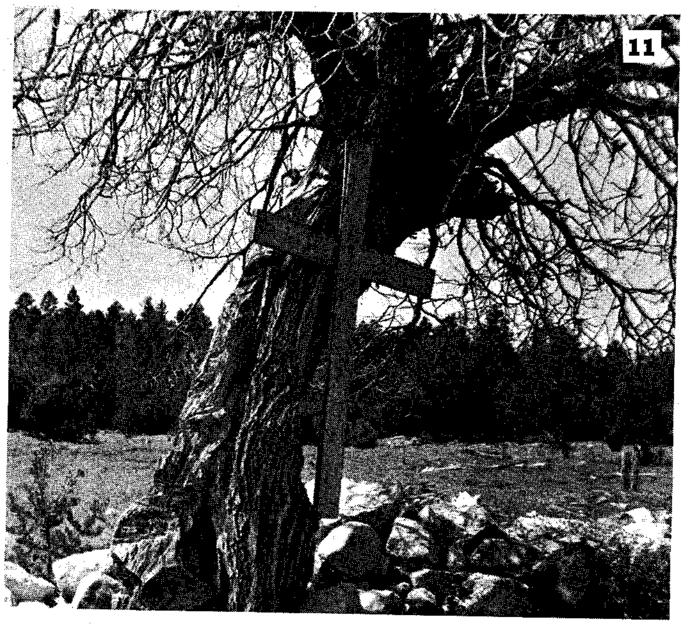
(1) This cross is within the right-of-way fence of the Santa Fe Railroad twenty miles west of Los Lunas. A few years ago the lettering, "Pablo Padilla—Died August 6, 1953," was quite distinct. The skillfully welded cross stands in a sturdy concrete base. (2) Cross on Highway 10 near Chilili bears the inscription, "Adelita Moramurio—el dia 10 de Julio, 1953." (3) Located along Highway 47 near Adelino, this marker is inscribed, "David Romero, born 1927—die 1946."

SMALL CROSSES are frequently seen in New Mexico attached by nails or wire to fence posts or trees along the highways. They seem to be confined almost invariably to areas peopled by Spanish-speaking folk and it may even be assumed there is some connection with the Penitente Brothers of Light (Hermanos de Luz).

Such crosses are usually three or four feet above the ground depending upon the tree or post to which they are fastened. Occasionally a cross is planted in the ground—sometimes in a concrete base. They are usually of wood on which is cut or painted a name and date, but some are of metal and I have seen them elaborately and skillfully executed with a welding torch. One such cross of metal stands within the right of way of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway a few miles west of Los Lunas.

Names and dates of the older crosses have usually been effaced by the weather. They may be memorials to those who have lost their lives along these respective highways either in automobile accidents or otherwise. They may even indicate a spot where an injury occurred which subsequently terminated in death. In any event, during my more than thirty years' residence in New Mexico, I have never encountered anyone who could shed any light on their signifi-





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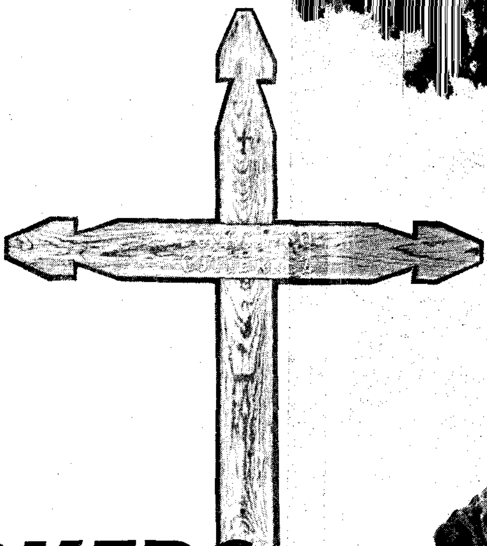

S MARKERS

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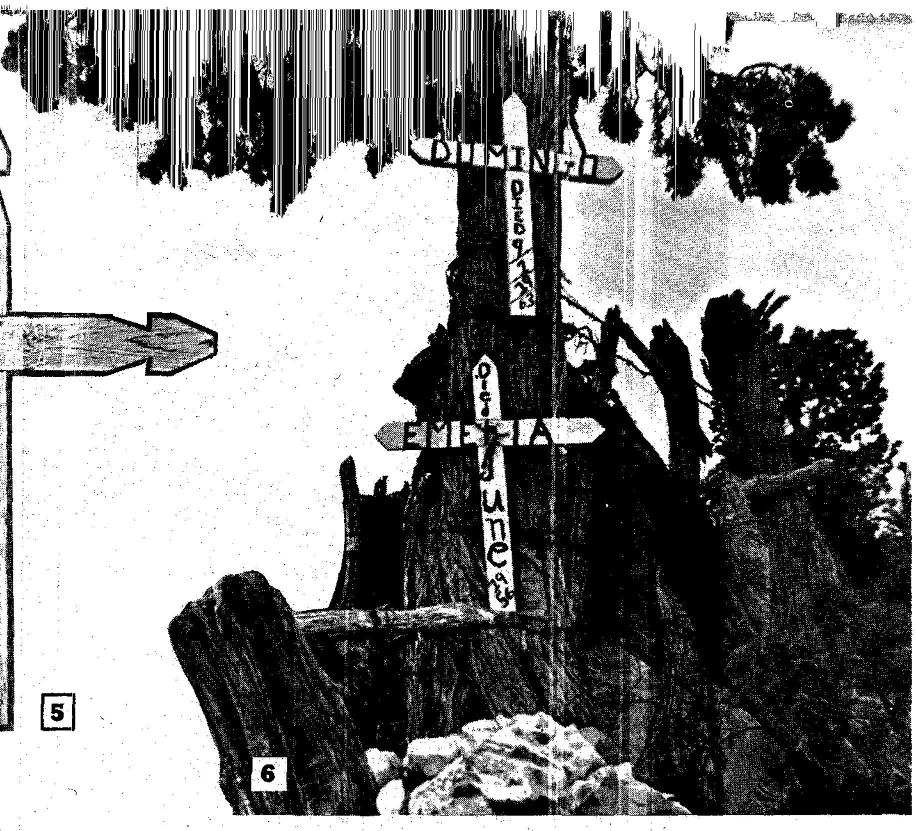

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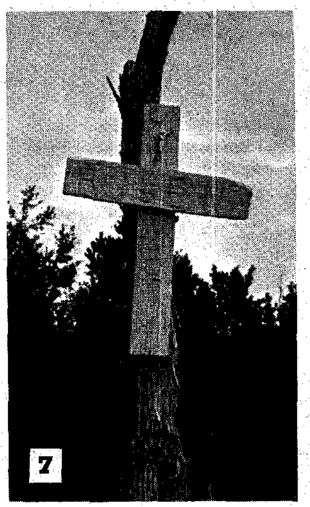
cance. Indeed, they may not be strictly confined to New Mexico, but I have never seen them elsewhere. The names associated with them are of both genders but male names predominate.

In Penitente localities small crosses, supported by a few stones, frequently make their appearance along highways during the Lenten season. These are of a temporary nature and merely indicate the spot where some very zealous follower of the Brotherhood collapsed, exhausted under the rigorous self-inflicted punishment of several days' and nights' duration.

In a few isolated instances I know of actual graves within a few yards beyond the highway fence, each one marked by a cross or a stone with appropriate names and dates. There is one exception which has me baffled. Along Highway 42 between Willard and Corona, seven miles east of Willard, a hundred yards or so north of the road on top of a rise in otherwise level terrain, there is a small structure of weathered wood and wire just large enough to accommodate from one to six graves. The structure has no gate. No marker of any sort gives a clue as to its purpose or its age. It is far from any settlement and, to this writer, it remains a mystery.



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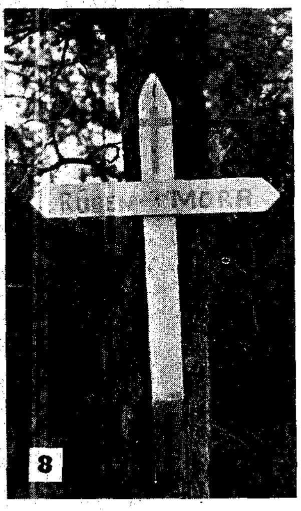

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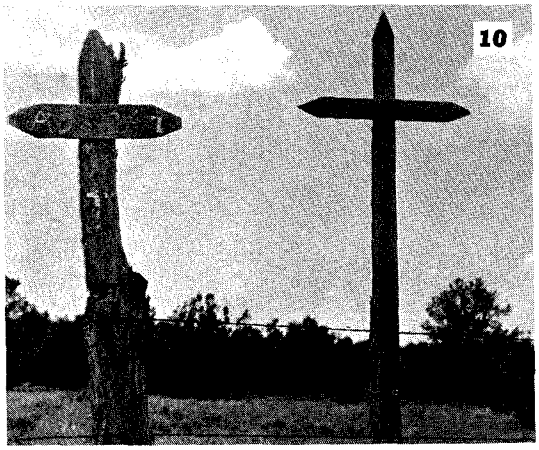
(4) A cross decorated by loving hands is alongside Highway 47 near Verquita. It reads, "Melecio Ulibarri died July 29, 1961." (5) Cross on Highway 10 near Chilili. Although weathered, the name Donaciano Guiterrez is still legible. (6) These symbols of Christianity near Chilili indicate that they are memorials to the dead. Could death have been caused by an automobile accident at this very spot? (7) Cross fastened to a fencepost bears the name Ruben Mora, while Ruben Mora also appears on this cross (8) fastened to a tree. Do they refer to the same Ruben Mora? (9) On Highway 42, about seven miles southeast of Willard, this enclosure stands on a slight rise. It has no gate or any other means of entrance . . . except the open top. It is not properly constructed or located for a feed rack. The author wonders if it might enclose one or more graves. (10) Wind and rain have obliterated all semblance of lettering from these two crosses near Chilili. (11) The elements have also erased name and date on this simple cross nailed to a tree alongside a highway.



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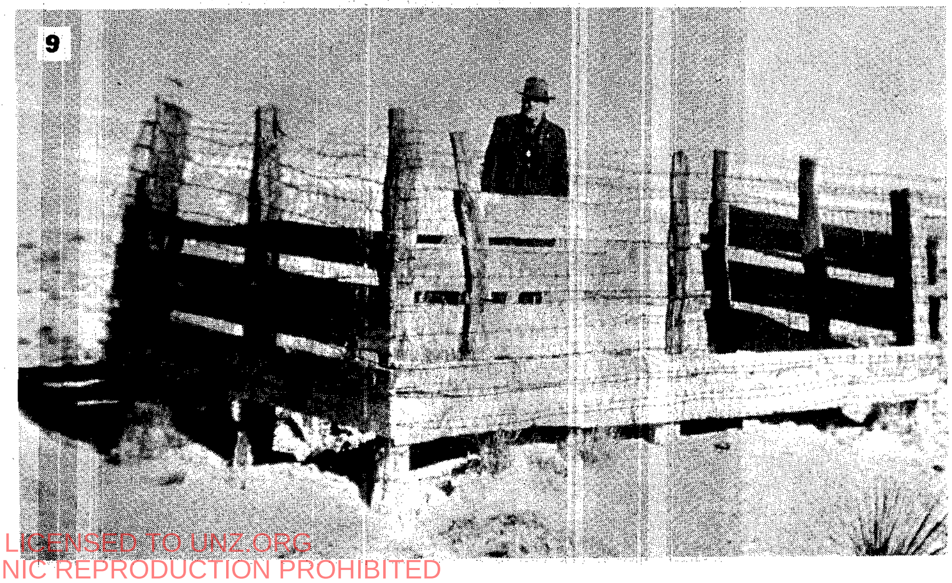

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NUGGETS

INDIAN GIVER-INDIAN TAKER

By Loverne Morris

IN 1859 my grandparents, T. F. and Edna Castle Little, homesteaded up on Allen Creek in what is now Lyon County, Kansas. It was Breckinridge County then. There were still Indians about, and some ruckuses between the Free Soilers and the Southerners kept things interesting even before the War Between the States. The grasshoppers hit in 1860, and the folks had to use up all the cash they had to stay alive.

By the time they got some land broken and some good crops harvested, the war was on. Grandfather was called out with the state militia. Grandmother started teaching subscription school in the big kitchen of the log cabin, taking her pay in corn and potatoes.

One day, school was interrupted. Jim Howie had been spelling state names as Grandmother held the spelling book. "Mississippi: M-i-s, Mis; s-i-s, sis; Mis-siss; s-i-p, sip; Mississip; p-i, pi; Mis-sissippi."

Then Grandmother told Uncle Dory to spell Alabama. He's told me he was not sure how to spell it, but he said it and took a long breath, and looked around to see if any of the children were making lip motions.

No help from chubby ten-year-old Ned Lumly or eight-year-old Rose Lumly who sat beside her brother on Grandmother's white-scrubbed floor, her braids neat, her blue homespun dress tight as a sausage skin. No help from Aunt Mary who was rubbing her ankles because she was tired of sitting cross-legged. No help from Baby Caroline who was cooing in her comfortable homemade cradle by the wall.

Uncle Dory said he repeated Alabama again, and looked at the newly-molded candles on the fieldstone mantel. On the shelf he saw two silver dollars brought by the Howie and Lumly children to pay tuition. He looked at his mother's freshly baked brown loaves of bread set by the hearth, sniffed their good odor, and felt a hunger pain tighten his middle.

"Well, Dory, are you going to spell the word, or aren't you?" he heard Grandmother say crisply.

He gulped, and started. "Alabama, A-l-a, Ala;" Then he looked out the narrow window and shouted out in school, "Indians!"

EVERYONE looked. Two squaws and two bucks were coming across the meadow from the woods along Allen Creek. Uncle Dory told me the Kaws always came back to their summer camp near the creek ford. He had seen the bigger of the two bucks before.

Both bucks wore fringed buckskin shirts, breech clouts of blue wool, and leggings of fringed buckskin. Each had an inch-high crest of hair that ran back from his brow to a pigtail, with the rest of his head shaved.

The squaws wore blue wrap-around skirts and outside blouses of red cotton. One of the squaws had a papoose strapped to her back. She and the other squaw each carried a head basket.

Grandmother made her children call her Teacher instead of Mother during school, so now Uncle Dory told her, "They are bringing something, Teacher."

"Then they will want a gift," Grandmother said. "An Indian giver always wants something in return for his gift. I must find something to give them. You children watch that they do not take everything that's not nailed down while my back's turned. Oh, if your father were only home!"

The war was over, but the soldiers were not home yet.

Uncle Dory saw the Indians striding up the path. At the door one of the bucks shouted, "How!"

Uncle Dory said his innards felt a little scrambled as he watched his mother open the door. The Indians all crowded into the big kitchen. The children on the floor sat mighty still, their eyes big as pancakes.

Grandmother had put the spelling book on a bench. The bigger buck picked up the book, looked at it upside-down. "No good," he said, and dropped it on the floor.

Uncle Dory watched as the squaws stepped toward Grandmother and each held out a basket filled with elderberries. He and the other children kept Grandmother well supplied with elderberries, but when he saw the squaws' round, unsmiling faces and their beady, unblinking eyes, he knew Grandmother would have to accept the offering.

She took the baskets, one at a time, tasted a berry from each basket, and said, "Good. Good." Then she asked, "What can I give you?"

Before the squaws could answer, the bigger buck said, "Hoggie meat." The other buck said, "Copsie." That was the way the Indians said coffee.

UNCLE DORY said he saw a flicker of uneasiness in Grandmother's eyes. He and she had heard the neighbors saying that Indians had become dangerous since the men of the settlement had gone to war and the women and children were alone.

Grandmother was only five feet, one, but she stood as tall as she could and her bright blue eyes met the black ones of the big buck squarely as she said. "No! No hoggie meat!"

"Want hoggie meat." he insisted.

Grandmother shook her head firmly. "No hoggie meat."

"Meal? Copsie?" the big buck asked.

Uncle Dory said Grandmother nodded and went to measure a little chicory "coffee" and a quart of meal. He saw the smaller buck snatch a potato sack that was folded beside the hearth, and he tugged his mother's skirt to give her a sign.

Without a word Grandmother marched up to that Indian, who was stuffing the sack inside his shirt. and she backed him against the wall. She looked straight into his eyes, then stood on tiptoes and pulled the sack out. Uncle Dory said the buck looked sheepish as she folded the sack and put it back on the hearth.

She then took pages from an old farm journal, twisted the copsie in one and the meal in the other, and put them in the baskets.

Still, the Indians lingered. The bigger buck lifted Baby Caroline from her cradle, tickled her chin and sang, "Ity, Ity, Ity, O." Baby Caroline laughed. He bounced her, and she laughed harder.

He said, "We trade."

Uncle Dory told me he would never forget that moment. Grandmother looked stunned and pale. The big buck carried Caroline out the door, the other Indians following.

"Till sun go down, we trade," the big buck called back to Grandmother.

Uncle Dory looked at Grandmother and saw her eyes grow wide with a strange grey veil over the blue as the big buck thrust Baby Caroline into the arms of the squaw mother and took the Indian baby, cradle and all, from the squaw's back. He hung the cradle with the papoose in it on a tree limb by the kitchen door. Uncle said he didn't hear that Indian baby make a sound, but it followed his mother with its eyes.

"We show Kaws white papoose," the big buck said, and started away. The squaw with Caroline tagged at his heels, looking back over her shoulder at her papoose.

Then Uncle Dory heard Grandmother call, "Wait! White papoose needs things!"

The Indians stopped. Grandmother ran into the house and brought back some diapers, a grainsack coverlet, and a bottle of milk.

To Uncle Dory she whispered, "You take these things and go along. If I go, some of the other Kaws will come and loot the place. Keep telling them things to do for Caroline. Make them think a white baby is lots of trouble so they won't keep her."

TO THE squaw carrying Caroline, she said, "White papoose get hungry quick, get tired easy."

"We give white papoose stew," the big buck announced. Uncle Dory said his mother looked horrified when she heard that. She knew how those Kaws stewed a prairie chicken or rabbit, entrails or a tuft of fur going into the pot with the rest. Grandmother ran up and reached for Caroline, but the squaw backed away and she and the other Indians loped toward the creek.

Uncle Dory ran after them, his mother calling, "*Don't* let them give Caroline any stew. You give her that bottle, so they won't feed her stew!"

Uncle couldn't quite keep up with the long legs of those Indians. At the creek, he found the visitors who had Caroline settling into a tribal circle around a cook fire over which hung a bubbling stewpot. The big buck took Caroline and passed her around the circle.

Each Indian in turn took her and clucked to her and patted her. At first, she liked it, then she fussed and reached out her arms to Uncle Dory. The squaw who had her, held her tight. Caroline squirmed and grunted. Uncle Dory handed her the bottle. She took a little milk, then threw the bottle on the ground. It was picked up, washed in the creek, and offered to her again. She turned her head.

"What's matter?" the squaw asked.

"Maybe she wants a drink of water. Maybe she's wet. You change her diaper while I get her a bottle of water."

Uncle Dory raced to the cabin and got a bottle of water. When he again reached camp he found Caroline squalling and bawling like a mad bull calf. She kicked and threw her head back and flailed her arms about. Her cheeks looked like red balloons. The squaw clutched her grimly. Uncle Dory offered her a bottle of water but she knocked it out of his hand.

"Did you change her diaper?" Uncle Dory asked the squaw.

"Uh huh."

Just then Uncle Dory saw Caroline's diaper pin on a log. It was a big wire loop—the first safety pins were huge and clumsy. Caroline had only one. He rescued it and said, "How did you change her without this?"

The squaw shrugged and lifted the baby's dress.

"No wonder she was yelling bloody murder!" exclaimed Uncle Dory. He said the squaw had crossed Caroline's fat little legs, wrapped the diaper tight around her hips, roped it round and round with grapevine, and knotted the grapevine with a twig. The scratchy vine and twig had made the baby's skin all red. Uncle Dory quickly loosed the vine and Caroline's yells subsided to a whimper.

All the Indians were gabbling. Shouting above the din, the big buck exclaimed, "Ugh! Take 'um." He grabbed Caroline and thrust her into Uncle Dory's arms. "We get Kaw papoose!"

Uncle Dory had to hurry to keep up with the Kaws as they marched toward the cabin. Grandmother saw them coming and ran to meet them. Uncle Dory said it was worth a lot to see the gladness in her eyes. She turned and took down the papoose, handing it to its mother in its cradle and saying, "Your baby has been so good. Just hung there in his cradle with no fuss and hardly even blinked."

Uncle Dory said there was really a soft look in the squaw's black eyes as she took her baby. Even the big buck smiled.

He looked at Caroline and said, "Ugh! White papoose big bother. Indian papoose no bother."

Grandmother's arm opened for Caroline. Before giving her up, Uncle Dory hugged his baby sister tight, and he said he whispered in her ear, "Bother or no bother, you're the best papoose in the whole world, Caroline Baby."

THE UNDERWATER SILVER MINE

By Fred L. King

WITH muscles aching, the husky Cornish miner held fast to the diamond drill and sat on his slender companion to keep him from being washed away as the waves crashed over the tiny reef. A light yawl which had carried the men to the reef had snapped its hawser and had been carried away by the frantic waves.

As the storm increased in violence, water came rushing in. All through the long night the stout miner held tight to the standard of the diamond drill and anchored his smaller companion. When dawn finally came, the sea had calmed enough for friends on the mainland to rescue them.

And so, in this way, one of the world's greatest silver mines came to life. Here is the remarkable story of that mine:

In 1868, a Montreal mining company sent a party to explore a tract of their land on the north shore of Lake Superior in the vicinity of Thunder Bay. In the process of surveying the area, one of the party was sent out to plant a stake on a tiny reef just showing above the water. This was the same Cornish miner who spent the awful night on the reef holding his comrade down among the rocks. While he was on the reef he discovered a vein of silver and returned with a sample of the ore. One or two blasts at the surface of the rock secured a few pieces of the rock which contained about $1,500 in silver.

Plans were made to begin mining operations immediately, but it was extremely difficult to get material for construction. There was no railroad for about 500 miles and all supplies had to be shipped in by boat. From November to May even this was not possible because of freezing weather. Indian runners with dog teams did, however, traverse a route of 200 miles of wilderness once a month or so to bring mail.

IT WAS decided to build a man-made island on the tiny reef and a crib-work was constructed on the slanting, irregular rock. In spite of careful engineering the cribbing was washed away time and again. After a month's work of eighteen hours a day, 1,800 feet of cribbing was bolted together and filled in with huge rocks. The crib-work was thirteen feet deep and of tremendous weight, but on August 26, 1870, a southwest gale came up and carried away 200 feet of it.

While construction was going on, over $100,000 worth of silver had been taken out; then a short time later, winter set in and operations were suspended.

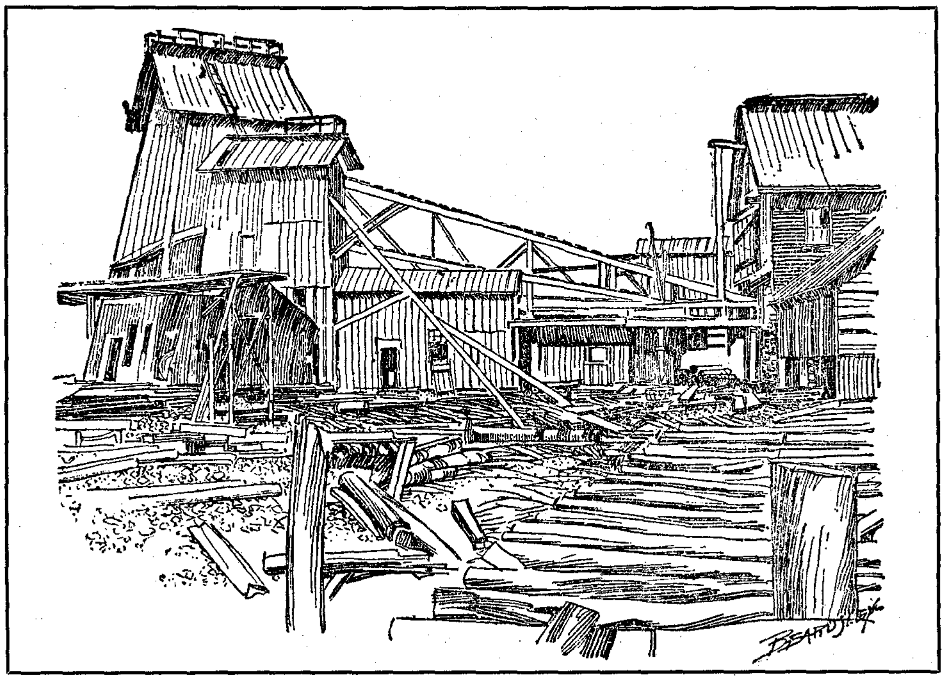
During the winter and into the spring the waves of the lake kept pounding. On March 8, great cakes of ice were thrown against the timbers as the ice began to thaw. The mine was left a mass of ruins, 50,000 feet of timber and 6,000 tons of rock being torn away.

Reconstruction began using stronger breakwaters and cribs and during the

(Continued on page 65)

The abandoned shaft house on Silver Islet

Courtesy author



By MRS. FORREST B. DOSHIER

Cattlemen and nesters didn't always fight each other. They were comrades in arms when a glow against the sky warned of common peril

Flames of Starvation and Death

Photos Courtesy Author

DURING the days of the open range in the Texas Panhandle, when grass grew tall enough to wave in the breeze, a prairie fire would rage for days before being extinguished. The oldest of the pioneers remember the fire that burned from New Mexico to Amarillo, and another that reached into Armstrong County from the Canadian River.

Wild animals, such as the antelope, lobo wolf and coyote, sought safety in new localities. Cowboys worked day and night fighting the fire, burning or plowing guards ahead of it. Often a big steer would be killed, split open, and dragged by two or more horsemen through the blaze to extinguish it.

Such hazardous experiences still send cold chills up and down the spines of nesters who settled on the broad open plains. There was nothing between their crude homes and a world of flaming grass and stifling smoke but a barbed wire fence. Their meager earnings accumulated during several years of braving the hardships of an undeveloped country could be wiped out with one flare of flame. There was nothing of which they lived in greater fear, unless it was the possibility of an Indian raid.

It was to their interest, indeed, that they cooperate with the ranchers in plowing and burning the fire guards each fall. Two deep furrows were plowed about fifty yards apart and the grass growing between them would be burned after a killing frost. A fire could not cross over such a strip, and would die out. Such guards were on the outside of a ranch line to protect the fence.

In the process of burning the guards, fires sometimes got through if great caution was not used. This happened once when J. T. Christian, a JA Ranch employee, and a nester by the name of Turner were burning a guard along the north line of the JA range, about four miles south of Claude. Mr. Christian, broom in hand, was following the fire, being careful that no spark was left burning. Mr. Turner went ahead dragging an oiled rope which served as a torch in igniting the grass. Occasionally the rope had to be re-oiled.

In preparing to do this, Mr. Turner popped the rope to extinguish the blaze. The end of the rope broke off and flew several yards into deep, dry grass. He hurried to it, calling to Mr. Christian, but the tiny flame was soon a line of blaze racing greedily to swallow up the vast grass-covered plains. The tragedy was aided, as if by magic, by a stiff wind rising out of the north. The men, fighting frantically, soon wore out their brooms; then, having nothing left to fight with, they knew they were beaten. They jumped on their horses and raced to Mr. Turner's home which lay in the path of the fire. Mrs. Turner had seen the boiling smoke in the north and well knew the message which these riders were bringing.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Christian soon after their marriage

THEY dashed up, their faces and hands burning red, their horses lathered with sweat and smelling of singed hair. What was she and her two-year-old daughter to do as this tongue of flame, with its suffocating smoke, lapped through their little adobe, threatening destruction?

It was coming—it was almost there! The wind that had risen so quickly was now raging, carrying the clouds of smoke ahead of the fire. The men only paused, as they alighted from their horses, to tell her to take the child and go to the top of the windmill tower and remain there until all danger had passed. They hurriedly grabbed something to fight with and began whipping out the flames. They were barely ahead of it.

Two stacks of feed at the rear of the place were fruits of a year's pioneering, the sale of which would provide the necessary provisions for the family for the coming year. The safety of the house was not feared so much, as cattle had tramped the grass out around it, leaving a bare circle. But the feed was in immediate danger, and trash which had blown up around it was burning underneath, throwing off dense smoke. These men, almost obscured from each other, fought desperately despite the blinding smoke.

Mrs. Turner, anxious but brave, clung to the thirty-foot tower, holding her child. The cold north wind whipped her full skirts about her as the rolling smoke clouds strove to warm her chilled body. Through the blackness, her burning eyes could not see that her husband, in his desperate battle to save all they possessed, had collapsed and was rescued by his helper.

Mr. Christian, grabbing him by the collar, dragged him to safety; then jerking off his own vest, he whipped out the last remaining flames. The feed at last was saved, but the fire had circled the place and was still raging to the south. Mr. Turner soon recovered after breathing fresh air, and rushed on with Mr. Christian to help conquer this flaming destroyer.

The fire burned as far south as the center of what is known today as the Lakeview community. Quite a few settlers aided in the final extinguishing of it. It was the custom of the JA Ranch to pay twenty cents per acre damage to nesters losing grass under such conditions.

MR. CHRISTIAN was married and lived at a JA camp known as Mulberry. It was located in the heart of the Mulberry brakes to the east of the fire. His wife knew that he had gone to burn fire guards. The first sight and smell of smoke warned her that the fire had got out of control and that her husband was somewhere in the clutches of it. She was not alone; a nurse was with her, for it was only a short while before the arrival of her firstborn. Mrs. Christian's anxiety, however, could not be expressed as the smoke from the plains settled in the brakes.

Women were known to leave sleeping babies and go with their husbands to help conquer prairie fires that swept down on them in the dead of night. Such was the case with Mr. and Mrs. Tom Brunson in 1904, when a terrible electrical storm sent balls of fire down a broken wire fence to ignite the tall grass where it lay.

Mr. Christian, by this time, was the father of three small youngsters. He was aroused at midnight by Walter Ransom, a neighbor, calling, "Jim, Jim, get up! The whole damn world's afire!"

When Mrs. Christian anxiously inquired as to what she must do if the fire reached there, Mr. Ransom replied jokingly, as he rode off, "Take the babies on your hip and jump in the water tank."

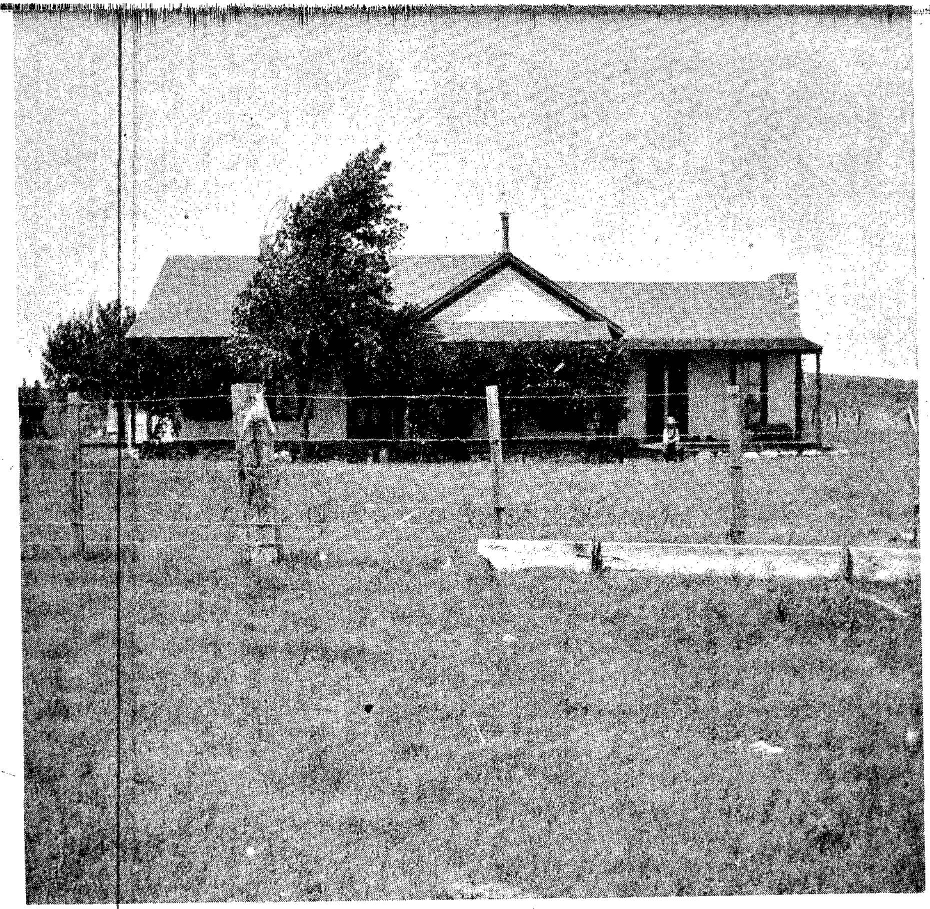
The night was terribly cold. There was so much electricity in the air that different ones reported seeing balls of fire run up and down the cut-off wire to the windmills. And sparks were seen playing about over the bodies of animals.

The fire started in the northeast part of what is now the Llano community and burned to the Palo Duro Canyon. It was first discovered by the Brunsons, who got word to Mr. Ransom.

The Ransom home was cut in the side of a bank on the brink of the Palo Duro. There Mrs. Ransom, with her two babies, hovered horror-stricken, as the lapping flames died almost at her roof.

It came almost as near to the Brunson home. They fought with water, which naturally splashed and blew all over them, then immediately froze. Mrs. Brunson suffered several days from the results of smoke and exposure.

So it was in the days of the open country, when the crackle of a fire out of control was the next most fearsome thing to a war whoop.



Above is the home of the Christian family during the time of the prairie fire. At the time, Christian was manager of the Mulberry Division of the JA Ranch. The Christians are shown below during a family outing. Mrs. Christian was alone with the three babies one night when her husband left home at midnight to help fight a threatening prairie fire.

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The Wound That Never Healed

(Continued from page 29)

each member shared alike.

There were others who joined the Morrisites as a matter of survival. Like my family, they could not accept the edict of polygamy given by the church leaders. Anyone who had a feeling of distrust or of disagreement with the church or any of its officials lived in constant fear lest his neighbors or friends report him as an apostate.

So, not all of those who joined the Morrisites were religious fanatics. Some joined as a means of escape, thinking that in numbers they might stand a better chance of survival. The Andersons and Christoffersons were of the latter group.

Morris continued to receive revelations and supposedly under the influence of the Holy Spirit, he dictated letters to Brigham Young and to Heber C. Kimball which he delivered in person. Brigham Young thoroughly denounced Morris in strong language.

The Morrisites continued to increase in numbers. Brigham Young sent John Taylor and Wilford Woodruff to make an investigation. Solemnly, they "cut off" and "disfellowshipped" all the adherents of the new sect. By the spring of 1862 the latter numbered 500 people, all collected in a little camp on the Weber River called Kingdom Fort.

Life there was of a startling nature. Christ was soon to come. They had no need to plant or reap any more and, with all things shared in common, they proceeded to devote their time to religious exercises. Three English and three Danish clerks were busy and set apart to write down the revelations that flowed in streams from the lips of the prophet Morris. His followers, even now, preserve a large manuscript volume of them.

But the Lord delayed to come and the zeal of some of the converts rapidly cooled. They wanted to withdraw from the colony. Here began the difficulty that was to destroy Brigham Young's rival prophet. As the apostates withdrew, the question arose as to how much of their property they could reclaim. It had all been consecrated and therefore belonged to the church. But when the dissenters went to take back their share, they would make no allowance for the support they had received while living with the Morrisites.

A feud arose. The dissenters threatened a little war. They applied to the Mormon courts and the latter were only too pleased with the opportunity of dealing with the Morrisites. Writs were issued, served and repulsed.

The dissenters from Morris waited for a chance to seize the movable property of the Weber colony. As wheat was being sent to the mill they pounced upon it and took possession of the team and wagon, too. The Morrisites captured some of these plunderers and held them in custody. Their wives appealed to the civil authorities, bringing matters to a head.

Mormons living nearby accused the Morrisites of stealing their cattle, which they denied, stating they only took or retaliated when they, themselves, had been robbed.

The Morrisites refused to drill in the Territorial Militia. They were arrested and heavily fined. They declined to pay and resisted execution claims on their property. Complaint was made to Chief Justice Kinney (a Mormon), who issued writs for the arrest of the leading Morrisites. Robert T. Burton, Sheriff of Salt Lake County, attempted to serve the papers but returned without success.

The Nauvoo Legion was at once ordered out, with several cannon, and placed under Burton's command. On their way to Weber River they were joined by volunteers from Ogden, Kaysville, and Farmington, "who went along to see the fun." Early in the morning of June 13, 1862, they arrived at the Morrisite camp with 500 well-armed men and five pieces of artillery.

The militia took possession of the Morrisite cow herd, killing such beef as they needed to feed the men, then sent the boys, who were attending the herd, into camp with Burton's proclamation calling for surrender.

FORT KINGDOM consisted of a few houses made of willows, woven together and plastered with mud, a small schoolhouse, some dugouts, a number of covered wagons surrounded by crude fortifications and the bowery, or place of worship. The latter consisted of a framework made of poles and covered with willows. Underneath were benches for the worshipers.

The following is a copy of the document sent to Morris by Burton: "Headquarters, Marshal's Posse, Weber River, June 13, 1862. To Joseph Morris, John Banks, Richard Cook, John Parsons and Peter Klemgard:

"Whereas, you have heretofore disregarded and defied the judicial officers and laws of the Territory of Utah; and whereas, certain writs have been issued for you from the Third Judicial District Court of said Territory, and a sufficient force furnished by the Executive of the same to enforce the laws, this is therefore to notify you to peaceably and quietly surrender yourselves and the prisoners in your custody forthwith.

"An answer is required in thirty minutes after the receipt of this document; if not, forcible measures will be taken for your arrest. Should you disregard this proposition and place your lives in jeopardy, you are hereby required to remove your women and children; and all persons peaceably disposed are hereby notified to forthwith leave your encampment, and are informed they can find protection with this posse.—H. W. Lawrence, Territorial Marshal, per R. T. Burton and Theodore McKean, Deputies."

When the note was handed to Morris, he put on his priestly robe and crown, took his divining rod and proceeded to inquire of the Lord what was to be done. One, who was a lad in the camp at that time, gave this account of what followed: "Mr. Morris was seen to come out of his dwelling with a paper in his hand. The revelation was read to the assembled council, and a peculiar document it was. It purported to be from God, Who was represented as being pleased with His faithful people there, and as having brought the posse to show His own power in the complete destruction of their enemies. It also promised that now the triumph of His people should come, their enemies should be smitten before them, but not one of His faithful people should be destroyed; not a hair of their heads should be harmed.

"The council at once stepped into the bowery, close to which lived all the leading men, and, to save time, singing was omitted. The meeting opened briefly by prayer. Mr. John Parsons, in his clear, sonorous voice, then read the revelation to the assembled Morrisites. Mr. Cook arose to consult with the people as to which should be obeyed—the proclamation demanding the surrender of the prisoners held in custody of Peter Klemgard, and

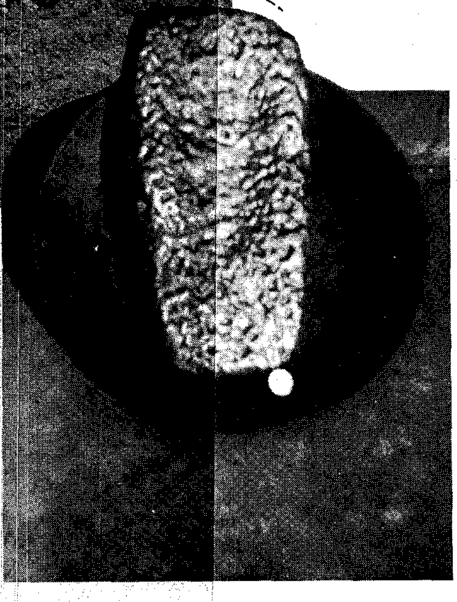
(Continued on page 44)

Who cares about lonely days and cold campfires? Imagine the joy of these men who saw at their feet a dozen "finds" rolled into one

King Size NUGGET

By GAYLORD and JULIE ALFREY

Photos Courtesy Author



Above is the saloon-hotel where Wetherbee learned of his good fortune. Today it serves as an antique shop. A replica of the Willard nugget is shown on the right. A quarter is placed beside it to give a basis for comparison.

THE FEATHER RIVER, and some of its tributaries, began unfolding its part in the drama of gold in California's Sierra Nevadas, when it cut through gold-laden channels of incredible antiquity. In fact, it was mainly this redeposited gold that the Forty-Niners found in placer deposits along the Feather and its feeder streams.

West Branch, flowing into the North Fork of the Feather, wanders along a tortuous bed, and is hemmed in at many places by steep, tall and silent mountains that seem to crowd in close to their counterparts on the other side of the river. Like massive sentinels charged with the safekeeping of Mother Earth's many treasure caches, they create the feeling that they are on guard and are eternally watchful of all that evolves around them.

About midway of the length of West Branch stands a gigantic tor named Sawmill Peak. Across a very deep canyon from it, and atop a lower ridge, three men started the first white settlement in that area in the spring of 1850. Soon afterward, a Frenchman named Bassett established residence there, and his wife started a kennel. She raised poodles, mastiffs and hounds which she sold to miners to keep them company at their remote and lonely "diggings." Business was brisk, for it is true that a dog can be a great comfort to a lonely man.

In the early mining days, the name of a settlement was often related to some unusual event or peculiarity of the place. So it was that this little gold mining community earned the dubious honor of being named Dogtown. In fact, it was not long before the entire ridge was called Dogtown. The unwanted label inspired considerable joking among outsiders, but the name held. Some ten years later, the citizens, becoming increasingly indignant, insisted that the name be changed to Magalia. It was changed in 1861. The name, Dogtown, clings, even today, to things associated with the place, but a discreet person will avoid overindulging in the use of the seemingly objectionable handle!

ABOUT a mile northeast of Magalia, and across the deep West Branch Canyon, the Willard Claim Mine came into existence in 1851. It was located well up a ravine which emptied into West Branch. Water had to be brought in over very rough terrain and, like so many claims, the Willard experienced as many failures as successes in the beginning.

Then, in 1854, a sizable nugget was found that weighed ninety-six ounces. Even in those days, that amount of gold would bring a tidy sum. Today, it would bring about $3,360. In one two-week period, seven nuggets were found among the cleanups, the smallest of which was worth $2,000. Such large nuggets wouldn't wash very far, even with a big stream of hydraulically piped water being directed their way.

The morning of April 12, 1859, apparently was going to be just another routine day at the Willard Claim—at least, as far as anyone could guess. There were the usual chores of directing streams of water against the gravel banks, picking loose rocks and moving them into large piles so the small gravel and sand could be washed into the sluices, tending the sluice itself, and all the other jobs necessary to keeping the paydirt working toward the sluices. The eighteen miners followed much the same pattern day in and day out, simply because placer mining is a very repetitious process at best.

Operating schedules were well established. Ira Wetherbee was the controlling owner at that time, and Dr. A. K. Stearns, an excellent physician who had been enthralled by the lure of gold, was his competent superintendent.

The pipeman that day (the man who operated the monitor), had just undercut the bank and caused a big fall. As he washed some of the gravel along toward the sluice, he saw something big, black and ugly sunk in the muck. He played water around it, and the spot grew larger as the muck slid away. Since large rocks were always a nuisance, the pipeman decided to remove it. Picking the object up proved to be more of a task than he figured! The very weight of it aroused his curiosity and, taking out his pocket knife, he scraped away a bit of the black crust. When he saw a warm, golden glow catching the sunlight, he knew what lay beneath—a huge, golden nugget!

Miners, in those days, usually wore very wide-brimmed hats. The pipeman was no exception. With an impish twinkle

(Continued on page 54)

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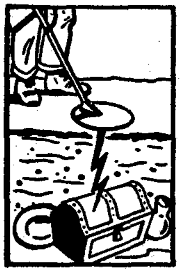

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The Wound That Never Healed

(Continued from page 42)

four of the leading men of the church, or the revelation forbidding the surrender of these men.

"Before the people had a chance to speak or vote or do anything at all in the matter, the booming sound of cannon was heard and screams from the third seat from the stand in the bowery. Instantly two women were seen dead in the congregation. The lower jaw, hanging only by a small strip of skin, was shot off a young girl of twelve to fifteen years of age. It was the fearful and heart-rending screams of this girl that stopped the meeting.

"The people arose in utter confusion. Mr. Cook, still on his feet, suggested to all to go at once to their homes and each man take care of his own family as best he could. Never was revelation more immediately falsified in the history of the world; for, scarcely had the promise of absolute safety been made, ere sudden destruction came."

And now the tragedy as told from my mother's point of view: "The Mormons would disguise themselves as Indians and pounce down on our drivers as they were taking the grain to the mill. They would steal our supplies and run off our stock to try to force the Morrisites back into the church. The Morrisites captured some of the thieves by sending strong men out with the supply wagons. The thieves were not Indians as they appeared, but Mormons dressed up like Indians. They were taken prisoners and locked up."

The same cannon ball that shot off my mother's chin killed Mrs. Barbara Deithelm and Mrs. Joseph Marsh. One of the women held a small baby in her arms. After the woman fell, Mrs. James Bowman picked up the unharmed baby.

The Morrisites ran to their homes, seeking shelter as best they could. Burton had stationed his men so that the whole camp was under cross-fire by both his cannon and the rifles in the hands of his men. The flimsy shelters were hit time and time again, wounding women and children as well as men. There was no milk for the children and they cried from both hunger and fear. There were about ninety able-bodied men in the camp at that time and about 300 women and children.

His followers continually asked Morris for guidance and he, never losing faith in their deliverance, encouraged the people to defend themselves as best they could, with shotguns (used for hunting ducks) and a few Mexican firelocks that were in the camp. Every moment they believed that Morris would receive a revelation that would save them.

Rumors of the Mountain Meadows Massacre were fresh in the minds of all the Morrisites. None of them were convinced that if they did surrender they might not be letting themselves and their families in for a similar fate.

The fighting continued sporadically day and night. Ten of the Morrisites were killed and two Brighamites. On the third day, the Morrisites were exhausted. Someone raised a white flag. When Morris saw it he said, "Your faith has gone and the Lord has forsaken us. I can now do nothing more."

THE POSSE rode into camp and amidst the wildest confusion, men and women were separated. The men stacked their guns. Many of the women could not speak English and expected momentary destruction.

The posse acted over again the same scenes which had been enacted by the Missouri militia when they captured the Mormons, destroying, plundering, and insulting. Only the parties were changed.

While the captors were robbing the homes of all valuables, watches, jewelry and money—even tearing off the women's finger rings, Burton, with his gun in his hand, demanded, "Where is your prophet? Show him to me!"

My mother, with the lower part of her face in a bandage, was only ten feet away from Burton.

Someone said, "There he is," and pointed to Morris.

"Will you surrender in the name of God and the Mormon Church?" Burton asked.

Morris replied, "No, never. What I have told these people is eternal truth."

Mother said Burton tried to ride over Morris but he grabbed the horse by the bridle.

Burton said, "You d--d fool," and shot Morris. Then he sneered, "There's your prophet! What do you think of him now?"

He then shot Joseph Banks. Mrs. James Bowman, the woman who picked up the baby after it had fallen from its mother's arms when she was killed three days before, was an Englishwoman. With the baby in her arms she cried, "Oh, you cruel wretch, how could you kill a good man like that?"

Burton shot her, too, and the baby took a second fall.

While Morris was still struggling in his death agony, a Danish woman raised him in her arms crying bitterly. Burton rode up and shot her to death also. Later, when Burton was questioned about killing the four people after they had surrendered, he said, "They were mischief makers and deserved death anyway."

After it was all over, the Mormons tried to blame the last four deaths on radicals but Brigham Young said (according to H. P. McLane), "Morris and Banks will be taken no doubt, but if I had my way I would spare neither man, woman, or child, but as it is a United States affair they can have it as they please. The worst I dislike is that after they have been routed, the accursed devils will try to sneak back into the church again."

The dead bodies were thrown into a wagon, with Morris' robe, crown, and rod. Followed by the captive Morrisites they were taken, under guard, to the city.

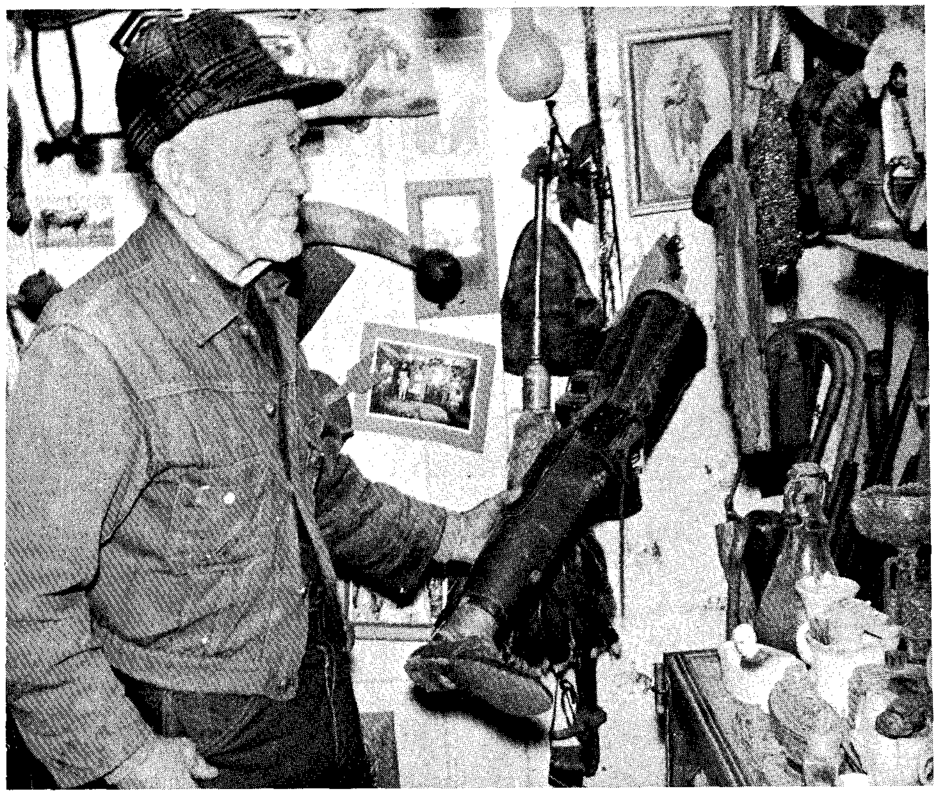
The bodies of Morris and Banks lay for several days in City Hall where they were visited by great crowds, eager to see the noted "Schismatic." The vast majority of these people regarded it simply as the proper punishment for one who had "set himself up to teach heresy in Zion and oppose the Lord's anointed."

Mrs. Bowman, who was expecting a child, did not die immediately but lived three days. She begged that her husband be allowed to come to see her but he was a prisoner and could not come. The baby she held in her arms when she was struck down lived to maturity.

Several of the Brighamite militia testified that Banks was only slightly wounded when a cup of water was handed to him by the Brigham surgeon, Dr. Peter Clinton; that he drank of it and expired within a few minutes. The Morrisites suspected poison.

The following affidavit will give most clearly the Morrisite version of the affair: "United States of America, Ter-

(Continued on page 46)



Frank Lockert holds Uncle Milty's left leg.

Milt Clements had the kind of courage that made him stand tall in the eyes of his fellow men even though he didn't have a leg to stand on!

By JOSEPH B. MICKEY

Photos Courtesy Author

UNCLE MILTY'S LEGS

FEW MEN alive today can remember renegade Indians, buffaloes, cattle drives across the High Plains of Texas, Oklahoma and Kansas, or the historic "Cherokee Strip Run." Frank Lockert, now past ninety-five, can.

When we last saw Frank at Coats, Kansas, he was spry as a kitten and living in the midst of a fabulous collection of American frontier items that any historical museum would envy. Frank erected a building just for his artifacts and just for his own enjoyment, and the building is way too small.

Frank's collection isn't generally known, even by the citizens of Coats. Nor is the unusual and rugged story of Frank's life common knowledge.

It was 1875 when Lockert came to Kansas with his parents and four brothers and sisters, to homestead south of the U. S. stockade of Sun City in Barber County. To the dugout-quartered family, life was not the same as Ohio. There were rustlers, road agents, blizzards and blistering drouths. Food was a day-to-day problem. Frank Lockert became a man at ten by homesteader's standards.

There was little law except that dispensed by the soldiers at Sun City and Forts Hutchinson and Larned. Custer had not yet met his death in the Dakotas. As Lockert grew up, mostly in a saddle, he spent endless nights on the Panhandle trails of Texas and Oklahoma driving cattle from below Amarillo to the forts of Kansas. Before he was twenty, he lived under the stars on the trail—freezing or baking—more than he did in any bunkhouse.

Lockert's gun collection pre-dates the Civil War with powderhorns to match. There are iron and copper kettles left over from wagontrain massacres and abandoned homesteads, lamps, oxen yoke, sod plows, bullwhips, dishes, hats (women's) and hundreds of other frontier antiques.

All of these are "original" in the fullest meaning. The original Medicine Lodge, Kansas, telephone switchboard is there, worn but in working order. There are Graphanolas and Edison Talking Machines. Petrified trees stand silently in the yard, and some serve as a mantle of Frank's fireplace. All came from an area south of Sun City where Frank found them while punching cattle. It took him about forty years to move them to his home. But his pride and joy are "Uncle Milty's legs."

UNCLE MILTY CLEMENTS was a bullwhacking freighter of considerable renown between Indian country, Sun City, Hutchinson and Fort Larned during the late '70s and '80s. Everything Clements did was big, whether in work, drinking or surviving the elements. He might be called a prairie-mountain man, ready for any emergency.

Clements was in the employ of the Army in January, 1884, headed south from Sun City with two heavy wagons. He bedded down for the night in a cut bank. With him were Sam Walker, Rube Marshall and a man named Bartlett. Here they encountered, coming up the Sun City Trail, Capt. George Holcomb, Lt. Harry Van Trees and a Mr. Van Speelan with an unnamed prisoner, all in an Army ambulance. The two parties made camp, unmindful of a possible change in the weather.

During the night a blizzard began and the temperature was sub-zero. By morning snow was waist deep, food was frozen, the men cold and hungry. The roaring wind prevented building a fire, and snow continued to pile up. Waiting under buffalo robes for the storm to blow out, life began to get rough, even for this hardy group.

It became apparent to the men that the blizzard was no ordinary storm and the horses were turned loose to find their own shelter. At the end of the third day, Bartlett and Walker insisted on trying to get help from an eighteen-mile distant cow camp, known to exist. They left with their horses and slowly made their way in that direction. Ten days later their bodies were found with their horses. One horse had his throat cut, apparently in one last desperate effort the men made to keep alive. In their weakened condition, they had bcome lost on the treeless plains and had made part of a five-mile circle.

When Bartlett and Walker failed to return by the fifth day, Clements and Marshall decided to try for another cow camp about twelve miles away. The Army group was already near death due to lack of warm clothing. By keeping within the ambulance, all under one robe, they hoped to ride out what turned out to be the longest and most devastating blizzard Colorado, Kansas and Oklahoma had experienced.

Urged on by sheer desperation, Clements and Marshall wrapped themselves in buffalo robes, drank the last of their precious "redeye," and headed out into the drifting snow. With only their sixth sense, courage, and a desire to live, they

(Continued on page 58)

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The Wound That Never Healed

(Continued from page 44)

ritory of Utah, ss. Alexander Dow, of said Territory, being duly sworn, says: 'In the spring of 1861, I joined the Morrisites, and was present when Joseph Morris was killed. The Morrisites had surrendered, a white flag was flying, and the arms were all grounded and guarded by a large number of the posse.

" 'Robert T. Burton and Judson L. Stoddard rode in among the Morrisites. Burton was much excited, and said, "Where is the man? I don't know him."

" 'Stoddard replied, "That's him," pointing to Morris.

" 'Burton rode his horse upon Morris, and commanded him to give himself up in the name of the Lord. Morris replied, "No, never, never."

" 'Morris said he wanted to speak to his people. Burton said, "Be d--d quick about it."

" 'Morris said, "Brethren, I have taught you true principles." He had scarcely got the words out of his mouth when Burton fired his revolver. The ball passed in his neck or shoulder.

" 'Burton exclaimed, "There's your prophet." He fired again saying, "What do you think of your prophet now?"

" 'Burton then turned suddenly and shot Banks, who was standing five or six paces distant. Banks fell. Mrs. Bowman, wife of James Bowman, came running up crying, "Oh, you blood-thirsty wretch!"

" 'Burton said, "No one shall call me that and live," and he shot her also. A Danish woman came running up to Morris, crying, and Burton shot her also. Burton could have easily taken Morris and Banks prisoners, if he had tried. I was standing but a few feet from Burton all the time.'—Alexander Dow. Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 18th day of April, A.D. 1863. Charles B. Waite, Associate Justice, Utah Territory."

NINETY-THREE of the Morrisites were arraigned before Judge Kinney. Tension was running high and it was possible that a number of the prisoners might die of their wounds if kept in prison. The judge placed bonds at $1,500 each for their appearance in court, April, 1863. Only five signed the bond. A few of the rest could not speak English. Others said they would lie in jail till the Devil's thousand years were out before they would, even by implication, confess that they had been treated legally.

Then Judge Kinney ruled that, since it was a sort of community affair, those who had posted bond could bind the rest as their representatives. When the 1863 term of court came on, twenty of them were out of the Territory. One was dead, but most of the others appeared.

In June of 1862, Judge Kinney was the only United States Judge in Utah, and was said to be the compliant tool of Brigham Young. The prisoners were brought before Judge Kinney. Seven were convicted of murder in the second degree and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment, while sixty-six others were fined $100, being committed to jail until the fines were paid. Two were acquitted.

Governor Harding and Judges Waite and Drake had arrived in time to hear the trial and were convinced that a great injustice was being done the Morrisites, under the circumstances. It was believed that a long prison sentence simply meant death, if the keepers in charge were so instructed.

Petitions began to circulate for their pardon, signed by Gentiles and by a very few of the Mormons who did not condone such severity.

Governor Harding was warned not to sign a pardon, as the people were much excited and might feel it an outrage which would justify violence. To this attempt at intimidation, Governor Harding responded with his usual firmness. In a short time the remaining Morrisites were pardoned.

For thus turning loose on the community a number of persons whom the Mormon rulers classed as dangerous criminals, only three days after conviction and before any investigation had been made, Harding was severely censured by the grand jury. "Therefore we present his 'Excellency' Stephen S. Harding, Governor of Utah, as we would an unsafe bridge over a dangerous stream—jeopardizing the lives of all who pass over it—or as we would a pestiferous cesspool in our district breeding disease and death."

Many of the Morrisite women and children were taken in by Gentiles and sympathizing Mormons; others existed as best they could. Once the military camp of General Connor was established, the homeless Morrisites filtered into it for protection. Some of them went to work and remained there. And Mary Christofferson held a handkerchief over her mouth, whenever she met strangers, for the rest of her life.

In May, 1863, General Connor sent eighty families, made up of 200 persons, under military escort to Soda Springs, Idaho, where they established a flourishing settlement. Nearby the Military set up a post to protect emigrants going through the area.

Two months later Mary Christofferson and Neils Anderson were married by one of General Connor's Lieutenants, Frank Shoemaker. Their marriage was the first in Idaho Territory, as far as they knew. To celebrate the wedding the soldiers stretched out a huge piece of canvas on the ground and the whole camp held a dance.

Later Lieutenant Shoemaker married Mrs. Anderson's sister and made his home in Blackfoot, Idaho. His grave is in the Blackfoot cemetery.

Mr. Anderson was a blacksmith and had his own shop. Later he became known as the father of the anti-Mormon party in Idaho. Mrs. Anderson raised a large family but she never joined another church.

I was the fifth child born to the Niels Andersons. I am eighty-three years old. I have one living sister in Spokane, Washington. She is ninety. The rest of the family has all passed away.

I remember many of the Morrisites because they were neighbors of ours. One in particular was James Bowman, the husband of the woman Burton killed because she called him a "blood-thirsty wretch." There were others with whom I talked about the Morrisite Massacre.

My oldest sister married a half-brother of one who took part in the Mountain Meadows Massacre of 1857. He was about twenty years older than my sister's husband. I remember seeing him when I was about ten years old. He was quite sick but the two men liked to go fishing and I used to go along. That is why I have such a vivid memory of him. (He had an awful yellow complexion.) He told my sister that the Massacre was a terrible experience for him. However his family were staunch Mormons and he believed it was God's will. No doubt many of the Mormons felt the same way about the Morrisite trouble.

(Continued on page 48)

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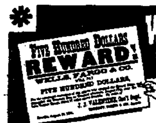

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The old cannon used against the Morrisites is on display outside the City Hall at Farmington, Utah. This was the cannon that shot away my mother's chin, when she was fourteen years old. The tragic story of the Morrisites is recorded on my parents' tombstone, a silent reminder of man's inhumanity to man.

Sawmill Man Of Yellowstone City

(Continued from page 25)

takeout of his millrace, but oftentimes the creek flowed hardly enough water to carry them. Frequently the logs were tied end to end and pulled by a horse on each side of the creek, using a long double tree across the creek and short single trees from each horse.

Ten years after Tomlinson built his sawmill on the Yellowstone, there were others cutting timber up Mill Creek to be used as ties for the building of the railroad as far away as the Dakotas. Sometimes they had to be snaked out of the stream, but once they reached the Yellowstone, they could be driven easily the rest of the way.

MUCH has been made in Montana history of the first attempts at navigating the Yellowstone. The steamer *Josephine* reached a point near the present site of Billings on June 17, 1875. There is mention of the F. D. Pease expedition which met with disaster on the Yellowstone that same year. In '73, the Yellowstone Transportation Company had been organized in Bozeman with Nelson Story as president. He contracted for ten thirty-foot boats with a capacity of fifteen tons each to transport goods down the Yellowstone from Benson's Landing to the Missouri. They are mentioned in many old histories.

But in 1865 Tomlinson was building boats for the trip down the Yellowstone—the first boats of white men to descend the river.

Though the miners of Emigrant Gulch had had no trouble with Indians in 1864, during the spring of the following year an event took place which put them on their guard. In May, a miner named Hughes, originally from Keokuk, Iowa, was brought into Yellowstone City, badly wounded. With him he carried the report that he and two companions had been attacked by Indians and that the others had been shot down. The miners raised a purse and he was started on his way home. This occasion may have been the first use of Tomlinson's boats, or it may have been that this incident led the sawmill man to decide to make boats.

By the fall of 1865, miners were leaving Emigrant Gulch for gold fields farther west, and "at the same time quite a large number of others were fitting up boats at the mouth of the canyon, preparatory to making the trip back to the states by way of the Yellowstone and Missouri Rivers. One boat containing five men started out ahead of the rest, and at some distance down the river was attacked by Indians, who had concealed themselves in the bushes along the river. Mr. Lawrence, one of the party, was killed. The rest then hastily paddled for the opposite shore, landed safely, and hastened back to warn the others of the danger."

At news of this Indian attack, all who were left in Yellowstone City, hastily packed what they could and left at once for Bozeman, taking the Trail Creek route. Even the fact that fortifications were being built at the very mouth of the gulch did not give them enough feeling of security to induce them to stay.

Archambeau, the storekeeper, who with Sin Sin had come the first year with four or five freight-loads of goods, once spread the word that warriors expected to massacre all the residents of the town. Archambeau was often with the Indians and his report was not without grounds. After each exodus of the residents of Yellowstone City, however, there would be a return to the diggings and the cabins of the little town.

Not all of the Indian incidents were discouraging. D. B. Weaver told in his writings of the visit of Chief Washakie during the winter of 1864-65. "It was a sight never to be forgotten, to see the Indians coming up in squads and in single file from the river after they had crossed over from the west side. Encamped just across the creek and Emigrant Gulch on the south side, there were twenty lodges of Bannock Indians with their herd of ponies, while the Shoshones were some on foot and some mounted. There were fully as many, if not more, red men there as there were whites."

NEVERTHELESS, the choice of the site for his labors in the new territory and his devotion to the cause of Yellowstone City were for Tomlinson unfortunate decisions. Emigrant Gulch failed in the production expected of it; Indian hostilities affected it more adversely than newcomers to the area could anticipate, and never, after the first year, was it as populous.

Finally, by the treaty of Ft. Laramie in 1868, the whole area east of the Yellowstone River was declared to be the exclusive property of the Crows, and on that reservation the white men were without rights. Even the trails across the plains pioneered by Bridger and Bozeman were closed to emigrant travel. Only a few miners stayed with their hopes in Emigrant Gulch and quietly laid claim to placer diggings until, in 1883, settlers were again allowed claims in this region. At last John Tomlinson was forced to seek a better way of life than Yellowstone City and the sawmill on Mill Creek, with the ever-present threat of Indian hostilities, could offer for his family. His first child, Philo, had been born there April 6, 1865, and the Tomlinson's left the mining camp for Bozeman in the fall of 1867.

During his first and only winter in Bozeman, Tomlinson worked for P. W. McAdow and Thomas Coover as a millwright, repairing their mills. From it may have been taken the silk still in the possession of the Tomlinson family—that which sifted the first flour in "eastern" Montana. McAdow and Coover had located their mill on a Bozeman Creek site, soon to be within the town limits, in the fall of 1864. They, too, had their experiences with the Indians, for it was Coover who was with John M. Bozeman on the Yellowstone east of Livingston when the latter was killed by hostiles. The Montana Militia was organized in '67 and Fort Ellis was built a few miles from Bozeman the same year.

During March, 1868, John J. Tomlinson moved to the area which was to be his home for the rest of his life and the home of his children and their families for nearly fifty years to follow. At the time it was known only as the upper West Gallatin. He bought a right of occupation from J. W. Sales for $500 and built a lathe and shingle mill, which he operated until July 1871, when he sold it to McKenzie for 250,000 feet of lumber.

As always, interested in milling, he used his lumber to construct a flour mill in the valley. For his new operation

Tomlinson purchased the machinery in Chicago and paid for it in advance. Unfortunately, the boat in which it was shipped was wrecked. He then borrowed $2,000 and bought more machinery.

With the lumber mill run by Z. Sales and the flour mill of Tomlinson attracting attention, the editor of the Bozeman *Avant Courier* made a trip up the West Gallatin and reported in his paper, September, 1877: "While out riding last Friday we called at Tomlinson's, expecting to see his grist mill in running order, but learned that a bran duster, some bolt clothes and other necessary machinery, had not yet been received. The wood work is ready and when the machinery is received, Mr. Tomlinson will soon have his mill going, and will make as good flour as any mill in the territory. He is in need of a few good mechanics, and parties wanting a job will do well to give him a call."

Just about the time Tomlinson got his new operation under way, his health broke and he was forced to take it easier. His indebtedness was not repaid and the mill passed into the hands of Nelson Story on the loan he had taken. From that time he devoted himself to farming and the general interests of the neighborhood. Still adept at surveying, he made the plans for the town of Salesville, one of which was recorded by him on July 13, 1883. Almost at once Salesville grew into an active little town. By this time Tomlinson's family consisted of his wife and four children.

After John J. Sr. passed away at his home in Salesville on March 26, 1888, some of the family members continued to make it their home. Margaret Tomlinson lived many years alone in the home she occupied with her husband. It still stands, and is described by those who remember it from long ago as a place of great warmth. A 1903 item in the local news said that "Gradma Tomlinson is improving slowly from her recent illness. It is to be hoped permanently. Her daughter, Mrs. Clouse, has been at her bedside during the present week." Frail little woman that she was, she did live to be eighty-two, passing away on January 4, 1917 in the State of Washington at the home of a son.

For nearly fifty years now, the family has been scattered from the site of the patriarch's efforts. Even the town he laid out and helped to name has changed. With the coming of the Milwaukee Railroad and the building of a huge inn nearby, Salesville became "Gallatin Gateway." Often it is called only "Gateway," having reference to its being the entrance to the Yellowstone National Park through the Gallatin Canyon.

On the Yellowstone, there is little to note Tomlinson's past existence there—one hole in the bank, which was his home a hundred years ago, and a creek named Mill for his early efforts. So pass the little people into oblivion, but by their hands has the destiny of a state been fashioned.

Strawmen And Marshals

(Continued from page 15)

disclosed that their remaining fortune would only buy one can of tomatoes. Due to the thoughtfulness of the hotel and livery proprietors, their bills had been paid in advance. It was time to return to the roundup.

Arriving at the ferry, the cowboys opened the can of tomatoes with a knife. As they enjoyed the treat, resourceful Bud, gazing at the tulip-shaped edges, asked Oscar what they reminded him of.

(Continued on page 52)

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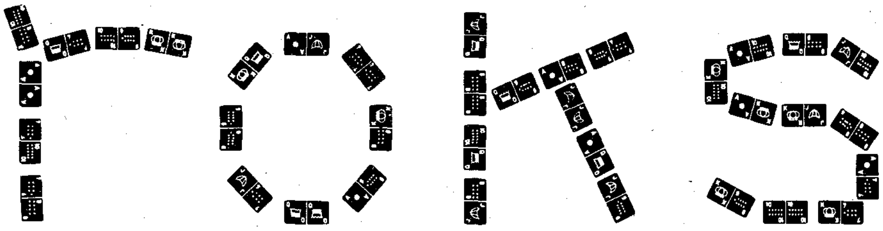

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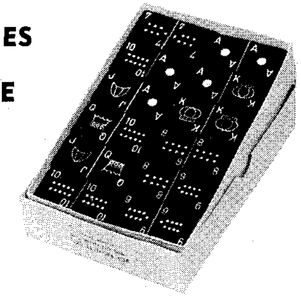

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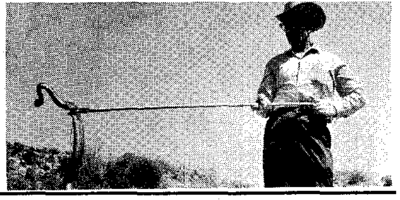

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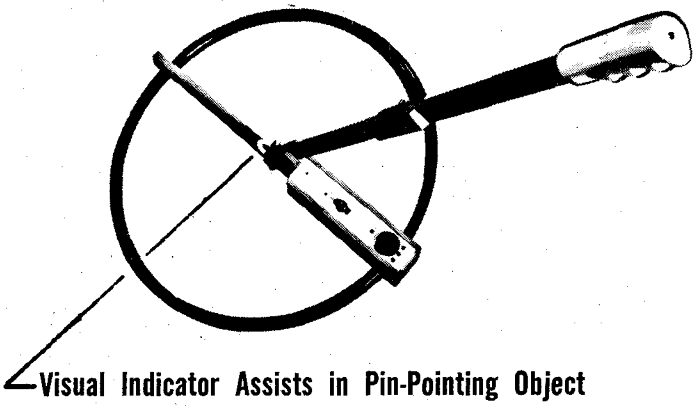

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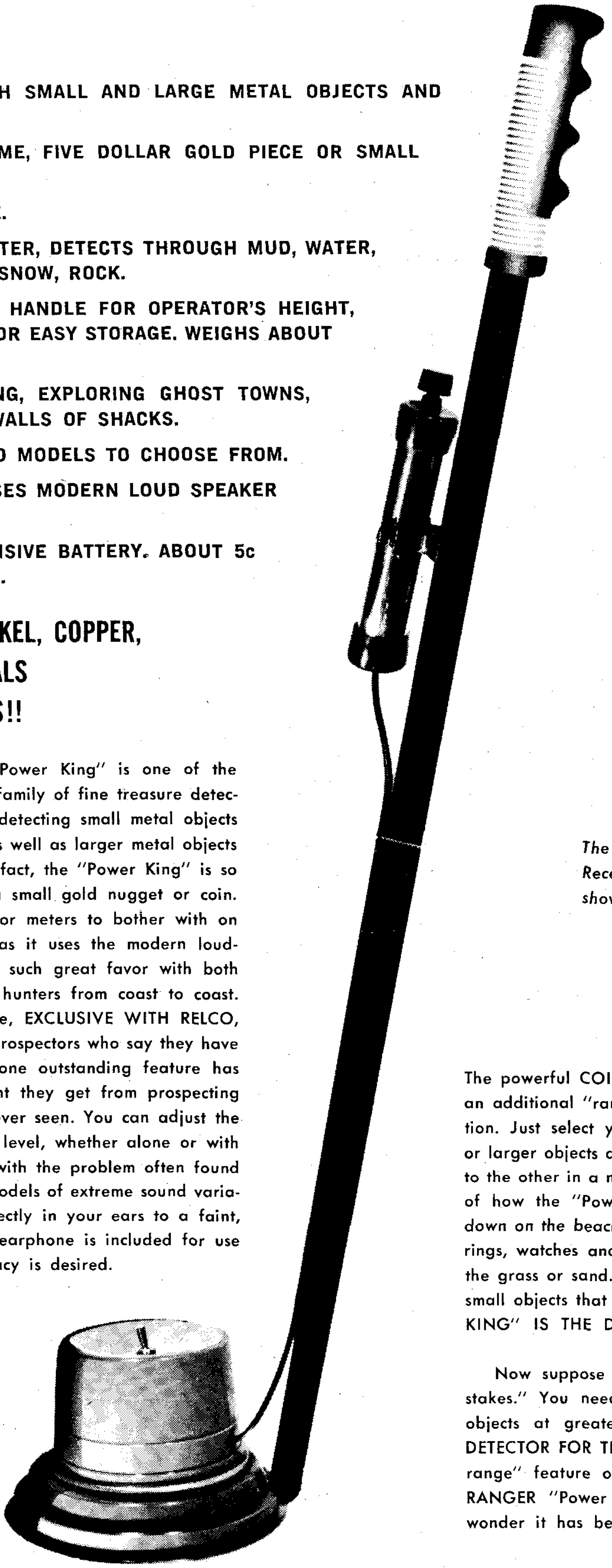

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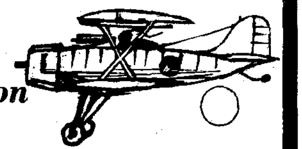

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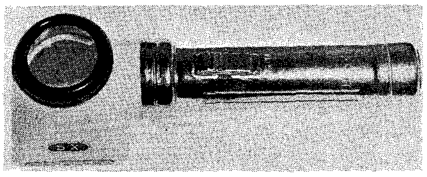

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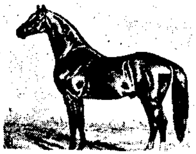

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Oscar replied that they resembled a star. This was all Bud needed.

He asked "Do you know what we could make out of that can? We could make two good stars and if they were fastened on our vests with our good coats partly covering them, people would think we were U.S. Marshals!"

Ordinarily Oscar was quick to embrace and act upon any harebrained scheme, but this was a bit deep. However, when the stars were properly placed, Oscar began to feel a glow of authority and importance.

Suddenly he exclaimed, "Say, Bud, you know we've been hearing of the new fellow who has a dugout store down at mouth of Crab Creek? He doesn't know us and he has quite a stock of moonshine on his shelves. It's in quart jars labeled, 'coal oil—$1.' Now, if we go in there, real serious and polite, he will think we are sure enough Federal officers. We'll explain that we've been sent to arrest him, and to bring him and the evidence to Spokane. But we mustn't crowd him."

The boys were considerate enough to wait until an Indian family was outside packing their ponies, then no Broadway or Hollywood actors could have made a more convincing entrance. The storekeeper, anticipating a good sale, greeted them warmly. Oscar, being larger and older, took the lead, and a significant incident changed his approach.

The last article on the Indian's list had been two jars of coal oil. Bud was too busy staring at a delicious looking drum of cheese to notice this. As Bud later told his brother, Trapper Jay, his only thought was to refrain from asking for a large piece of cheese—realizing that instead of hungry, broke buckaroos they were well-heeled U.S. Marshals, able to buy anything they wanted.

With increased confidence, Oscar explained that they were required to confiscate the liquor, adding that he was sorry to have witnessed the sale of liquor to a ward of the Government. Oscar continued, "It looks like you are trying to make it harder for us, instead of figuring how we can avoid taking you to Spokane with the whiskey."

This floored the store man, who now realized that he was in deep trouble. To his suggestion that they leave him enough liquor to tide his business over till he could get new stock, Oscar countered that whoever had been low enough to turn him in had also listed the exact amount of liquor on hand. If close to this amount could not be delivered to Spokane, their jobs would be lost. If the same informer reported sale of liquor to Indians, they would be lost anyway, unless they brought this store man to Spokane.

OSCAR finally conceded that they would take a long chance and report to the home office that, as they approached the store, a rider galloped away. He was dressed as a cowboy and it never occurred to them that he might be the storekeeper until they found the store vacated.

Eagerly their victim asked, "Can I go right now before any customers arrive?"

Realizing it would simplify the eating problem for them, Oscar consented, and the last they saw of him was a trail of alkali dust in the direction of Othello.

Before loading the whiskey, Bud persuaded Oscar to try some of the cheese. Then with no witnesses, they headed down to Columbia. They were warmly welcomed at the horse camp, but as Roy Ault, Cash McCloud and Claude Maxwell said, there was very little riding done for a few days. Never since the early Seventies, when Jack Splawn declined Chief Moses' invitation to spend the night in his teepee (where Jack saw a big new keg of whiskey), had there been so much liquor along that part of the Columbia. Jack said later he was thankful that he staked his horse back of some sand dunes, as there was shouting and shooting all night long.

At the roundup headquarters, care and sorrow were forgotten; happiness reigned until noon of the third day. Nothing was too good for Bud and Oscar. Seldom indeed had they been in a position to entertain so lavishly and to bask in the admiration of their companions. After all, not just any pair of buckaroos could pull a stunt of this calibre successfully.

Well, history records that right at the pinnacle of man's success, reverses may set in. Clearer proof of this never existed than when appeared, that third afternoon, a travel-weary Indian who dropped from his lathered horse and asked for the camp boss. To him he handed a message.

As the Indian began to walk his panting mount to cool him gradually, the foreman read to a hushed crowd, "Spokane Federal Marshals have learned of impersonation by Webley and Finney and will arrive at Quincy to drive livery team to Beverly to arrest on two charges."

Immediately their fellow cowboys assembled saddle and pack horses, loaded with two weeks' provisions for hiding in the desert. As the culprits hastily rode away, they felt encouraged by the good wishes of their friends. Mouth organs, decks of cards, and similar gifts attested to the sympathy of their loyal pals.

Not until days later did they learn that a traitor was in the camp. Not only had he concocted the entire plot, but worse yet, he had used two quarts of the contraband to pay the Indian for his successful dramatization in the role of "messenger."

Although I have worked and talked with many of the participants, three of whom are still active, and although I have strong suspicions, I am not sure enough of the strategist who frightened the entire camp, to print his name. But if Bud and Oscar had not been the victims, they would be the number one candidates.

I Cast My Lot With A Soldier

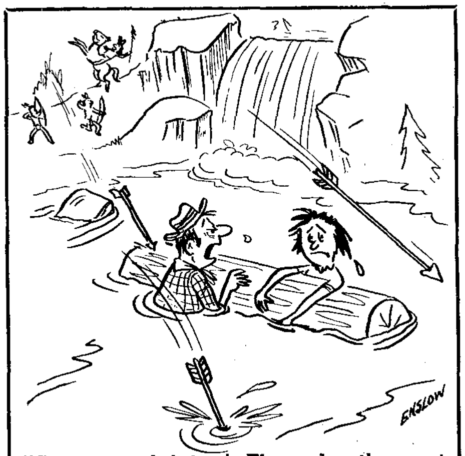
(Continued from page 33)

gave orders that when any officer was escorting Mrs. Custer, and the Indians were overpowering, they were to kill his wife at once.

One dreadful night in 1867, Colonel Carrington had all the women and children of Fort Phil Kearney (Wyoming) placed in the magazine. A sergeant had orders to light the fuse if the Indians came over the wall before the Colonel and his men returned. Margaret Carrington wrote about it in her book *AB-SA-RA-KA*, and told how the Eastern papers insisted that the Indians were very friendly that year. "They only envied us our horses, mules and scalps."

She drove a cow over 600 miles of wilderness when they came to establish Fort Phil Kearney, but the Indians drove it away. There was no butter or cream, and the Indians claimed the game, so they lived on scant army rations. It is no wonder many of the raw recruits deserted for the gold fields.

Glad as she was to leave, they were ordered out in the worst blizzard of the winter. "Hatchets broke our bread . . . soldiers' frozen hands had to be amputated at Fort Reno. It was our duty to go and we went not blaming Indians, weather, or anybody. Sometimes it seems very strange that that trip to Fort Casper, just then, was such life and death to the



"Stop complaining! The advertisement clearly said 'Mail-order bride willing to rough it'."

nation as to make it a question of life or death to us." With her small sons bundled in buffalo robes in the sleigh beside her, the temperature well below freezing, Margaret helped the maid in beside them when she noticed the girl had sewn a crushed artificial rose on her rabbitskin hat. The faded rose was much too gay for that trip, and Margaret ordered her to rip it off.

ALICE BALDWIN spent her first winter as an Army wife in a dugout at Fort Harker, Wyoming. The wolves howled, yelped, and scratched about the door; food was scarce, and conditions were sad, but they gave a dance for her in a half-completed stone building. Army blankets were flung over the openings, canvas was pulled tightly across the floor, and a box stove was put at each end. Lovely signs were painted and hung all around the room—LET JOY BE UNCONFINED—THERE SHALL BE NO WEEPING HERE—and WELCOME, ALICE BALDWIN. Cove oyster patties, hardtack and coffee were served. There was no post band, but two violins and a wheezy accordion gave out with spirited music.

When a cholera epidemic broke out in the spring, all the women fled East with their children, but Alice stayed to move on to Texas with her husband. "Never kick against the pricks," he told her, and she learned to make the best of everything.

While on the trail to Texas, their striker, Bowers, served a lovely wine to their guests much to their surprise. When they questioned him later, he said he had picked wild plums, added sugar to them, and when everyone was in bed, had strained it through his socks! Knowing all about Bower's socks, Alice was glad he had not told the company how he made it.

She showed all the squaws at Fort Wingate how to put crimping pins and clasps in their hair to make it look like hers, and it was her party that used Old Faithful as an automatic washer when they were traveling in Yellowstone Park.

Shortly after that trip, in 1877 while they were stationed at Fort Keogh, Montana, a young Captain rushed in to tell Alice he thought he had sighted the troops and wondered if she would like to ride out to meet them. She was ready when he brought her horse around, but when they were about four miles from the post he adjusted his glasses to check again and learned that it was not the troops at all, but Indians or horse thieves.

"Don't fall off now, or faint," he shouted to Alice. "Keep up your courage. We must get back to the post."

They were making good speed when her saddle girth broke.

"What shall I do?" she called.

"Let the saddle drop and ride straddle!" he answered.

She did that, but racing against the wind, she made frantic attempts to keep her skirts down over her legs. "Don't you look at me!" she shouted to the sweating Captain.

"Damn your legs," he answered. "Keep moving. I've got to get you home!"

They arrived safely, although bedraggled, skinned, and covered with blisters and heat. They never found the side-saddle.

MARTHA SUMMERHAYES spent much of her life in the Army on posts in Arizona. The most miserable tour was at Ehrenberg, ninety miles up the Colorado River from Yuma. She envied the low-necked and short-sleeved linen blouses and full calico skirts of the natives, but went right on sweltering in her proper high-necked and long-sleeved white dresses.

"How I wished I had no silver, no table linen, no china, and could revert to the primitive customs of my neighbors. . . . The Indians brought the water every morning in buckets from the river. It looked like melted chocolate. We filled the barrels, and when it had settled and cleared, the ollas were filled and thus the drinking water was a trifle cooler than the air. We found the temperature of the water to be 86°, but the air was 122° in the shade, so it seemed quite refreshing to drink."

Each morning she and the Mexican maid waded knee-deep in the thick red waters of the Colorado River, and let the current flow over them. "It was much nicer than a tub of muddy water indoors," Martha wrote in *Vanished Arizona, Recollections Of My Army Life.*

When the riverboat brought new officers and their families into the territory, the Summerhayes always invited them to share what they could provide. "They were always astonished when a Cocopah Indian waited on them at table, for he wore nothing but his G-string, and although it was an everyday matter to us, it rather took their breath away.

"But Charley appealed to my aesthetic sense in every way. Tall and well made, with clean-cut limbs and features, fine smooth copper-colored skin, handsome face, heavy black hair done up in pompadour fashion and plastered with Colorado mud, which was baked white by the sun, a small feather at the crown of the head, wide turquoise bead bracelets upon his upper arm, and a knife at his waist—this was my Charley, my half-tame Cocopah, my man about the place, my butler in fact, for Charley understood how to open a bottle of Cocomonga gracefully, and to keep the glasses filled."

Martha lost all of her lovely linens, clothes and books three times. The first time, a mule lost his footing and carried them all to the bottom of a ravine; her replacements were lost at sea, and the third time her trunk was dragged through a river. When she went East to recover her health she expected to stay, but "I had discovered that I was really a soldier's wife and I must go back to it all. To the Army with its glitter and its misery, to the post with its discomforts, to the soldiers, to the drills, to the bugle-calls, to the monotony, to the heat of Southern Arizona, to the uniform and the

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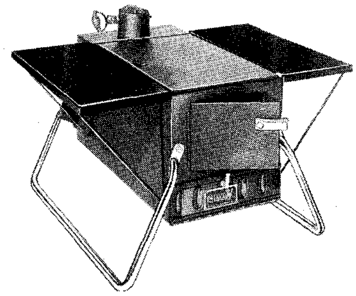

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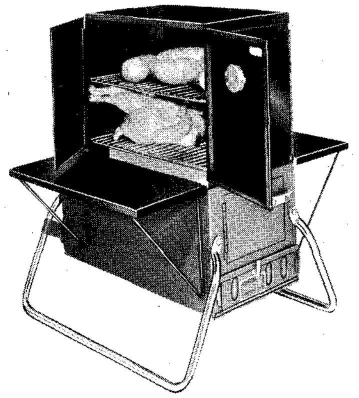

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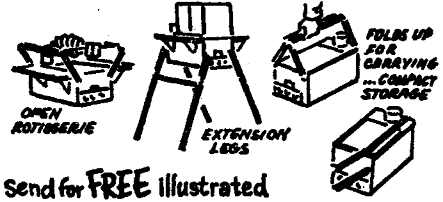
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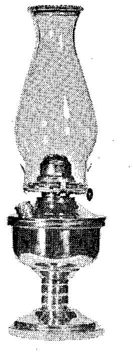

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stalwart Captains and gay Lieutenants who wore it, I felt the call and I must go."

These women, and many others like them, had cast their lot with a soldier.

Riding The Shale Rock Trail

(Continued from page 19)

pletely blindfolding him.

They then took the keys of the jail, unlocked the iron door leading to the corridor, led Fenton to the steel cage wherein he was intending to lodge Lawson, thrust him in, and pushed the lever fastening the door.

The rescuers then bade the sheriff a pleasant goodbye, and left the jail accompanied by Lawson. None of them were to meet the sheriff again for many years.

In the alley back of the courthouse, the three men joined a confederate, carefully chosen because of his knowledge of the country. Four horses were waiting, all with good-sized saddle bags packed in readiness for a long hard ride.

Jake Clark, a few minutes later, was coming up the Broadford road, when he saw four horsemen dashing south toward the Snake River and the Nevada line.

As soon as the men left the jail the sheriff commenced to yell for assistance. He was heard by several parties in the neighborhood, and, upon being released, at once ordered horses. Accompanied by Lew Dorsey and Clint Sanders, Sheriff Fenton started in pursuit.

Fenton had told the editor of the Hailey *News-Miner* that one of the men engaged in the jail break was tall and large, and the other was smaller. It was so dark that it was impossible to recognize anybody, he said, whether wearing a mask or not. Papers and two letters were found on a small table in the corridor near the entrance of the jail. These indicated that the prisoner had probably been seated at the table when the rescue took place.

LEAVING the road near Broadford, which was across the Wood River from Bellevue, Lawson and his companions headed southwest across the country through the sagebrush and lava beds near where the Magic Reservoir is today. This route brought them out a couple of days later on the Shale Rock Trail, an old Indian trail which ran from Camas Prairie through the "City of Rocks."

Finding a small hidden valley with a little trout stream (now known as the East Fork of Dry Creek), and with plenty of grass for the horses, they decided to stay there and lie low for awhile.

High above this little valley there was a look-out point from where a posse or lone horseman could be seen for many miles. A rider would have to creep along at a snail's pace through the sea of boulders that almost surrounds this labyrinth of canyons and grotesque lava rock formations known as the City of Rocks.

The region is nearly as wild today as it was a hundred years ago. There are very few people who have any knowledge of this remote area because exploring it on the ground is far too grueling, and it would be next to impossible to land any type of aircraft with any degree of safety.

The City is not without soft beauty, however, in spite of the awesome spectacle it creates. There are spires and domes and streets between large rock formations that resemble buildings, and wind and rain have chewed out many balanced rocks that seem to perch precariously on their pedestals.

It is in this vicinity that the lost treasure taken in the Hailey Stage robbery that occurred back in the 1880s is actually supposed to be hidden. It is said to be in a cave not far from a rock face that looks like a laughing witch.

WHILE they lay low and let things cool off, the boys made plans to take Lawson across the Snake River at night on the old Lewis Ferry near Banbury Hot Springs in the Hagerman Valley. This they accomplished.

They then proceeded across the Piedmont Plains to a network of canyons known to mustangers and wild horse outfits of those days as "Winter Camp." It was a remote place hidden away on the East Fork of the Bruneau River.

From there, they went on down through the Jarbidge country into Nevada, so that Lawson could make a fresh start in life, or wait until his friends and attorneys had time to intercede in his behalf.

William J. McConnell was Governor of the state when Lawson was rescued from the necktie party that was planned for him in Custer County. He had been a famous leader of the vigilantes in territorial days, a former United States Marshal, and was to become even more famous as the father-in-law of Idaho's most famous solon, United States Senator William E. Borah.

The Governor offered a reward of $1,000 for the apprehension and delivery of Lawson to the sheriff of Custer County, and $500 each for the arrest and conviction of the persons who assisted Lawson in making his escape from the Blaine County sheriff's custody.

There is nothing to be found in any of the records of the Secretary of State or the Idaho State Penitentiary to show that Paul P. Lawson was ever apprehended, and there is nothing to indicate that any rewards were ever paid on him or his rescuers.

Many years later when Arizona Johnnie Hazeltine told me the inside story of the rescue, he also told me of how he had to sit quietly and keep his mouth shut while he spent a very boring evening listening to some bright young man from around Boise, on the Chautauqua Circuit, give a lecture on how he had been the first white man to explore the Craters of the Moon National Monument!

Even though Judge Stockslager later became Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of Idaho, he passed out of the public picture completely in the early 1930s when the Honorable C. Ben Ross, the first native-born Governor of the State of Idaho, refused to appoint him a Justice of the Peace. He died a broken-hearted man, and there is nothing left—not even a picture to be found in his memory, so I've been told.

The Brazilian beauty, who caused the quarrel that led to the shooting, spent the rest of her life in Ketchum. She lived to a ripe old age among her admirers, and when she died they took up a collection to pay her funeral expenses and give her a respectable burial. She sleeps peacefully in the Ketchum Cemetery, not far from the grave of Ernest Hemingway, famous novelist and winner of the Nobel Prize who wrote *For Whom the Bell Tolls.*

King-Size Nugget

(Continued from page 43)

in his eye, he set his hat down over the golden prize, and called the other men over. When they had gathered around, demanding to know what in tarnation he was up to, he reached down slowly, took hold of his hat, then suddenly jerked it away. The glaring sunlight struck the bright surface the pipeman had scratched with his knife.

No written records relate the immediate reactions of the men. But the writer, having been exposed to considerable placer mining in the past, and having experienced that certain flush of elation at finding an above-average nugget, can guess the response without too much error. "Incredible!" That must have been the first thought of each miner as he envisioned how the thing would appear without its dark encrustation.

When it was cleaned, excitement burst into full bloom instantly. Every man there had heard about such finds, but few of them, if any, had ever experienced the pleasure of actually seeing an honest-to-goodness king-size nugget.

Doubtlessly, some harbored a secret desire to possess it, while others, sensing that feeling, kept alert. Still others were probably happy for their employer's good fortune, but beyond question there must have arisen from many—if not all—throats a stentorian shout that ricocheted from surrounding mountain peaks as the significance of that day's find crystallized in the mind. He who could not experience a sharp surge of exuberant joy at such a moment certainly would be emotionally barren, it seems.

ACTUALLY, operations for that day stopped right then and there, even though the day was yet young. There were speculations as to the nugget's weight and worth, but no scales were at the mine that could accommodate such a large chunk.

The course was clear-cut. There was only one thing to do, and that was to make the cleanup right then and leg it up to Magalia where Wetherbee was supposed to be. That would take a bit of doing. Nevertheless, the sudden turn of events gave impetus to the task.

When everything had been properly taken care of, the nugget was put in a sack and tied in the middle of a pole; then two Chinese workmen set the pole on their shoulders, one at either end, and the whole crew began the long, steep climb out of West Branch Canyon.

In time, the doors of the saloon-hotel (a one-and-a-half-story building which stands today, and which is used as an antique shop) sprang wide open as the doorway became jam-packed with Willard Claim miners, all trying to crowd inside at the same time. Imagine the commotion created as eighteen bodies wriggled forward, and as many heads bobbed in time to voices laughing, cursing, and shouting.

Wetherbee was truly apprehensive as that wild, gesticulating mob bore down upon him and demanded, "Set 'em up fer ever'body in th' place!"

He was picked up bodily and carried to the bar, plunked down, and the same demand was repeated. This was done in an unceremonious, good-natured mood. Wetherbee complied, although he still had misgivings. Still, at the same time, he was very much curiosity-ridden.

After everyone's whistle was thoroughly wet, Wetherbee's boys broke the news of his good fortune. Momentarily he stood transfixed with surprise. Then the whip of doubt began to lash him, and he replied somewhat sarcastically, "You fellows have just wrung free drinks out of me and, by grab, I'll have your hides for it!" Whereupon the men, laughing uproariously, produced the nugget.

The news spread like cooking oil on a hot skillet. Like bees attracted to honey, the citizenry was drawn to the saloon to see the big nugget. In those days, almost

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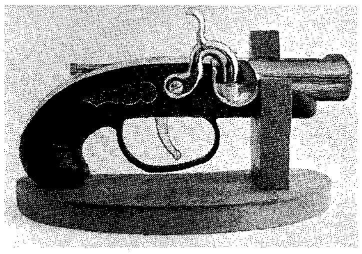

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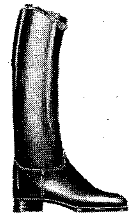

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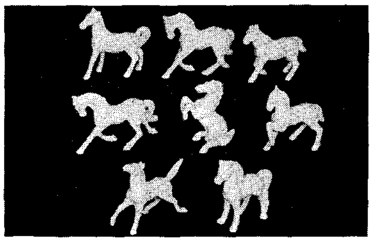

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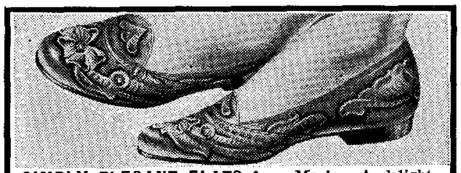

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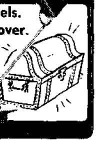

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any occasion could be reason enough to celebrate. So, for the next four days, a real convivial blowout ensued. Then, and only then, did the town begin to return to something resembling normal living.

The nugget that caused all the commotion weighed fifty-four pounds, according to the entry made in Dr. Stearns' diary. After an assay was made, he recorded it as weighing fifty-two pounds, two ounces. It was roughly wedge-shaped in outline, and its length was about the same as the diameter of a large gold pan, something like sixteen inches. It was the largest *nearly pure* gold nugget ever found in North America. Note that the nugget's "nearly pure" state is stressed because larger nuggets were found. However, none of them were as nearly pure gold as this one.

Its value was $10,690. The rest of that day's cleanup was $3,000, making $13,690 for one day's take. Total cleanup for the week was $30,000 and, for the year, from August 1, 1858 to August 1, 1859, the total was $63,236.97. Nice year's pay.

The source of that find is still uncertain, but it is generally believed to be a slide deposit. That means the deposit must have slipped away from an ancient channel higher up the mountainside.

Such were the thrills of the Forty-Niners. There were many sunny days of wealth, happiness and good fellowship. But there were many clouds of disappointment, wretchedness and heartbreak, also. At eventide, the eye often saw a golden tint from the setting sun trace the lower edges of clouds in fancy, fulgent scallops. But the miner's eye seldom saw the beauty of a setting sun. It could only see an overlay of shimmering goldleaf straight from the miner's hopes and dreams, to which his future clung precariously.

Founder Of The Cowboy Camp Meeting

(Continued from page 3)

was served in relays. The crowd was so great as seriously to strain the facilities that have sufficed these many years. There was talk of suggesting to the old-timers—tactfully, of course—that they abandon the old style of free and open-handed hospitality and put the thing on a cafeteria basis. It ended in talk. One might as well have asked G. Wesley Evans, or any one of the others, to give up their ranches as to ask them to give up the idea of serving free meals. They are not built that way, and neither was the West. They started out to be hosts and it will be that way as long as they live.

THOSE were wild days, when Brother Bloys crossed the Pecos in his buckboard. The first settlers were good Christian people—none better—but into their country had come the murderer and thief seeking concealment along the frontier. There was plenty for Brother Bloys to do. If he had been noisy and denunciatory, if he had turned out to be one of those political preachers, his career would have been short run. But he was neither noisy nor denunciatory. And as for politics, he attended to his own business, and locked in his heart more than one red, dreadful secret. He entered the frontier saloons and brothels as freely as he entered the consecrated mountain home. What he had he gave as generously to the two-gun man and the dance-hall woman as to the white-haired grandmother nodding before the fireplace with the open Bible in her lap. Thus, in time, he came to reign securely in the hearts of his people—all the people, good and bad.

One day after he had been in the country for two years, Brother Bloys stopped at John Means' home. Mr. Means told me about it on next to the last night of the meeting.

"He stopped at my shack to visit the family and hold a service. We talked about the need of getting the people together, and I mentioned this grove as being a good central location. His eyes snapped, and right there he laid out the plan of a camp meeting.

"We got some of the neighbors together in the grove and held our first service the next Saturday night. George Evans and his folks were there, the Bill Jones, the Finleys, the Kingstons, and some cowboys. We cleaned out the brush and built a little arbor. We had a two days' meeting, and I want to tell you, the word of God sank deep. Mr. Bloys said we must be interdenominational. He is a Presbyterian, I am a Baptist, some of the others are Methodists and Christians—you get the idea.

"We set out to buy the grove. The price was $2.00 an acre, $1,280 for the section. Well, we were all mighty poor, new in the country, just starting our herds. It looked like a lot of money but we raised it at one sitting. When we started our improvements, we bought rough lumber because it was cheap, and Mr. Bloys planed it himself. He was a first class carpenter."

"So was Jesus, you remember, John," broke in Bill Jones quickly. Mr. Means nodded.

"Well, we opened for business. We had a hymn—it was *How Firm a Foundation.* We've sung it ever since—always opened the meeting with it. Mr. Bloys preached a sermon of Thanksgiving, and then took the children off to one side, and told them Bible stories. We did not know much about the Bible, and felt ashamed of our ignorance, but he would only laugh at us and tell the story about the two lawyers."

Bill Kingston slapped his knee. "That sure was a good one. Tell it again, John," he urged.

"Two lawyers made a bet. One bet he could say the Lord's Prayer without a break and the other called him. He started off, 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' and the other lawyer said, 'Well, Joe. you did it. I didn't think you knew it!' "

A murmur of reminiscent laughter went around the campfire.

"The eating camp idea just grew," Mr. Means went on. "We organizers put in our own camps to feed the people, buying what they needed and butchering our own cows, and we've kept it up. We sort of felt like the people ought to be taken care of since we started the thing. We've always tried to feed them good grub."

Good grub? For supper that night the Means-Evans-Gillett outfit served roast beef, gravy, chili con carne and frijoles, stewed corn, fried potatoes, hot biscuits and butter, stewed apples, plum preserves and hot coffee—and the same sort of meal was served at every other camp.

"He left us, six years ago," John Means said, after a long pause. "His heart was too big for his body—he only weighed 120 pounds—and one day at Fort Davis it just stopped beating while he was sitting in his chair. He was just wore out. He'd often said that his work was done, that there wasn't anybody left in the country to be brought to Jesus and, in a way, I guess he was right. This is a Christian country now—she's cleaned up for good, end to end—and the man responsible was Brother Bloys."

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

Outlaws and Gunmen

Buckskin Frank Leslie, Gunman of Tombstone (Texas Western Press, $4.00) is by Colin Rickards, a London newspaper man and a leading member of the English Westerners Society. Dr. C. L. Sonnichsen, of the Texas Western faculty and the author of a number of fine Western historical volumes, points out in a brief introduction that Rickards' remoteness from the locale of his study probably explains his objectivity. This is a good job based on much research although the sources were far away. The Leslie killings of Mike Killeen and Billy Claiborne are covered in some detail as is the murder of Mollie, his common-law wife. This last killing resulted in his receiving a life sentence to the infamous Territorial Prison at Yuma.

Rickards covers Leslie's prison life and his pardon in 1896 after serving only six years of his sentence in a brief chapter. The final chapter covers the last thirty years of the old gunfighter's life and is, as admitted by the author, full of gaps—surely there is more to be found on this period of Leslie's stay on earth.

Rickards slipped in only one place insofar as this reviewer knows—he made the mistake of accepting the Wyatt Earp—Stuart Lake account of the posse chase after the attempted hold-up of the stage near Tombstone in March, 1881. Ed Bartholomew's *Wyatt Earp, the Man and The Myth* (Toyahvale, Texas, 1964), reviewed recently in this column, thoroughly discredits the Earp-Lake version. Despite this, Rickards' book is a must for the outlaw-gunmen collectors—it is illustrated with drawings by Russell Waterhouse and some good photos. It was designed by the master typographer, Carl Hertzog, and this hard-cover edition is limited to 450 copies.

Gold!

Cross-country tourists wanting to take a fling at discovering a mother lode will have fun with George Gibbons Hayes' *Where to Prospect in the 50 States* (Nugget Publishing Co., P. O. Box 462, Tucson, Arizona, $2.00).

Hayes tells where precious minerals and other valuable materials are generally found and describes their distinguishing characteristics in a manner helpful to amateurs. This booklet is for rockhounds who want to pry in remote places and take a chance on digging up pay dirt or legendary loot. The author points you toward possible sources of riches, but results are up to you.

Yankee Prisoners in Texas

Relatively little has been written about the largest of the Confederate prisoners of war camps west of the Mississippi. *Camp Ford, C. S. A.* (Texas Civil War Centennial Advisory Committee, Austin, Texas, $7.50) by F. Lee Lawrence and Robert W. Glover is by far the best account of the Union prisoners in Texas. Glover, a confederate military history buff and history teacher, and Lawrence, a lawyer and local historian and Texana collector, both of Tyler, Texas, have combined their talents to produce this fine study. Camp Ford was first a Confederate training camp for recruits and it was not until 1863 that it housed any great number of prisoners. The authors have made use of just about all the material known and much unknown to this reviewer. There are photos of several of the ranking Union officers among the prisoners plus several facsimiles of early drawings by soldiers after their release. José Cisneros has added a map and several drawings. Notes, appendices, a bibliography and an index add to the value of a volume designed and printed by the master typographer, Carl Hertzog. The edition is limited to 550 volumes. A collector's must.

Frontier Times

The Gringo & Greaser (The Press of the Territorian, Box 1847, Santa Fe, N. M., $1.00) by Peter Hertzog is the story of a newspaper and its unusual editor-publisher. The paper was published at Manzano in the Estancia Valley of the then Valencia County in 1883-1884. It appeared at two-week intervals beginning with an "Extra" August 18, 1883 to report the killing of Manuel B. Otero in an ownership dispute over the 1,232,000 acres in the Baca Grant. The paper expired when salty Charles Kusz, Jr., the editor, was assassinated on March 27, 1884. He had conducted a vigorous news campaign against rustling and is believed he was killed by professional cattle thieves. Seven issues of the newspaper have survived and the author has chosen a number of examples of Kusz's news items to demonstrate his unique approach to Estancia Valley happenings. A bargain.

History as You Like It

Standing Up Country (Knopf, $15.00) by C. Gregory Crampton is a gorgeous picture book about the canyon lands of Utah and Arizona. It follows the great exhibition on the Canyon Country by the Amon Carter Museum of Western Art at Ft. Worth, Texas. The policy of the Museum to have a book to memorialize each major show is an excellent one. Dr. Crampton and the University of Utah Press were already discussing a book on his archaeological field program of historical salvage for the National Park Service. The combination of the efforts the Carter Museum, the Press, and Alfred A. Knopf, plus the sprightly text by the author, makes this an outstanding book.

(Continued on page 58)

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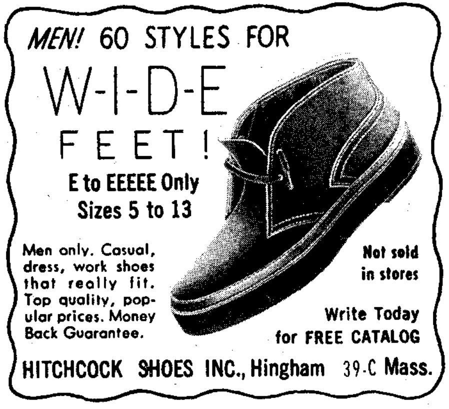

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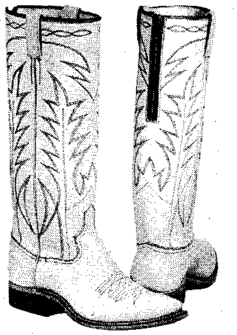

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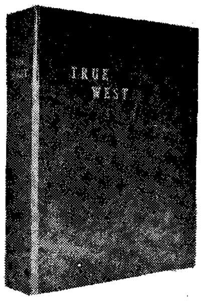

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Whipping Tree

(Continued from page 23)

scene was light and gay with greetings being called and the running excited murmur was lifted every once in awhile by hearty guffaws. Indeed, whipping tree day was a momentous event.

No one felt this as keenly as the culprit. He stood alone under the tree and was obliged to watch Culley make ready like a star performer. Tall, broad of shoulder, the dispenser of punishment was an impressive figure, and moved with cat-like grace to the man waiting under the tree. After shaking hands, Culley would remove the victim's shirt, which he always folded neatly and carefully laid aside. There was never hard feelings 'twixt whipper and whipped. That the erring had to be brought to account was a set thing, a matter of honor.

Next, a lariat would be handed Culley, and he would stoop and tie the victim's ankles, just so, to leave about six inches of play. Culley's movements were quick and sure, even though he had not removed his gauntlets. That came later. The rope was brought up to secure the hands palm to palm, then thrown over one of the tree limbs. Two light horsemen grabbed it and pulled until the accused's body stood upright with arms high and straight. He was ready with bare back exposed, but Culley—not yet.

He would step back, strip off the gauntlets, give them a snap across his thigh and throw them to the ground. Cupping his hands, he would spit into the palms and rub them briskly together. As someone stepped forward with the rod, Culley would take it and cut the air with a smart whip or two. A plug of tobacco was given the victim—tobacco which would be put to hard use in a few minutes. Culley's striding forward with the butt-end of the rod grasped firmly in one hand, would silence the crowd.

The performance began with a swift, swinging stroke which was repeated methodically with the first high on the shoulders, and succeeding ones dropping a half inch at a time. The number of strokes, from five to seventy-five, was in direct proportion to the seriousness of the crime.

Behind those strokes was a powerful arm and, with every crack, the victim's body would swing almost half around. The audience would wince and dodge as though the rod were aimed at their backs, but there was never an outcry from the one who had erred and was paying. Only suppressed groans and a fine stream of tobacco shooting out now and then through tightly sealed lips betrayed his pain.

Executions were carried out in a set manner, also, but witnessed by a solemn audience who watched with round sad eyes. Never was it a merry occasion to see a man die, regardless of the crime that had brought him standing upright before the tree, his eyes straight ahead. A blindfold would be offered him, but rarely was it used. Then the captain would pin a patch of white cloth to the man's breast indicating the point for which the light horsemen should aim. Six light horsemen were selected for this task, only one Winchester holding the real bullet, the other five being loaded with blanks. The captain inserted the shells and he alone knew which of his men was the executioner. This knowledge was never revealed.

Murder was an uncommon offense in the Seminole Nation, and the penalty for lesser crimes, so ably carried out by Bill Culley at the whipping tree, was never administered twice to the same person. One dose of Culley medicine had a lasting effect.

In 1902, the whipping tree was chopped down in the interest of "progress." It was dragged to an alley and a citizen of Wewoka, wishing to preserve it for its historical value, rescued it from oblivion and sent it to the World's Fair in St. Louis the following year. Today it is in the museum of the Oklahoma Historical Society, and the bullet holes are clearly visible.

Rawhide Times In Dakota

(Continued from page 31)

Whipple and another rider with the wagon came upon the scene a few hours later. "It was the dangdest mess I ever saw. The creek was blocked with dead and dying cattle. Heads were sticking out, sides were seen in the mired water, and feet were above the surface. It wasn't really the greenhorn's fault. That was where he had been told to take them. But a man should know where he is going for that job."

The other menace to the herd and riders was lightning and they feared the dry rainstorm most, because a man on horseback was a good target for a jolt. Whipple said he had seen two men who had been killed that way. "I'd take a good old rainstorm where the lightning comes so fast that it looks like the world is coming to an end any day over a little white cloud that's loaded with electricity."

Old Whipple said he has been through the mill. "I have been thrown from horses, fallen with horses, and have even had horses roll clean over me two different times. My right arm is the only solid arm left. Both my shoulders have been knocked out of joint." He complained, now that he was seventy-nine, he couldn't put up hay anymore, so he's cut down to a herd of about 100 steers.

The old-timer reflected for a moment before "rolling in" and said, "It was hard work, but I enjoyed it. If I was young, and had a chance, and wasn't all broke up, I'd do it again."

Uncle Milty's Legs

(Continued from page 45)

stumbled and fell through drifts until Marshall thought he could make out a tree-lined creek. Clements was done and content to lie in the snow. Marshall, whose voice was like a booming cannon, prodded Clements with his last ounce of strength, but his loud voice was not enough. The roaring blizzard outroared Marshall and flung his words into the timber.

Not far away, a lone cowboy, out of firewood and deep in the trees, thought he heard a shout, but passed it off as imagination. Then as he was about to enter the cow camp cabin, he thought he heard it again.

The holed-up punchers made ready to find out if anybody could be out there. In no time, Marshall was found slumped against a tree. He pointed down the trail and said "Clements," then collapsed.

The cowboys went to work on their frozen friends. Marshall rallied to tell what happened, but Clements became delirious. Clement's feet were frozen; Marshall's nose, ears and an index finger were in bad shape. Treatment with snow to the frozen parts, with some redeye to start circulation, was the best the men could do.

The storm blew itself out on the seventh day. Sled runners were fashioned for the buckboard and the frozen men wrapped in buffalo robes warmed with hot rocks. The cowboys started for Hutchinson, going by way of the cutbank where Clements and Marshall had left the four men.

The Army group had survived but had frozen toes, fingers and ears. The cowboys found them too weak to build a fire. After a little food, their strength returned enough to begin the journey to Hutchinson, where all could be cared for.

Clements was fitted with leather legs after amputation of his feet. Marshall lived for many years, and Clements lived well into the 20th Century, becoming a daily companion of Frank Lockert. Their friendship had started before 1880.

As Clements came to the end of the trail, the greatest thing he could do for his range-riding friend, Lockert, was to give him his leather legs. "Uncle Milty's legs," as Frank Lockert calls them, are his most cherished possession.

The winter of 1884 tried men's souls, and for many years was used to date frontier history. Ranchers found their frozen cattle standing dead along windbreaks. Trees were cut down throughout the high plains so that stock could eat the bark—all to no avail. The loss in human life and stock is unrecorded, but it reduced hundreds of homesteaders to less than a bare existence.

Shoot-Out On Christmas Day

(Continued from page 11)

Front Saloon and hanged them. It has been said that Thad McLemore was under arrest at the time, and that the vigilantes "overpowered his guards and took him." But don't you think it strange that a man under arrest would be spending Christmas Eve in a saloon having a high time? He could not have gone to Bastrop, the county seat, a round trip of forty miles, made bond and returned all in one short evening. A warrant was sworn out for him, but who served it?

The beginning of the end to lawlessness in McDade had its start that night. Business was booming. Merchants had been able to stock their shelves from St. Louis and Kansas City. Crops were good and prices were higher. People were shopping heavily for Christmas Day celebrations. The various saloons were filled to overflowing.

In the Rock Front Saloon, a noisy crowd was drinking and playing games of chance. This saloon was located on a corner, and fronted on the main street. (It is still standing today—empty, deserted, listening to the echoes of the past.)

Just at twilight, a mounted group of masked men rode up and surrounded the building. They were armed with pistols, rifles and shotguns. Eight men dismounted; four went to the back door, four to the front door. They entered and cocked their guns, but did not speak a word. All talking was cut short, and one could hear the deep breathing of men. The vigilantes disarmed the three they desired by placing the muzzles of their cocked guns against their victims' bodies. Hands were

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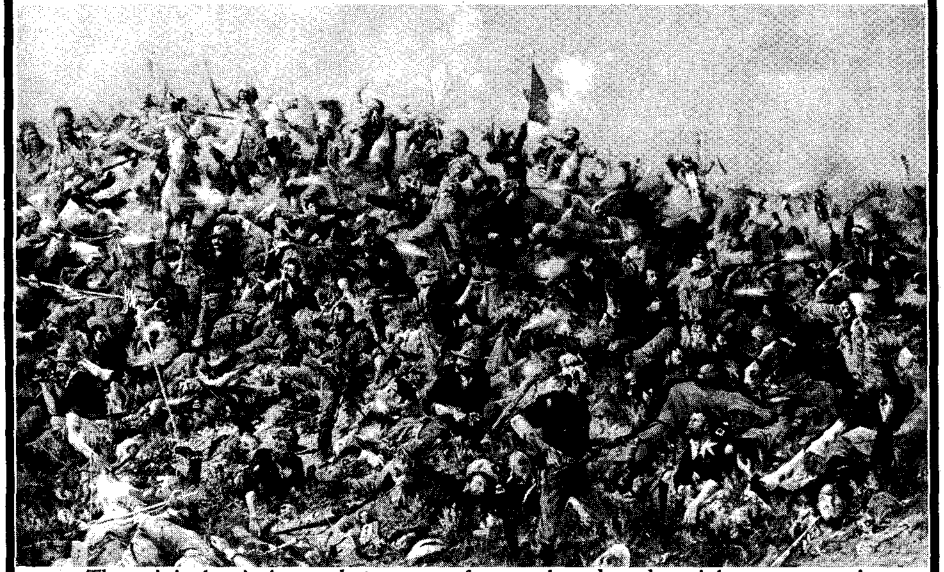

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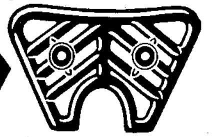

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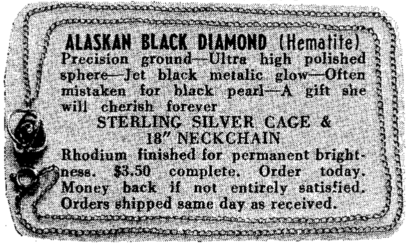

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tied behind their backs, they were nudged out the front door, and mounted on their own horses.

No one in the saloon came to the door to see in what direction they rode away. A deathly quiet prevailed; the patrons had lost their taste for liquor and gambling for that evening.

The vigilantes took the three men out on a road about one mile from town. There they were hanged.

CHRISTMAS morning dawned cool and beautiful. One could smell the odor of turkeys being baked in the old-fashioned iron stoves, while the men folk, who had gotten up at daybreak, were preparing that drink of true hospitality—thick, heavy, cream-rich eggnog. The making of Southern-style eggnog required 100-proof whiskey to cook the egg yolks. This is "heavy eggnog." One had to use a spoon to eat it, it was so thick.

It was the custom to hold open house for friends who could come over to exchange gifts, partake of the eggnog, and wish each household member a "Merry Christmas." Such was the case at my father's and mother's home that day, and for the rest of their lives.

Around nine o'clock Dr. Vermillion came by in his buggy for his usual Christmas visit. He asked my father to accompany him to town to pay his respects to their friend, George Milton. So they went down to Mr. Milton's store, placing the horse and buggy in the rear of my father's meat market next door. Mr. Milton was at his desk writing, and said that he wanted to catch up on his accounts and would join them outside shortly.

Dr. Vermillion and Father went out on the porch of the Milton store where there were benches and two cowhide-bottom chairs, one on each side of the door. These benches and chairs were placed there for customers, or those who wanted to rest and talk to friends. Father took the ladder-backed cowhide-bottom chair on the left side of the door and Dr. Vermillion took the end of the bench. My father handed the doctor a cigar. They lit up, and Dr. Vermillion handed Father a medical journal.

Within a few minutes, Mr. Milton joined them. Father had tilted his chair back against the wall. Mr. Milton had taken the chair to the right side of the door. Since they were in the cattle business together, they discussed prospects for the coming year and shipping their stock to St. Louis.

On Saturday of the week prior, Father and his brother-in-law, Jodie Green, who ran my father's meat market, had gone to a cattle auction out in the country. These cattle were going to the highest bidder. On arrival, they found fifty head in a cedar rail corral pen owned by Mr. Beck. Father and Uncle Jodie inspected the cattle by going into the pen. These animals were free of ticks, were in fine shape, and fat.

Father, who was a good judge of stock, could estimate the weight of a steer within ten to fifteen pounds. Having inspected the herd, he went over to a tree and, together with Uncle Jodie, figured the average weight and how much he would bid.

Around one o'clock, the auction started. The Beatty brothers were there and were among the buyers. The bidding was about over when Father climbed upon the corral and bid $200 over the Beattys. This made them mad and Az Beatty cursed my father and wanted to start a fight. Friends of both sides stopped it. Tom Bishop stood for law and order, and there was no friendship between him and the Beatty brothers, Charley Goodman, Byrd Hasley, or Robert Stevens. He said that they ran with the Notch-Cutters—or were members—and that he did not want any part of them.

IT was about 10:30 o'clock when Dr. Vermillion looked up the railroad track and saw six mounted men approaching from the road leading from the Yegua country to the northeast. He turned and said, "I wonder why those men would come to town this time of day?"

My father replied, "Well, Doctor, today being Christmas, perhaps they have need of some refreshments."

By this time the six had dismounted and had gone into the Rock Saloon. The six men were Charley Goodman, Byrd Hasley, Robert Stevens, and Jack, Heywood and Asbury Beatty. All of these men were related to each other by marriage.

There are written versions of the fight that state that some of them were not armed, but this is not a fact. Inside the saloon while standing at the bar, they were obligingly informed by a barfly that the vigilantes had been active the previous night. Did they know of it? No, they did not, they replied.

Someone else volunteered that it was right in this saloon that the vigilantes had taken the three men, and that they had called out Heywood's name along with Thad McLemore, Wright McLemore and Henry Pfeiffer. All three were close friends of the Notch-Cutters.

When this information had time to sink in (this after several rounds of drinks), the six men were badly shaken up and began to talk loudly and use profane language. Jack Beatty talked to Horace Nash, one of the two owners, saying that there were some s-o-bs in that town who had accused the boys of doing something of which they were not guilty. (Horace Nash later testified in the hearing in Bastrop under oath that Jack said Bishop and Milton had accused Heywood Beatty of helping a man by the name of Fitzpatrick kill Deputy Sheriff Heffington, and of creasing and robbing Allen Winn; and that he intended to kill both of them—Bishop and Milton.

Someone replied, "Well, if that's what you want, Tom Bishop and George Milton are now sitting on the porch of Milton's store."

Goodman went off to Bassist's store to purchase some more Colt .45 cartridges, but could only find some .44-40 Winchester cartridges which will fit a Colt .45. He obtained a box of fifty. The six then planned how they would kill Bishop and Milton.

The plan was typical of the Notch-Cutters—outnumber the enemy. They took their positions all within pistol range, then sent Jack Beatty (who had $35 on deposit) to use this as a pretext to get Milton inside the store. That left Dr. Vermillion and Bishop out in front sitting on a chair and bench, an ideal setup.

After Milton handed Beatty his $35, the latter stated that he'd like to talk to him about the lies that were being spread around which implicated his brother, Heywood, with the killing of Deputy Sheriff Heffington.

Mr. Milton replied, "I have not heard anyone directly accuse him of it. However, I have heard the report that Heywood carried Jeff Fitzpatrick out of town that night riding double on his horse after the killing."

Jack raised his voice at this—a signal—"That's a damn lie, too, and now I hear that three men were taken out of town last night."

During this conversation those outside had taken up positions. Az Beatty approached the porch and acted as if he were going inside. Then he stopped at the door, cursing Bishop and reaching for his gun. Bishop beat him to it, whereupon Az grappled with Bishop for his pistol. Bishop fired first, hitting Az in the thigh. They rolled out into the street, Az still struggling for Bishop's pistol, having lost his own when he was shot and fell.

At the first shot outside, Milton pulled his pistol and forced Jack out the door. By now Byrd Hasley and Charlie Goodman were at the door. Milton then grabbed his shotgun and fired it over their heads to frighten them off. This was followed by a shot from the street, and Asbury lay dead. Bishop had won that round.

By now, everyone was in the street, so Bishop and Milton turned their guns on the rest. Next to die was Jack Beatty. He was shot in the head with a pistol and shotgun blast. Goodman fell, wounded, and Stevens ran for the stockyards.

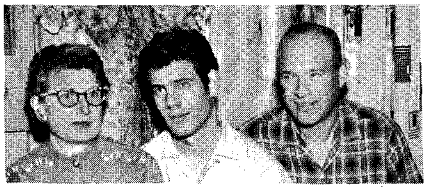
Heywood Beatty was the only one left. At this moment, Willie Griffin ran out of Nash's saloon and Heywood shot him through the head. Bishop and Milton have said that Heywood was not a coward. They fired at him, hitting him seventeen times. He fell twice, reloaded his pistol, fired at Milton and then got between some buildings and walked and crawled through the Milton pasture to his home.

EVEN though the gunfight lasted only a few minutes, the citizens got excited and wired the sheriff and the governor. The sheriff from Bastrop picked up the dead Beatty boys first, then located the men who were still hanging, victims of the vigilantes. He hauled them all to town and placed them in a row on the meat market porch; they were covered with a wagon sheet. It has been said that these five men were laid out on the depot's platform. This is not a fact. However, they were visible to passengers at the depot or from train windows.

Later the bodies were removed to a house at the edge of town for claiming for burial, the idea being that the officials did not want kin coming into town and perhaps causing further trouble. Willie Griffin was taken to the home of his mother, Mrs. Black, where he died next day, December 26. Heywood Beatty was treated by a doctor at his home; none of his wounds were in a vital spot, although he had been hit with Blue Whistler shotgun blasts. He was no coward. He fell to the street twice and each time he was struck, he got up. Once he reloaded his pistol and shot at Milton. Bishop shot him again before he and Milton turned their guns on Stevens and Goodman, wounding both.

The sheriff placed Tom Bishop and George Milton under $1,500 bonds and they were released. Stevens and Goodman were also arrested and taken to Bastrop where they were placed in jail. Later they were released on high bonds. Governor Ireland ordered the State Volunteer Guards into McDade, as shown by records in the Adjutant General's Office in Austin, Texas.

"Under the Services of Militia in local disturbances, in the town of McDade, Texas, in Bastrop County, in the month of December, 1883. Several murders occurred which roused public feeling in



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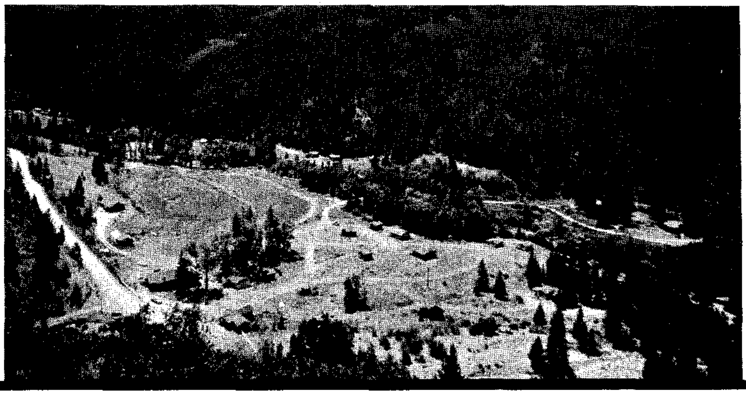

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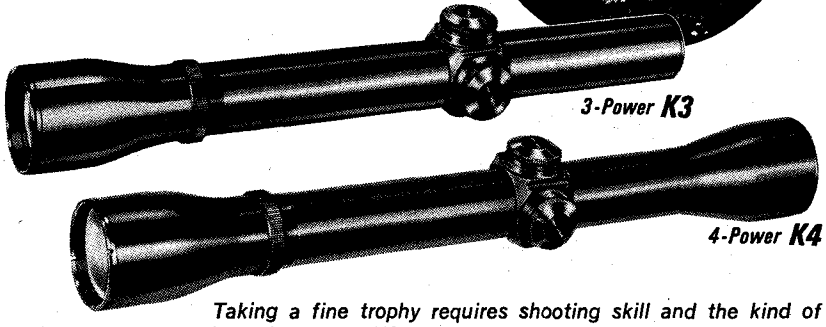

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that section to such a pitch, as to threaten the peace and induce a dangerous spirit of mob rule and, to prevent this, Colonel A. T. Bedell of Hempstead, Texas, commanding the 1st Regiment of Texas Volunteer Guard was directed by order, from your Excellency to proceed to McDade, Texas, with such portion of his command as might be necessary to preserve order, and was immediately accessible in obedience to this order. Colonel Bedell went in person to the scene of troubles, and carred with him parts of two companies of his regiment. The Johnson Guards of Hempstead, and the Brenham Grays from Brenham restored order without difficulty. The men were from their home but a short time. The entire expense for this service has been paid on vouchers now on file in the Adjutant General's Office, as follows:

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A citizens meeting was called for December 27, 1883, the purpose of which was to complete the work at hand—the elimination of the remaining Notch-Cutters and those who had aided them. A list of names was called out singly and voted on. Those whose names had been voted on were given a choice of staying and being hanged, or leaving the country within ten days.

The vigilantes of McDade were from Bastrop, Lee and Williamson Counties. The best information available indicates that originally they were selected and notified to meet by "word of mouth." Thirty-four responded. They were some of the best citizens in those parts. No records were kept.

Then you ask, how do we know how many attended? An order was placed the next day with a firearms firm in St. Louis, Missouri, for ten English long barrel ten-gauge shotguns, for ten .38 rifles and fourteen .44 rifles making a total of thirty-four. The English shotguns cost $125.00 each. A copy of the order was in the personal effects and papers of George Milton. One of the shotguns is owned by Mr. Milton's son who resides in Bastrop. One of the rifles is in the hands of another son who resides in McDade.

THERE were three other attempts to kill Thomas B. Bishop during his lifetime, and all failed.

His first trouble happened in Taylor, Texas, where to protect his property he killed a man named "Wild Bill" McDonnel, a character whose chief ambition was to shoot up saloons and stores, to destroy property, and to drink to excess. McDonnel rode his horse into the wrong store that Saturday in 1880.

After the McDade fight, Father decided that he would leave Bastrop County, so he sold out his holdings and went to Wilbarger County. His ranch was located about ten miles from Vernon, the county seat.

In the fall of 1884, on a warm, clear, moonlight night two men rode up to the front of the ranch house, and called, "Hello, hello." It was around midnight and my mother woke Father saying, "Tommie, there are two men at the front gate." Father was wearing those old-fashioned long drawers.

Mother said, "Don't you get off the porch. You don't know who they are." Picking up his Colt .45 and sticking it in the waistband of his drawers, Father stepped to the porch and asked, "Gentlemen, what do you want?"

One said, "We need water."

"Open the front gate," Father said, (it was a narrow one). "Ride in and turn to your left, and go around the side of the house. There's a cistern—a trough for watering horses, a dipper for yourselves."

Instead of turning left, they turned right. Father stepped off the porch into the yard and said, "You are going the wrong way, ride around to your left."

Then one of them asked, "Do you own this ranch?"

"Yes, I do," Father replied.

With that, the one who had a Winchester across his saddle, raised it and fired. Father fell in the yard, hit in the stomach. Mother ran to him, grabbed his pistol, and started firing at the two men while they were bunched at the gate trying to get out. One of them said, "Get the hell out of here!"

The other said, "Milt, I think you have killed that man and that she is alone."

At that point, the horse fell and its rider was heard to say, "My horse is down, pick me up behind you," which the other did.

By this time the rest of the household came running. Jodie Green and four cowhands carried my father inside the house and placed him on a bed.

"Jodie," Mother said, "get the best horse saddled and go to Vernon and get the doctor. Tell him to bring his surgical bags. Tell him that Tommie is shot in the stomach. Now, do not spare that horse—you run him all the way. Then go to the sheriff's home and inform him, and be sure and tell the doctor not to spare his horse; I'll replace it with a better one." These instructions were carried out.

Dr. Sumpter arrived at our ranch around daylight. Mother had the washpot "going," full of hot water. She had cut up clean sheets. Dr. Sumpter made his examination and discovered that the bullet had passed entirely through my father's stomach. He told Mother that there was one chance in a thousand for survival, and that he would have to perform an operation. The doctor had nothing with which to put Father to sleep, and had to fill him with whiskey, then tap him on the temple to knock him out. Father and Mother made the decision to take that "one" chance.

Father was placed on the kitchen table and the operation was performed. For several days, he had not been feeling well and had eaten only soup. This, Dr. Sumpter said, was in his favor. A trip to town was made for more whiskey, and Father was tied in bed and kept under the full influence. The doctor stayed five days and nights; on the morning of the sixth day, my father woke.

His fever was going down, but he was a long way from being out of danger. The good doctor went to Vernon, returning the next day and staying until the tenth day. Then he said, "Well, Tom, it looks like you might make it, but it will be a full fifteen to twenty days before I'll say you will for sure."

On the thirtieth day, Dr. Sumpter gave Father the news, "Tom, you're going to be all right, but it will be a long time before you can get in a saddle." He was not mistaken, for it was a whole year before Father got into a buggy to go to town.

The Rangers had arrested two men at El Paso, and the sheriff at Vernon had traced the stolen saddle and horse which had been abandoned at our ranch when the two men had taken off. In court at

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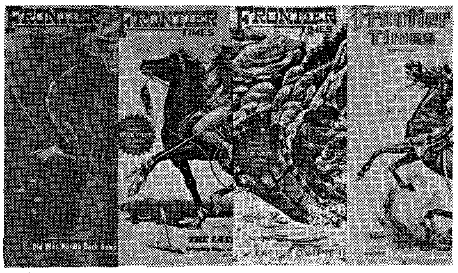

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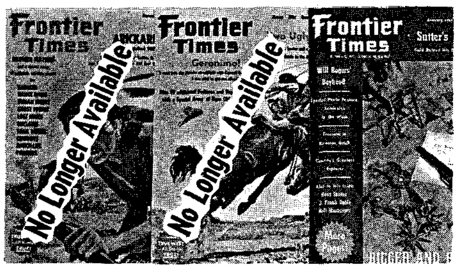

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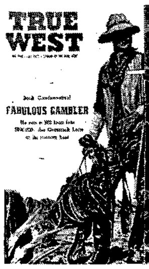
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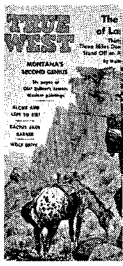
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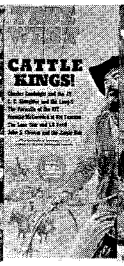
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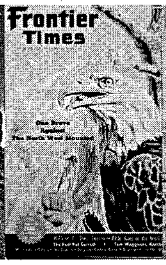
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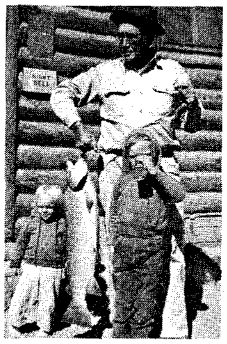

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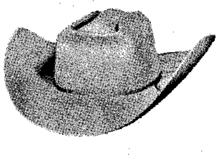

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Vernon, Father could not make a positive identification although one of the suspects was called "Milt Goode." Consequently, these two men were released. They had been in Old Mexico and had crossed into Texas. Father said he did not know them—in fact, had never set eyes upon them.

THE last shooting took place on a Saturday morning in 1904 at the MK&T Railway Station at Smithville, Texas. I was twelve years of age. Up until that time I had never been informed of Father's prior troubles. I was attending the Smithville Public School, as my father had purchased the old Faucett place some three miles from town. He still was in the cattle business and had a meat market in Smithville.

While riding on his land one day in the Colorado River pecan bottoms, Father found a man and his family camped on the banks fishing. They sold their catch in town, and it was a slim living. My father talked to Mr. Eldridge and found that he had a good education.

At this time Father and Hon. Roger Byrnes, State Representative from the district, were in the rice growing business in the Bay City area. They had 1,200 acres planted, and they needed a man to run the farm. Father said that he and Mr. Byrnes talked it over with Mr. Eldridge and hired him. They advanced money to outfit his family and himself, took him to Bay City, and placed him in charge.

Mr. Eldridge made a fine manager. The first and second years were successful, and all money spent was accounted for to the penny. The third year Mr. Eldridge was late in coming to Smithville to settle up. He was called on the telephone and said he would come that Saturday. The train arrived at twelve noon. Mr. Byrnes and my father drove down to meet him. Mr. Eldridge was the last passenger off.

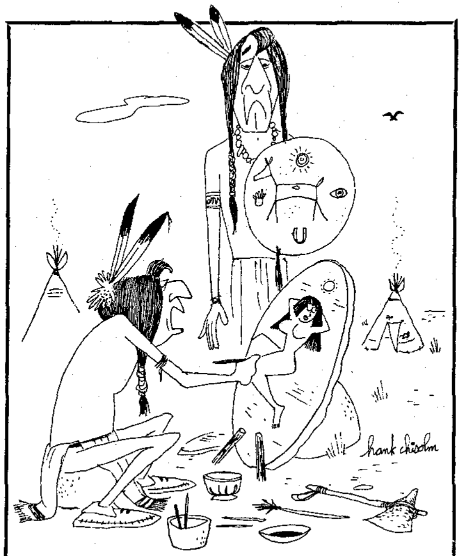
When he stepped off onto the platform he started shooting wildly, killing one man and wounding another. He was not drinking. He shot at my father and missed. Mr. Byrnes grabbed him. He had just gone off his rocker. His books and deposits, sales, and expenditures slips were in order.

In reporting this attempted assassination, newspapers made mention of the "McDade gunfight." As a result, the school children asked a lot of questions which I could not answer, for I had never been told. So on the following Monday, after school, I asked my mother. She said, "I'll talk to your father about it. Go and feed the cattle and horses, and milk the cows."

After supper, Father said, "Son, your mother had said that the children at school are asking a lot of questions about my part in the McDade gunfight."

He then related the events which led up to it, and said, "It is best that I inform you of the facts rather than have you get them secondhand. I was in hopes you would not have to be told; however, your brothers and sisters know about it already, so I will also tell you." He explained that it was a matter of survival and the price one had to pay to end lawlessness in Bastrop, Lee and Williamson Counties. In 1883, my father had been just twenty-seven years old.

My fondest recollection of my parents is associated with Christmas time. One could see in their eyes a-twinkle, a glow of happiness. They went to great pains to get all the children home for Christmas Day. Father and my brother would go into the cedar brakes, obtain a fine tall cedar tree, and top it out to the proper taper. The ceiling in our front room was twelve feet high, so he selected a tree eleven feet high. My mother and sisters would decorate it with cookies, apples, candy, candles and paper chains. On Christmas Eve, Mother and Dad would work half the night opening large boxes which he had purchased in Kansas City, having shipped train loads of cattle to Cassidy Cattle Company of that city.



"You paint what you want on your shield and I'll paint what I want on mine!"

There were new saddles, silver-mounted, bridles and bits, new boots, clothing, a new rifle, a shotgun; for the girls, silk and satin dresses; and for Mother—the Christmas which I recall most vividly was the one when there was so little for our mother under the tree.

She was always the last to open her packages. That time we children could not help but notice how few she had.

We had opened ours and then looked at Dad. He smiled and said, "Mother, come out on the back porch for a moment. You children come along, also."

When Mother walked outside, there—standing by the hitching rail—was a fine pair of matched dapple gray horses and a shiny-topped surrey, complete with a row of tassels. It was a beautiful rig. That was the fourth time I ever say tears in my mother's eyes. They were not tears of sorrow, but of sheer joy. I am of the opinion that in this way Father was expressing his thanks to God for sparing him in his many troubles—and especially on that Christmas Day in 1883 in McDade, Texas.

Clell Lee—Greatest Living Hunter

(Continued from page 17)

tied a piece of baling wire around one's lower jaw, and we split my belt to make reins.

There were some old branding irons in the corral and Clell armed me with one. "Now, Lyo," he said, "I'll help you on. If he bucks, hit him over the head with this."

After I got on, he kept trying to throw me, but Clell flailed him until he was so worn out that he didn't have much fight left. Neither did I. But Clell showed no effect of the combat. He mounted behind me, and we took off.

Two hours later we rode into Bill Clark's place. He had a telephone and we called Ernest Lee, who came for us in a pickup and took us as close to our camp and horses as it was possible to drive.

We saw him start for home, and set out toward the camp on top of the ridge. It was a long walk and we were weary, but at the end there were kaks and horses.

It was still a long, hard trip to Paradise, but we got home at noon. The game was scheduled for one-thirty. Clell pitched, and Paradise won that game.

Nuggets

(Continued from page 39)

summer nearly a million dollars in ore was taken out. The next year production dropped but the mine still produced $600,000. The following year $426,000 worth of ore was removed.

In order to keep producing silver it was necessary to push the shaft deeper and deeper under the lake. By October, 1873, the shaft extended nearly 300 feet deep. It was at this time that the first serious leak in the shaft occurred. Water from the lake began to fill the tunnel at the rate of ten feet per hour as it seeped through a crevice. A few days later a storm did $10,000 worth of damage. Despite the continuing trouble nearly $550,000 worth of silver was removed in 1873.

By now the shaft ran out under the lake for nearly 1,300 feet. The mine, now famous as the Silver Islet, had produced $3,500,000 in silver.

Some remarkable finds were made during operation of the mine. In one instance, two blasts produced silver worth $45,000. At times huge nuggets of silver, so pure they scarcely needed smelting, were found. Although the cost of operation was always high, the output made operation profitable. So much so, in fact, that at one time stock in the mine sold easily for $1,500 above par value.

A mine operating on such a large scale, of course, required a great many workers. On the island itself were a power house, a huge shaft house, five or six buildings which accommodated the miners, and other buildings. On the mainland, an enormous stamp mill, a hotel, a jail and two churches faced the reef.

SINCE there was no place within twenty-five miles where the hard-working miners could buy a drink, enterprising peddlers smuggled in a particularly miserable brand of whiskey on the occasional boats and found a ready market. The company countered by opening a saloon.

In one end of one of the larger buildings which was used as a library and reading room, they installed a bar. Back of the bar a blackboard was divided into numbered squares and each miner was given a number. When a miner wanted a drink he went into the bar and gave the barkeeper his number. The barkeeper gave him a drink and put a check mark on the blackboard. Each man was allowed three drinks a day, no two of them at the same time. The bar was purposely constructed so high and wide that nobody could scale it for settlement with the bartender of any real or imagined insult or injury.

In 1875 only $150,000 was taken out and the company became discouraged because of the lower output. But in a mine so rich that experts at one time estimated the roof in one portion alone was worth nearly $500,000, interest was bound to continue for some time.

A new company was organized, this time by Americans under New York law. This was called the Silver Islet Consolidated Mining and Lands Company and

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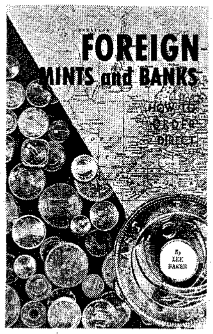

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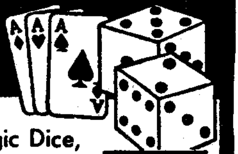

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had a capital stock of $1,000,000. For awhile prospects again seemed good. The new company pumped out the water in the lower levels and over $800,000 worth of ore was taken out in 1878. The next year the yield was poor and in 1880 the output was only $50,000.

In the late fall of 1883, a cargo of coal was shipped and was expected to arrive before the ice closed in for the winter. Unfortunately, the captain became intoxicated and the voyage was abandoned.

By early February the last of the fuel was gone. Without coal there was no steam, and without steam there were no pumps to keep the water out of the mine. As the last of the coal was used, the miners scrambled from the mine. Water rose in the shaft and operation of the great mine ground to a stop forever.

AUTOGRAPH ALBUMS

By Gene Wassam

HAD THEY scratched their names on the wall of a public restroom, these pioneering "vandals" might have been dismissed as delinquents. Instead, they "defaced" trail-side rocks where passersby could observe and take note.

This, ordinarily, would brand them only as exhibitionists, or thoughtless tourists. But the vandals made a mark for themselves in the West, not only in stone, but in deeds as well. No idle Kilroys, these rock-scratchers, but Juan de Onates, William Clarks, James Bridgers and Kit Carsons. And their names, preserved to this day on rocks across the West, are cherished and highly valued bits of Western Americana.

Onate was the first European offender, fifteen years before the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock. "Paso por aqui . . .," he began his famed inscription on El Morro, the 200-foot-high mesa west of Albuquerque that has been called New Mexico's great stone "autograph album."

"There passed by here the Adelantado Don Juan de Onate, from the discovery of the Sea of the South (the Gulf of California), the sixteenth of April of 1605."

He wasn't the last to leave his mark. The urge to note their passing on the bluff's sheer east face proved irresistible to countless explorers, priests, colonists, military men and other travelers over the next three centuries.

Autographing the rock didn't stop until President Roosevelt established El Morro National Monument in 1906. More than 500 signatures are still legible.

To be fair about it, Indian vandals set Onate a mighty poor example. They occupied large mesa-top pueblos in the area around 1175 and hundreds of their petroglyphs, or stone carvings, remain at El Morro. Similar petroglyphs and pictographs, paintings on stone, can be found throughout the West.

Independence Rock, fifty-five miles southwest of Casper, Wyoming, is another of the West's celebrated ledgers. Beside the busy Overland and Mormon Trails, it was called "the great registry of the desert" by Father De Smet in 1840. Two years later, Fremont noted, "I engraved on this rock . . . a symbol of the Christian faith . . . a large cross."

But the "defacing" of this massive glacial relic is not without its elements of humor. By the late 1840s, the flood of travel to Oregon and California had grown so great that the impoverished Mormons, Utah-bound, saw an opportunity to capitalize on it. Recognizing that many travelers lacked both time and ability to properly mark their passage, they assigned experienced stonecutters to the site. They charged from one to five dollars for each name engraved. Thousands of signatures remain.

THEN there is the artist, Alfred Jacob Miller, whose paintings are the earliest ever made of Independence Rock. In 1837 he noted "The names of Sublette, Wyeth, Campbell, Bonneville, Pitcher et cetera, many carved deep into the stone."

And then he adds, "The temptation was too strong not to add our own;—to make amends for this assumption, and show our zeal for others, we found a man by the cognomer of Nelson had carved his name, and to insure him immortality we added to it, 'Of the Nile!' . . . what a pity it is he will never know his benefactors."

Pompeys Pillar, a striking bluff beside the Yellowstone River some thirty miles east of Billings, Montana, offers one of the oldest non-Spanish inscriptions thus far discovered, and the only known physical evidence yet found of the famed Lewis and Clark Expedition. Here is the way Captain William Clark records the event in his Journal: ". . . At four p.m. arrived a remarkable rock. . . . This rock which I shall call Pompey's Tower is two hundred feet high and four hundred paces in secumpherance. . . . The natives have ingraved on the face of this rock the figures of animals, and near which I marked by the name and the day of the month and year . . . His inscription—"William Clark, July 25, 1806."

Pompeys Pillar received many more inscriptions. And it entertained its share of famous visitors. Here, in 1873, General George A. Custer and several hundred of his men were ambushed by Indians while swimming and playing in the river. No one was wounded this time. Three years later, and only a few miles away, the outcome of a similar ambush was far different.

These are but three of the West's better known autograph albums. There are many other crowded registers, plus countless isolated rocks and ledges containing only a name or two.

Register Cliff near Guernsey, Wyoming, contains almost 700 still legible inscriptions dating back to 1842. Also in Wyoming, on Names Hill near Labarge, is the weathered carving, "JAMES BRIDGER 1844 TRAPPER," believed to have been cut by the famed mountain man himself.

Southwest of Pueblo is the Kit Carson Rock. On it the respected trapper and scout carved his name and the initials "J. J." for his wife, Josepha Jaramillo.

In rugged Horsethief Canyon near Brookville, Kansas, the hiker can find the rock on which William F. "Buffalo Bill" Cody etched his initials in 1874.

Also in Kansas is a reminder of one of the West's most poignant dramas. At Alcove Springs, near Blue Rapids, is a rock with the inscription, "J F R 26 MAY 1846," this for J. F. Reed of the ill-fated Donner Party.

For another old one, go to Minnesota's Pipestone National Monument. Still legible are the initials "C. F." for Lt. John C. Fremont, a member of the 1838 Nicollet Expedition.

Today, of course, we hold no brief for those who deface public property with names and dates. But these men played an important role in the exploration and development of the West. Because they did, their inscriptions are now cherished fragments of Western Americana. And hunting them up—and reliving the historical dramas they represent—is an exciting and rewarding travel experience.

LOST LEMON MINE

By T. W. Paterson

TODAY adventurers still search Alberta's rugged Rocky Mountain foothills for the elusive Lost Lemon Mine and its fabulously high-grade gold ore found and lost by two Montana prospectors over ninety years ago.

This treasure's exciting legend contains the classic accidental discovery, the murder for greed, the inability of the survivor to relocate the mine and, finally, the inevitable curse.

In the early 1870s, while returning from unsuccessful prospecting on the North Saskatchewan River, two Americans, known only as Joe Lemon and "Blackjack," stumbled upon rich gold-bearing ore in the Upper Highwood River or Livingstone Mountain country. (The site is believed to be about thirty-five miles southwest of the provincial capital, Calgary.)

It is alleged that Lemon, deciding against sharing the gold, shot his partner. Upon returning to his home in Tobacco Plains, Montana, he became demented. Later regaining some measure of sanity, Lemon attempted guiding a group of prospectors to the site of his "Lost Murder Mine," as it also has been named.

But once more he lost control of his senses and the expedition returned empty-handed. Lemon never again located his hoard.

The story seems to have been forgotten for almost sixty years, when it was revived during the Depression by the discovery of "color" in the Livingstone Range.

Hundreds of people, many of them women, packed into the area. But the majority, who were poorly equipped and inexperienced, made it only to the foot of Mount Sentinel Pass, west of High River, where they were turned back by hardship, heavy snow and the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. The RCMP, immediately upon word of the strike, had rushed in to prevent a major disaster, ordering back all but those who were adequately equipped.

Those who reached the Livingstones found nothing. Only then did they learn that the rush had been prompted by the discovery of iron pyrites—"fool's gold."

ONE OF those tracking this deadly expanse of mountain and snow was a full-blooded Stoney Indian, King Bearspaw. The Bearspaw connection with the Lost Lemon Mine is an old one—his grandfather, Jacob Bearspaw, Chief of the Stoneys, is believed to have either been with the group of miners Lemon and Blackjack were traveling with or he learned the secret of the mine soon after its discovery and Blackjack's murder.

Believing the gold to be cursed, old Jacob ordered all signs of the discovery and slaying obliterated and swore his tribesmen to silence.

Jacob divulged the secret to his son, Moses Bearspaw, who later became chief. But Moses never told his own son, King, because King let everybody know that he would find and use the "cursed" yellow metal.

Giving up his rights as a treaty Indian in 1921 to seek the gold, King began a search that would last over forty years. But, like the others, King found no gold.

During the stampede of 1931, while caught in a blizzard, one of his packhorses was blown off the narrow trail

(Continued on page 70)

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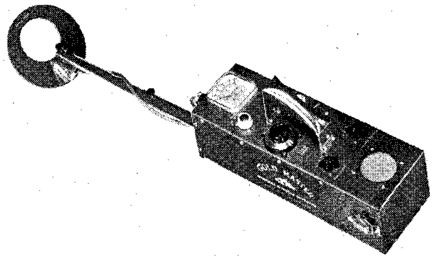

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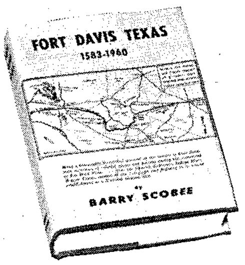

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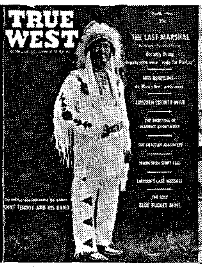
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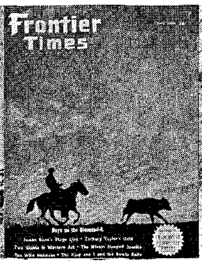
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COMPLETE INDEX

TRUE WEST
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INDEX

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and had its back broken when it landed in the crotch of a tree.

In 1933 more color was discovered at Fallen Timber Creek, about seventy miles to the northwest, but again little gold was taken out. Countless times in following years gold fever has gripped many Albertans as periodically someone has claimed to have finally discovered the mine. Prospectors packed into the rugged country, poked about, then quit discouraged. All but King Bearspaw. Undaunted, he continued his lonely quest.

In November, 1961, the seventy-year-old prospector's photograph appeared on the front page of the Calgary newspaper *Albertan*, with the story that he had at last found the mine. The handsome, greying man, who stands more than six feet and weighs over 200 pounds, had appeared in Calgary with promising ore samples for assaying. Some months earlier he had sold a single nugget to an American for $40.

However, since 1961 nothing more has been said of Bearspaw's claim and it can be assumed that the indomitable prospector had once more been defeated.

At least one Albertan does not believe that the mine even exists. Retired rancher George Pocaterra of Calgary, who searched for it thirty years ago, believes that Lemon and Blackjack simply stole gold dust from British Columbia miners and hiked to the High River country. Lemon then, according to Mr. Pocaterra's theory, shot Blackjack to avoid splitting the loot and invented the story of the mine.

Whatever the truth, hardy prospectors still venture into the Livingstone Mountains seeking Lemon's fabulous Murder Mine.

Victim Of The "White Night"

(Continued from page 21)

Sumner, Franklin, and Jones, following Doyle's directions, set out to locate the corpse. The search for the German prospector's remains proved to be in vain; the three men never did discover Hahn's body.

Not until November, 1867, were Hahn's animal-ravaged and scattered bones found a mile above the mouth of Muddy Creek. Doyle's sense of direction, put completely out of focus by his aimless wandering, had pinpointed the location of Hahn's body a score of miles beyond the place where it actually lay.

Paul Lindstrom, Hahn's friend, and another man from Empire journeyed to the spot where the luckless Joseph Hahn had lost his life. They buried the bones of the deceased miner, and one of his snowshoes was placed upright upon the grave as a marker. However, a snowshoe placed vertically in the ground at the head of the grave was not Joseph Hahn's grave marker. Hahn's true monument is a 12,000-foot mountain in northern Colorado called Hahn's Peak.

Frontier Post

(Continued from page 4)

portrayed Texas' one-man F.B.I.—Frank Norfleet—on a major network radio show.

The Hale Center City Council and Chamber of Commerce are now formulating plans to honor their favorite citizen by building "The J. Frank Norfleet Museum" in the center of town.

Norfleet, a man who feels that "memory is a luxury only those who do right can afford," closed the door on his first hundred years of living and opened those of his second with just as much anticipation and zest for life as he did when he came to the buffalo range country in 1886.—Jean Williams, 3308 34th Street, Lubbock, Texas.

Who Knows about Caribou?

Dear Publisher Small:

Have wanted to tell you how much I enjoy your magazines, but am always too busy to write. I'm an old-timer here having worked this cattle ranch for the last sixty years, so am interested in all the Indian wars and the old mining towns, but seems that a lot is yet to be written.

Do you or any of your readers know of an old mining town named Caribou? It's in southeastern Idaho, about forty miles northeast of Soda Springs. It was a gold mining town, but that's all I know about it. I would like to have some information on its beginning and ending. There must be someone who has heard about it.

Sure will try to keep the magazines on top of the pile, besides buying them myself. Thanks for any information.—Carl Frew, P. O. Box 41, Preston, Idaho 83263

We'll Frame This!

Sirs:

I take numerous magazines, most of them educational, engineering and scientific publications. I also read many of general interest. My subscriptions to ...., ... and .... will not be renewed. In my opinion, during the last few years these publications have become too infantile. Some of the educational magazines are not so hot either and at times must be endured because of the occasional bit of important news that may be concealed in them. This may indicate that I am a hard critic as far as a magazine is concerned. Could be. But I am extending my subscription to your publications for another ten years. I hope that I will last as long as this.—Dr. E. R. Harrington, P. O. Box 1719, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Holmes Abernathy

Dear Pat Wagner:

On September 17, Holmes Abernathy of Odessa, Texas, one of God's noblemen, suddenly left this troublesome world. Fifty-nine years ago we worked opposite shifts in the same drift in the Spider and Wasp Mine in Victor, Nevada. I was twenty-four and Holmes scarcely twenty, but he had been all around—had seen the Gans-Nelson fight in Goldfield and worked underground.

In the fall of 1907 a panic hit Nevada and the banks closed down so that the miners couldn't cash their checks. Holmes' aunt was running the miners' boarding house in Victor but Victor closed down, too, and Holmes' aunt was stranded. Rawhide was booming and Holmes was determined to move his aunt's boarding house over there.

In Fallon, sixty-five miles distant, was a ten-horse team and two wagons. The team was out to pasture so Holmes determined to get the team. Broke, but with a canteen of water, he struck out afoot for Fallon. How he finally established his aunt in the Alabama Cafe in Rawhide with a lucrative clientele is a story that would outrank the exploits of any American pioneer.

At one time Holmes was carried out of Rochester Canyon on a stretcher with an attack of black pneumonia which in most cases was fatal. Virgil Earp was to die of the same disease in the winter of 1906 in Goldfield.

(Continued on page 72)

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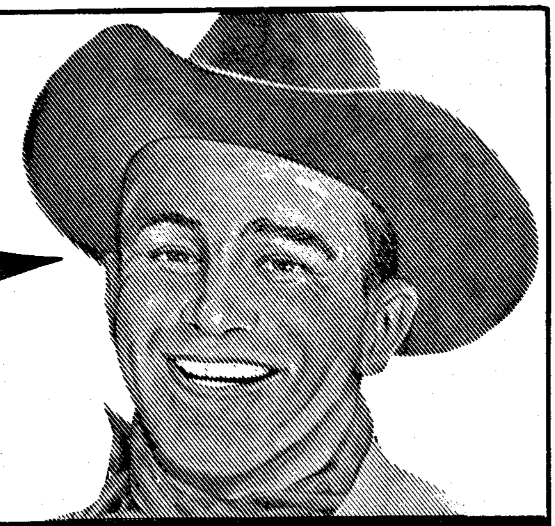

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This area has such a tremendous growth potential, such a fantastic, unlimited future, that wise investors have purchased large acreage. Bing Crosby's ranch was one of the largest cattle ranches in the county. James Stewart is honorary sheriff. Yes, the smart, experienced investors have sensed the future and are buying MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS in Elko County, Nevada.

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YES, wise investors are buying in MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS, but America's largest corporations, whose research closely follows the trend of increasing land values and population growth, are also busy investing throughout Nevada. U.S. COMMERCE BUREAU FACT: Per capita income in Nevada is highest of all 50 states.

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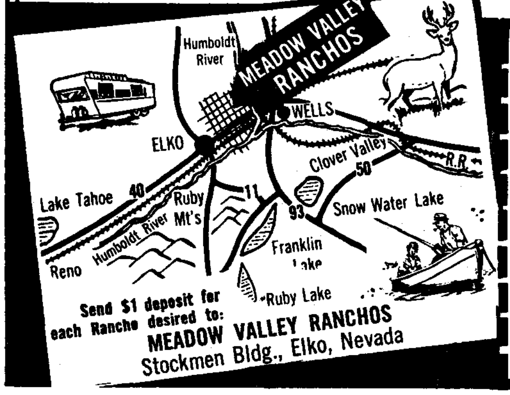

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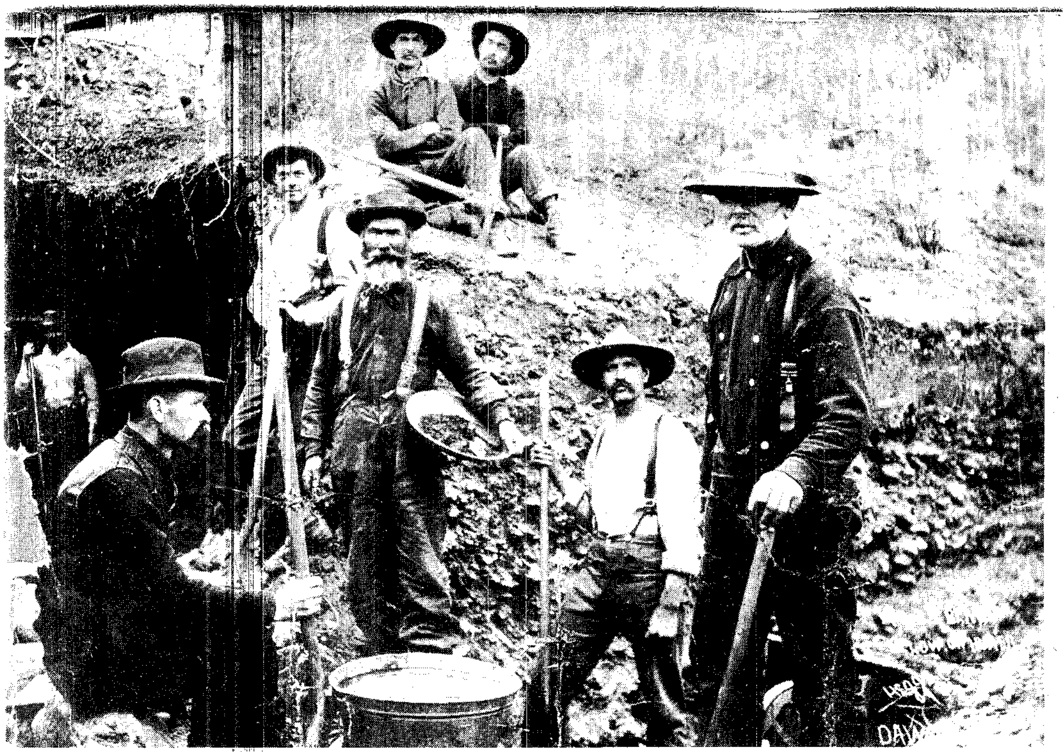
Indicate No. of Ranchos_____Total enclosed $_____



Alexander Duncan Williams is one of the prospectors above, photographed during the Klondike Gold Rush. Today his great-grandsons, John and Victor, are still proudly carrying on a business he founded over a half-century ago.

Holmes once said his religion was that of Tom Paine—"The world is my country; to do good is my religion." It was a religion that he lived every day of his life.

The story of "Hassayamper Hayes" in FRONTIER TIMES reunited us. Let us hope that his passing might be to him, and to many that he helped, the morning star of eternal day.—John Hoffman, Rt. 2, Box 311A1, Saugus, California.

Some Readers Need Help

Gentlemen:

I have been reading TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES for many years now. I read each issue from cover to cover and keep them out in front as much as possible at the newsstand where I trade.

My half-brother, Will Inman, disappeared around Billings, Montana, about the beginning of World War I. We tried to get some information about it from a fellow from there in the early '30s and were told, "People sometimes get killed for talking." Now that another thirty years have passed, maybe someone would talk if you would print this. I will appreciate any information I can get.—Elmer R. Inman, 6515 18th Street, Rio Linda, California 95673.

Dear Sirs:

I would be grateful if you could publish this letter. Can anyone give me any information on the Younger brothers' movements here in California, particularly around San Francisco? If anyone knows anything about a barrel which was buried containing documents relating to a Civil War underground movement (Knights of the Golden Cross), I would also appreciate hearing about that.—Vaughn M. Greene, 137 Mullen Avenue, San Francisco 10, California.

Dear Editor:

I read your publications with avid interest. Many of your readers are familiar with the turbulent days of 1849 and perhaps they can help me trace William and Thomas Paramore, two brothers from a northern Ohio farm who left home to find their fortunes in the gold fields.

They joined a party organized in that area and after incredible hardship eventually reached their destination. They wrote home that they were proceeding to the mines and held high hopes of coming back laden with gold—but the next news after months of waiting was from a companion relating a bare account of their death. The letter was not preserved, but family members remembered and handed down the story. The cause of their death is believed to have been exposure or starvation, as both died about the same time. Violence is not ruled out. It may be that some mention of them has been made among the hundred of epic tales that have been written. I shall greatly appreciate any information at all.—W. E. Bard, 5119 Cedar Springs, Dallas, Texas 75235.

John Lower

Howdy, Cathie:

Thanks for your letter about W. B. Chapple and the article Mr. Chipman wrote about "Old John" Lower. I don't believe Mr. Chapple ever knew of that article; I think he passed away before it was published. I heard from his daughter.

Mr. Chapple was a grand old fellow, sharp as a tack. He used to hang out at Lower's as my dad and many others used to do. I spent many hours there myself as a young squirt. The store was on Larimer Street in Denver. Chapple, Lower and Axel W. Peterson were top members of the old Colorado Rifle Club, and I marked targets at many a shoot for them.

Lower had many personal friends among the Indians: Ouray, Colorow, Sitting Bull and Geronimo. He had the medals given to them by Lincoln, Grant and others. If I remember right there were twenty-one medals. The president of a bank in Denver bought the last five or six from my dad when he was administrator of the Lower estate. There is a lot of old western history that would make good stories if the right contacts could be made.—Ross Weber, 1975 Arizona Drive, Ventura, California.

Alexander D. Williams

Dear Mr. Small,

This photo was taken in 1898 in the Klondike and one of the prospectors is Alexander Duncan Williams. Five generations ago he started in the gold fields of Nova Scotia. This heritage led him to the Klondike Gold Rush of 1898 and the founding of Williams Gold in the early 1900s. Since that time, Williams has been the name of a family, a company and a product, all serving dentistry for more than fifty years. His great grandsons, John and Victor, are proudly carrying on a gold refining company dealing mainly in gold for the dental profession, located in Buffalo, New York.

I'm compiling a series of "Adventures In Gold" stories, and if by chance any of your readers recognize this photo, I will appreciate any information regarding this area.—Joe Comito, 2200 N.W. 120 Street, Miami, Florida.

Lucky 23

Dear Sir:

I have an old friend, Odus Brown, who reads your FT all the time. He will be eighty years old March 23. He has been a great hunter and outdoors man here in Santa Clara County all his life.

In 1908, when he was 23 years old, he killed a deer at Madrone Spring weighing 123 pounds, which was the 23rd deer killed at that location. It was August 23. It has always been his favorite story. I am a cowboy and ranch foreman here on the Coyote Canyon Ranch and we all enjoy your magazines.—Clyde Arnett, P. O. Box 33, Morgan Hill, California.

Have You Heard This One?

Dear Joe:

I thought I'd write you an old-time Western joke to maybe ease your burdens. Old Hap Johnson, known by his crusty beard and his old battered Stetson, slammed open the batwing doors to the Nugget Saloon. He strode to the bar, bashed his fist on the top, and bellowed, "When Hap Johnson drinks, everybody drinks," and ordered the bartender to have one, too. The bartender served the drinks and presented Hap with the bill, whereupon Hap reached into his pants and exclaimed, "When Hap Johnson pays, everyone pays!" and slapped fifty cents on the bar.

Taking a good hard look at Hap, the bartender jumped over the bar and proceeded to beat the tar out of the joke maker. After driving a fist home to give Hap a whopper of a shiner, he kicked him out of the saloon. Picking himself up from the boardwalk, Hap dusted off his old hat and played his joke on practically every barman in town.

Later in the evening Hap returned to the Nugget. The same bartender was on duty.

"Well, well, here's the big spender, and I suppose you are going to buy the house a drink again," the bartender chortled.

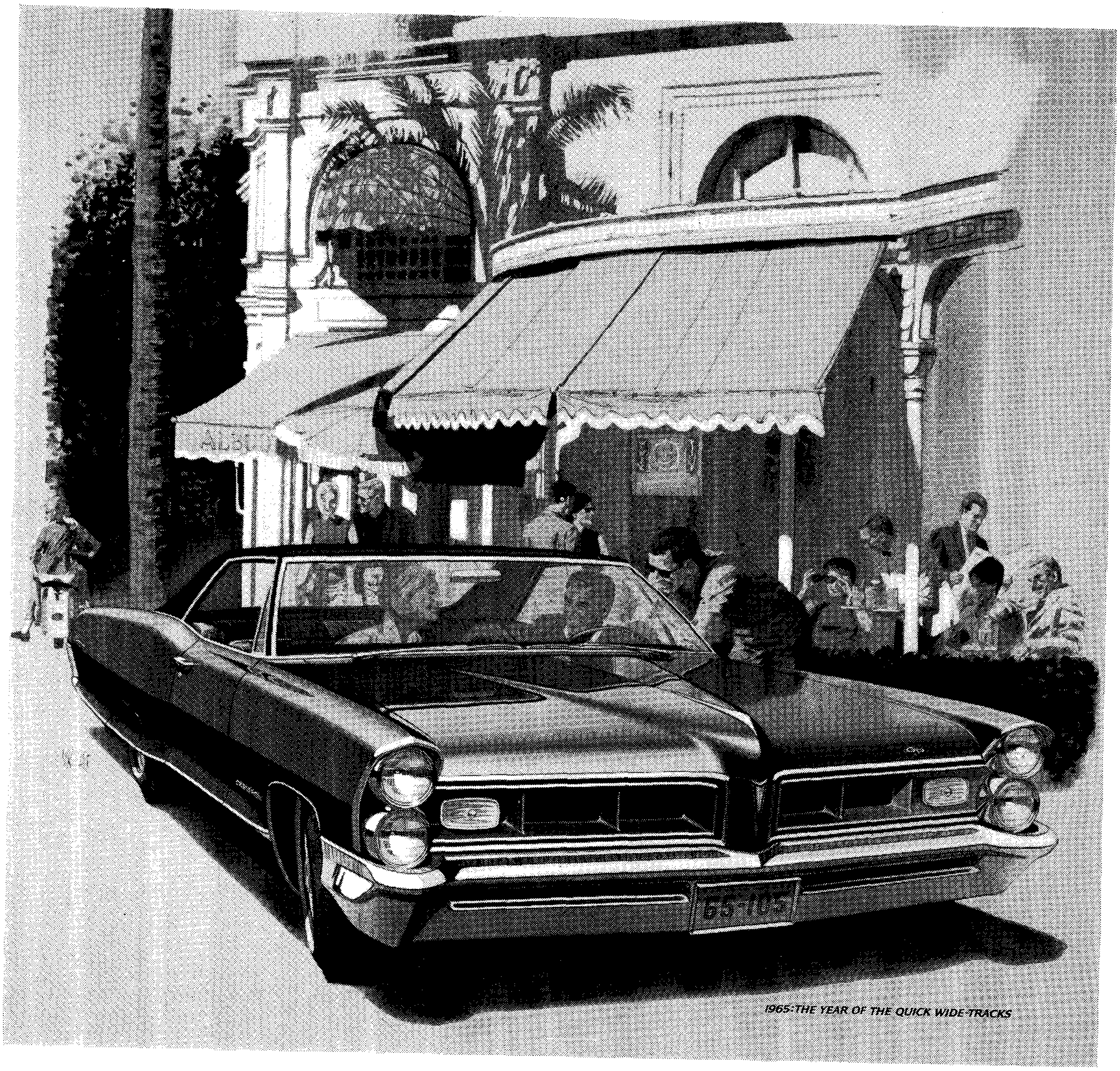
Hap grinned, "Yep! sure am," he replied.

"Let's see your money first this time," the bartender thundered.

Hap reached into his pants and pulled out a roll of bills big enough to choke a horse. The bartender eyed the old trapper and asked, "You going to buy me a drink too?"

Hap shoved his hat back on his head, "Hell, no, last time I bought you a drink, you wanted to fight!"—Ken Hampton, Box 341, Fort Benton, Montana.

It did the trick, Ken. They're eased.—Joe


65-105
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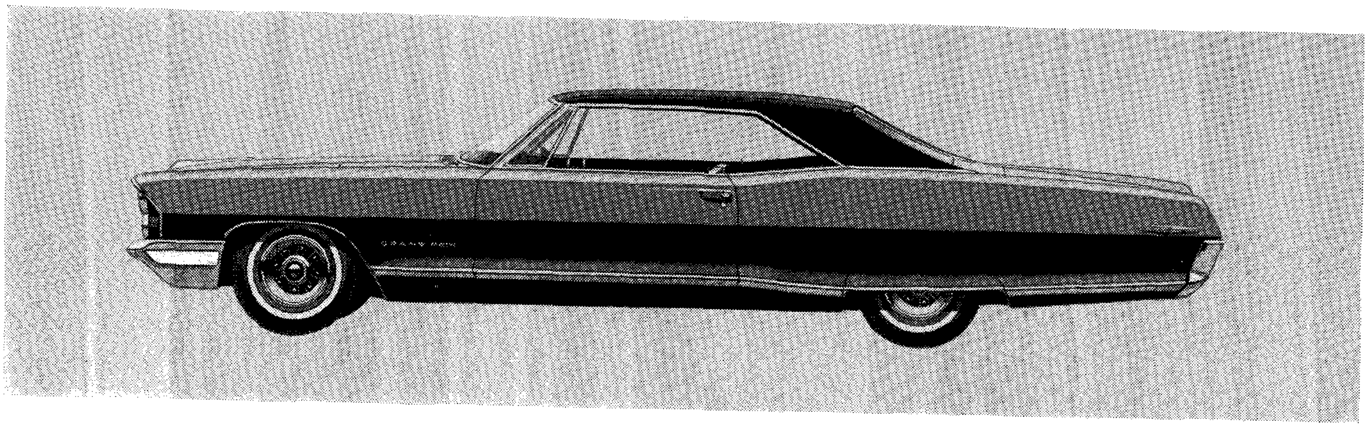

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